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THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE

AND
PROTESTANT BEACON.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER. WHOM TO
KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."



VOL. IV.—NEW SERIES.

LONDON :
W. H. & L. COLLINGRIDGE, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

1869.

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ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

P R E F A C E.

BELoved READER,—The closing up of another year calls for our annual word ; and truly we are lost in wonder, love, and amazement, as we contemplate the boundless grace and mercy of our covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus. If *each day* and *every hour* adds to the vast list of inconceivable wisdom, love, and compassion, as so richly and blessedly displayed on the part of Jehovah in regard to His dear children, what shall we say with respect to the openings out and developments of His wisdom, love, and mercy, through a *year* ; and, further, what as to a *whole life-time* ? Oh, how much have we thought lately, beloved, of the exclamation of the patriarch in the grand and glorious development and unfolding of the Lord's secret but wonderful counsels as to the way by which he had been conducted, in the midst of so much that was apparently so dark, so doubtful, so disastrous and destructive ; "It is enough : Joseph my son is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die." Then again, "And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive." And again, "I had not thought to see thy face ; and, lo, God hath shewed me also thy seed." Furthermore, in the midst of blessing his sons by whom he was surrounded, in the overpowering fulness of his heart, he exclaims, whilst looking up and contemplating all the marvellous acts of his good and gracious Lord God, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord." As much as to say, "I have longed for it. I have hoped for it. I have at times believed and rejoiced in it by faith, but now I behold it, in all its rich and blessed and marvellous unfoldings." "Oh, what a God," as if he would say, "is my God, in all His wisdom, mercy, love, grace, and power."

Beloved, we are thoroughly persuaded, that, as with Jacob so with Jacob's seed, there will, in the issue and at the end, be an equally admiring and adoring view taken and acknowledged of all the way by which the Lord has led His dear children. At different stages and under various aspects, there may be—and there doubtless will be

—fear and misgiving as to the working out and the ultimate results of a course so often dark and mysterious. Many and many a time as with Jacob, so with his seed, there may be—there doubtless will be—the unbelieving utterance, “All these things are against me;” but oh, in the Lord’s wonderful way of connecting, and blending, and causing to “work together,” there will at length be the unexceptionable, the unqualified, the unwavering, the universal testimony, “He hath done *all* things well.”

“And can it be?” say some. “What, this circumstance, that untoward event, the other loss, cross, vexation, disappointment, be for my *good*?” Yes, unquestionably so. It will not—it cannot—in the leastwise militate against or contradict that blessed assurance, “We know that **ALL** things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.” It may be asked, “But *how* can it be?” Ah, *we* know not, but *the Lord* knows. He has not forsaken the earth; His interest in His people has not in the veriest shadow of a shade diminished. He has as much at stake as ever; and, in a sense, seeing that the end of all things draweth nigh, and the final consummation of His great and glorious purposes is nearer than it ever was before; so, by comparison, He looketh on and He regardeth with acutest intensity all that is going on. Satan, “knowing that he hath but a short time,” may have “come down, having great wrath,” but Jehovah is more than a match for Satan; and, as he has commonly outstripped himself, and with all his craftiness and experience been himself taken in the net which he has spread, so will it continue to be even unto the end.

In the daily operations of this grace, beloved, there is one thing of which we are increasingly convinced: it is the simple *looking to, leaning and living upon Jesus*. That is a wonderful word of the apostle, and there is very much more in it than we are wont to consider: “As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.” Now the question is, *how* did we receive Christ Jesus the Lord? How? Only as poor, lost, helpless, sinful and undone creatures. “We had nothing to bring to Jesus” (as a poor dying one once said to us) “but sin.”

“Nothing but sin could we Him give,
Nothing but love did we receive.”

But now, if the reader’s experience tallies with ours, he finds an ever-constant inclination and effort to come to Jesus in a less guilty, less filthy, less helpless condition. Having known the Lord, it may

be, for many, many years, the vile thought will again and again intrude itself, "But is it quite as it should be that we, after all our knowledge and experience, should have to come as poor and needy, as guilty and as helpless, as ever? Ought we not by this time to have gained a something—to possess a something—the which we can present to the Lord in and upon our approaches?" Ah, no, beloved, we believe this is all of the flesh, in its pride and self-sufficiency, and in its ever-constant efforts to *be* a something, or to *do* a something in or of or by ourselves, independent of the Lord. We, in our poor proud hearts, are seeking that it should at least be, Christ and Co., not Christ all in all; but this will not do. The Lord the Spirit will teach us effectually that it is "of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." We shall learn by little and little the reality of the mercy, and all the blessedness connected therewith, that "As we have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, So we must walk in Him;" as weak and as helpless, as guilty and as pauper-like, in and of ourselves, as ever. It must simply be, all the journey through,—

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to *Thyself* I cling."

Beloved, the first and the last word in the grand economy of salvation, as far as wilderness-teachings are concerned, is GRACE. It is the first word which the Great Teacher sets before His pupil, and it will be the last word over which he will be found poring, when he is transferred from tabernacling in the body of this flesh to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. In the early stages of his spiritual career, he will be studying this great theme of grace, under the aspect of arresting grace, subduing grace, converting grace, regenerating grace, pardoning grace, peace-bestowing grace; in the advancing stages, He will be called to a familiarity with it, as supporting grace, upholding grace, forbearing grace, renewing grace, delivering grace, comforting grace; later still, he will know yet more and more of restoring grace, long-suffering grace, sustaining grace, all-conquering grace, and, last of all, victorious grace. So that, from first to last, that grand and glorious truth shall be emblazoned upon the whole page of his time-state experience, "By *grace* are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast."

Yes, indeed, dear reader, if you belong to the Lord, as you journey onwards and homewards, your song shall be—

"*Grace* first devised a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that *grace* display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

"*Grace* taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow;
 'Twas *grace* that kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.

"Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise."

Brethren beloved, we scarcely need remind you, that we live in eventful times—most eventful. Never, we presume, was the world in such commotion as at the present. Never, we imagine, was time so pregnant with events of such stirring character as now. But, amid all, assume whatsoever form things may, or come what will, our God can never be taken by surprise. He is prepared for every emergency. He has provided for every seeming contingency or adversity or peril to which His Church may be subjected. He still holds, and ever will continue to hold, the reins of government. He is still absolute Director, and, as absolute Controller of all events, He still "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." "He maketh the clouds His chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind."

Hence, beloved, we have as reasonable a right to sing, at the close of the year 1869, as at the winding up of any previous year—

"This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as large as His power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.

"'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit must guide us safe home;
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that's to come."

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster, Dec., 1869.

THE EDITOR.

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No. 37,
NEW SERIES. }

JANUARY, 1869.

{ No. 1,237,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

A COVENANT PLEDGE FOR A NEW YEAR, AND FOR ALL THE TIME-STATE OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

"*My people shall never be ashamed.*"—JOEL ii. 26.

BELOVED, we cannot conceive of any really thoughtful mind entering upon a new and altogether unknown year, without feelings of peculiar solemnity. As lately intimated, we cannot but believe that as time advances, and the closing up of the present state of things draws near, matters in general will assume a graver and still more serious aspect. This we think is most clearly to be inferred from various prophecies in the Old Testament, and especially by what our Lord, and what Paul and Peter, his apostles, testified in the New. And (singular as it may appear) with all that has been advanced both from pulpit and press, in regard to Romanism and Infidelity, we are at a loss to perceive that either one or the other has received the least effectual check. Both progress as though nought had resisted them. Not merely the world, but professors of religion, seem either spell-bound or under a fatal delusion, in regard to the invidious encroachments of the man of sin. Checked, and all but crushed, as Popery has been in other lands, it would seem as if England (with all her dear-bought lessons) were determined in respect to her, to cast off all the teachings of history, and the fear of God, as enjoined in His word, and nestle in her bosom the apparently-harmless viper, that, once warmed and nourished, will be only too glad to turn again and sting to the very heart's core those by whom it has been cherished. We dare not attach ourselves to those who say, there is nothing to apprehend from Popery. We believe, on the contrary, that there is everything to fear from what has proved, age after age and generation after generation, to be the proud and presumptuous usurper of both Jehovah's name and authority, as well as the inveterate enemy of

man, and the destroyer of both his temporal and spiritual interests. We altogether sympathize with the saying, that Popery is Satan's masterpiece; hence the utmost possible craft and subtlety and deception are to be expected from the whole system. We believe, moreover, that one of the most dangerous features of the times is, that men who once prided themselves in the name of Protestant, have become weary of the exhortations and remonstrances whereby they were warned and cautioned against the advances of such a dangerous and perfidious foe. Whilst such have relaxed in their vigilance to resist and repel the invader, there has been no laxity or want of the most dogged perseverance upon the part of that invader. No, prompted by the powers of darkness, there has been, and still is, firm, steady, indomitable resolution, upon the part of Popery, to obtain, at any cost, its long-cherished object—namely, the subjugation of England; and we are free to confess, that our hope, as to results, is not in man nor his devices, but simply and solely in the Lord our God! We think that, as a nation, He has given over England "to believe a lie;" and that Popery will most assuredly progress to such an extent as to defy all creature-power; and that when it has attained that eminence and dominion for which it has so long panted, then, in the most signal and awfully-momentous way, God Himself will visit Babylon with all His ruinous, crushing, and most destructive power. When Popery has filled up the cup of her filth and abominations, then, as it is written, "God will remember her iniquities." When she shall say in her heart, "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow," then "shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. And the kings of the earth, who have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her, shall bewail her, and lament for her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning, standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, Alas, alas that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come" (Rev. xviii. 8—10). Reader, be assured that this destruction of the mystic Babylon is inevitable. Turn, we pray you, to what is recorded in the 6th chapter of this same book of the Revelation; there we read: "And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" (Rev. vi. 9, 10.)

But our present object, beloved reader, is by no means to *dwell* on these things. We merely glance at them as introductory and bearing upon the great and glorious declaration of our text, "My people shall never be ashamed." It is strong and emphatic language, but not too strong nor too emphatic for the varied emergencies and diversified trials and afflictions with which the dear children of God are more or less familiar. Nay, it is the very assurance they need. It

is a testimony exactly adapted to their state, and, under the powerful application of the Holy Ghost, may well assuage their fears, and cheer and comfort them, as they step over the threshold of a new and untrodden year.

“My people shall never be ashamed.”

Now, beloved, first mark the claim, “My people.” How marvelously gracious and condescending upon the part of Jehovah to speak of poor sinful worms of the earth in such terms as these. That there may be no mistake or misapprehension as to the fact of such being the condition, in a spiritual point of view, of those of whom the Lord speaks as His people, observe what the prophet Isaiah was commissioned to say, “Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters: they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward” (Isa. i. 2—4). Again, the prophet adds: “The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment” (Isa. i. 5, 6). Beloved, we make special reference to this testimony of the Holy Ghost by the prophet, because we full well know how apt the children of God are to believe that it is impossible they can be His people. The longer they tarry in the wilderness, the more do they discover the vileness of their own hearts, and the deadly antagonism of everything appertaining to their poor fallen state to all that is of God. “The law they find in their members warring against the law of their” (better or new-created) “mind brings them into captivity to the law of sin which is in their members,” and “works in them all manner of concupiscence.” Hence, as they are led into a painful discovery of these things, they become the subjects of doubt and fear and apprehension as to whether they really can be the people of God. They for the time overlook the great fact, that this very experience (however painful) proves that they are His children, and that what they are now learning is the immediate fruit and effect of the Holy Ghost’s having said to them, “Turn about, O son of man, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these.” This is the method by which He humbles them, and brings them to lay low and broken and contrite at His blessed footstool.

Whilst upon this subject, beloved, we cannot but express our conviction, that the Lord will specially maintain His work in the souls of His people, in a very clear and distinctive way, in these evil days; there shall not be, upon the part of His Spirit-taught ones, in the leastwise a mixing up and a confounding with prevailing fatal errors and destructive delusions, on the one hand; nor a gliding into and a

settling down in a carnal ease and satisfaction, in any merely light and superficial profession of truth, on the other. The Lord will carry on His work; yea, He will maintain it in depth and power; and to this end the faith He gives must be a *tried* faith—not nominally, not simply in word, but in reality, in depth, in power. And be assured, dear reader, much is involved in this. Much—very much—is comprehended in the saying of the apostle Peter, “If need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.” But oh, what a mercy, beloved, with respect to the trial of faith, that the Lord has not only the appointment, but the regulation and control of all the circumstances in regard to the trial. He sits as the Refiner, and He watches with ever-vigilant eye and ever-gracious interest the fiery process; nor will He allow the application of the veriest particle of fuel above that which *He* sees to be necessary. And, if Satan be permitted to assault, as in Job’s case, so in the every instance of the every tempted one, the arch enemy has his expressed limits, over or beyond which he cannot possibly intrude. If allowed to touch the *property* of Job, his *person* must be sacred; and, if further permission be granted, in regard to his *person*, his *life* must be held in eternal security; and why? Because that life was “hid with Christ in God,” and “whoso toucheth the believer toucheth the apple of His eye.”

We cannot, dear reader, better express what we mean about the Lord thus maintaining His work in the hearts of His dear people, and testing and trying their faith, than in the language of blessed Hart, as given in his 56th hymn, part i. :—

“Let us ask th’ important question
(Brethren, be not too secure)
What it is to be a Christian;
How we may our hearts assure.
Vain is all our best devotion,
If on false foundations built:
True religion’s more than notion;
Something must be known and felt.

“’Tis to trust our Well-beloved
If His blood has wash’d us clean.
’Tis to hope our guilt’s removed,
Tho’ we feel it rise within.
To believe that all is finish’d,
Tho’ so much remains t’ endure.
Find the dangers undiminish’d;
Yet to hold deliv’rance sure.

“’Tis to credit contradictions,
Talk with Him one never sees.
Cry and groan beneath afflictions;
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease.

’Tis to feel the fight against us;
Yet the ~~act~~’ry hope to gain.
To believe that Christ has cleans’d
us;

Tho’ the leprosy remain.

“’Tis to hear the Holy Spirit,
Prompting us to secret pray’r.
To rejoice in Jesus’ merit;
Yet continual sorrow bear.
To receive a full remission
Of our sins for evermore;
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
Begging mercy ev’ry hour.

“To be steadfast in believing;
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake.
Ev’ry moment be receiving
Strength; and yet be always weak.
To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
Ever sinking; yet to swim.
To converse with Jesus mourning
For ourselves or else for Him.”

Reader, can you personally adopt the foregoing? Remember it is in perfect keeping with what the apostle testifies in his second epistle

to the Corinthians, where he says : " We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ; we are perplexed, but not in despair ; persecuted, but not forsaken ; cast down, but not destroyed ; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh " (2 Cor. iv. 7—11). And again, in the 6th chapter, " But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings ; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report : as deceivers, and yet true ; as unknown, and yet well known ; as dying, and, behold, we live ; as chastened, and not killed ; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing ; as poor, yet making many rich ; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things " (2 Cor. vi. 4—10).

But now, further, with regard to those of whom the Lord speaks, in the words before us, as " My people." They are His (1) By eternal choice ; and with respect to that choice there is no assignable reason whatever, except, " Even so, Father, because it seemeth good in Thy sight." There was nothing in them to attract Jehovah's love any more than in the reprobate. All by nature and practice were involved in one common ruin ; all in due time " sinned, and came short of the glory of God ;" and the only distinction between His people and the world still lying in the wicked one, was that which rich and free and sovereign grace makes. It is " by the grace of God they are what they are." (2) They are " His people " by gift—that is, the gift of the Father to Christ, for the purposes of redemption. Hence, in addressing His Father, He says, " Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me ;" and again, " Behold I, and the children which God hath given me." (3) They are His people by purchase. " I lay down my life for the sheep." " Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers ; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot " (1 Pet. i. 18, 19). (4) They are His people by conquest. " But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us ; having abolished in His flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances ; for to make in Himself of twain one new man, so making peace ; and that He might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby : and came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to

them that were nigh. For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. ii. 13—22). "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light: which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy" (1 Pet. ii. 9, 10).

Having thus, beloved, sought to show that God's dear people are His by sovereign choice, gift, purchase, and conquest, we proceed to the contemplation of the great and glorious promise respecting them, namely, that "they shall never be ashamed." Twice is this precious truth proclaimed within the compass of two or three verses, "My people shall never be ashamed."

Now, in this world of change, with all its diversified trials and sorrows and afflictions, what can be more precious than such a gracious assurance, coming as it does from the Lord's own mouth—from Him who was never known to lie? Nor is He dependent on another for the fulfilment of His own glorious promises. He lives in His own immutability, power, and authority. "What He purposes that He doth;" "None dare stay His hand, nor say, What doest Thou?" Then observe, dear reader, 1. That the times and the circumstances under which these words were first spoken were critical and troublous. This is satisfactory, indeed, as we compare our own times with them. 2. We have an additional mercy, in that the Lord has so richly fulfilled His word. In the generations that have passed away since this most gracious promise was made, how sweet is the consideration that there has not, even in one solitary instance, been the very semblance of a failure; but that Jehovah hath in very deed strictly fulfilled His word. Thus performance is added to the promise; and *in this sense*, in these latter days, the Church of God is more highly privileged than in any previous age. 3. The promise still stands in the future; "My people *shall never* be ashamed." And the mercy is, that Jehovah took into His eternal mind all that appertains to the *future*, as much as He comprehended all that was connected with the *past*. This, beloved, is likewise a distinguishing mercy; and, as all the facts identified with the past were little by little developed, and the promise was, in all the vast details of passing circumstances, as it were *in waiting for fulfilment* by the great Covenanters, so shall it be in the future. As nothing has ever arisen, in the past ages of the world, to take Jehovah by surprise, to frustrate His purposes, or cause Him to forego His promises; so likewise shall the same covenant verity attach itself to all that yet remains to be revealed respecting the

future of the Church, in the comparatively little (in point of time) that has to be accomplished before Jehovah brings the present state of things to an end. Furthermore, as man is usually anxious to put a good finish to his work, so God, in the bringing off the top-stone of His spiritual temple "with shoutings of, Grace, grace unto it," will take care that nought shall arise to tarnish the glory or mar the beauty or completeness of His kingdom. As in His first creation He pronounced everything that He had made to be "very good," so in the new creation shall a greater and a more abiding glory redound to His name, in the developments of His wisdom, love, and power.

Dear reader, with these considerations, based as they are upon the precious word of God, may we not, with simplicity, godly fear, and childlike dependence, step over the threshold of a new year, with all its unseen realities, pleading, as we do so, His own covenant word, "Thou hast said, 'My people shall never be ashamed!'" Yea, and may we not sing, with the immortal Toplady,

"The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is, 'Yea and amen,'
And never was forfeited yet :
Nor things future, nor things that are now,
Nor things here below, nor above.
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

"My name from the palms of His hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Beloved, we would just add, that some of us know what it is, in connexion with the varied changes and trying circumstances of this poor ever-varying life, to experience such fainting and fearing—such failing of heart and flesh—as to have absolutely nothing else but the word of the Lord to fall back upon: "My people shall never be ashamed." Personally, we have of late witnessed such sorrowing heart-rending scenes that for the time being, we have really felt them overpowering. Some three or four cases, in particular, have positively been crushing in the contemplation. And Satan (ever on the alert, and ready to take advantage of a poor sensitive mind) suggests, at such seasons and under such scenes, "Ah, this will be *your* case; this *your* trial, this *your* affliction, this *your* temptation; thus and thus will matters work, and at length terminate with *you*." Thus, in addition to all one's own personal sorrows and personal anxieties and personal frailties, infirmities, and fears, the enemy will seek to add *others'* cares and *others'* crosses to one's own; and thus he will try to extinguish the seemingly little last germ of life left. Oh, how hard it is under these circumstances—and especially under a cloud and the

hidings of a Father's countenance—to "hope against hope." Oh, dear reader, have not some of us, under these circumstances, abundant reason to bless God for such experiences as those left upon record in regard to Job, and Jeremiah, and Jonah, and David, and Daniel? Look, for example, at Psalms vi., xiii., xxii., xl., lvi., lxiii., lxix., lxxi., lxxiii., lxxvii., cii., ciii., cvii., cxvi.; Jer. iii.; Dan. ix. and x. Oh, what mercy there is in such disclosures of the former exercises of the Lord's living ones being thus handed down from generation to generation; and how marvellous the contemplation that all that the psalmist expressed in the psalms referred to, was prophetically and emphatically the language of Christ Himself! How able He, therefore, personally and practically to sympathize with His poor tried and tempted followers. Such does indeed constitute Him to be what the apostle expresses, "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. iv. 15). And when we think of Him as being "brought into the dust of death," and of His saying, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished;" may we not feel assured that He can and He does sympathize with the sinkings of heart and shrinkings of soul of which His poor frail and feeble followers are the subjects? Yea, we believe He can feel for and sympathize with their very aches and pains and weaknesses and woes. We believe that their very prostration and faintings and fears He can personally and practically understand. Depend on it, dear reader, there is much more included in that saying than we are wont to imagine, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." In that word "precious," as thus applied, we believe there is a holy solicitude, a divine watchfulness, a peculiar care, a special interest, as though the Lord's heart and the Lord's eye were brought signally to bear upon that great crisis in His children's history. Moreover, under a clouded soul, and when a loving and tender Father's face seems veiled, how suitable is the cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" When this is remembered as the agonizing cry of Christ Himself, how wondrous does the whole scheme of redemption become in the believer's view, involving as it did such service and such sufferings at the hand of the Church's great and glorious Surety. And, seeing that it is recorded of our gracious Lord, that "in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared; though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect, He became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him" (Heb. v. 7—9), how precious comes forth the declaration from One who so personally and painfully bore the cross, in order to wear the crown, "My people shall never be ashamed."

St. Luke's, Bedford, Dec. 17, 1868.

THE EDITOR.

Manside Notes.

“FAINT, YET PURSUING.”

JUDGES viii. 4.

BELOVED, when you cut the pages of this Magazine, and begin to glance over its contents, another year will have been added to your brief span of life. How is it with you? Have you during its period made giant strides in the divine life, or is it with you as it is with the writer, “faint, yet pursuing?” Well, what a mercy that it is not, faint, yet *perishing*. No, this can never be, for, with all their frailty, the Lord’s dear people are ever preserved in Christ, their covenant Head. Nothing can destroy them,—

“Though many foes beset their path,
And feeble is their aim,
Their life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.”

He is our stay; and does not the new year find us still thankfully saying, “He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely?” Well, we will go on telling of His preciousness. Oh for enlargement of heart and much of the unction of the Spirit this year, if spared! We ask it for readers and writers, that Christ may be glorified.

Now the expression which heads our paper was uttered concerning Gideon and his little band; and the circumstances connected therewith are of a very interesting character. May the Lord the Spirit bless the meditation thereof to the profit of our souls. The children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and the Lord delivered them into the hand of the Midianites for seven years, the result of which was that they became “greatly impoverished.” Oh, reader, if God’s children sin, and dishonour the name they bear, the Lord will visit them with His chastening rod; He will hide His countenance from them, so that they will become “greatly impoverished.” Are we not often found exclaiming, “My leanness, my leanness?” and complaining of the Lord that His mercy is clean gone for ever, when the fact is, we are secretly leaning to some unbecoming sinfulness that is estranging us from our God, and greatly impoverishing our spirits.

Well, in the state referred to, the children of Israel “*cried unto the Lord*.” This was the best thing they could do, for our gracious God never yet said to the seeking seed of Jacob, “Seek ye my face in vain.” There is something very touching in the cry of a child in distress; personally it overcomes us more than anything else, even though the crying one is a stranger. But when it comes to our own; ah! it does touch a tender chord. The heart of a loving parent is not proof against it. So is it with our heavenly Father. A God who is *love* cannot turn a deaf ear to the cry of His children in distress. No, in this case, as in numberless others, He heard them and took prompt and mysterious steps for their rescue from the hand of their enemies. First He sent a prophet to them, to reprove them for their ingratitude, and to say, “Ye have not obeyed my voice;” then the prophet was to remind them of past deliverances: “I brought you up from Egypt, and brought you forth out of the house of bondage; I delivered you out of the hand of all that oppressed you.”

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Ah! beloved, it is well to have these gracious deliverances brought to mind. We know past mercies will not do for present exigencies; but who is there among us that cannot call to mind marvellous interpositions of God's providence on our behalf, signal deliverances that made us stand astonished at the goodness of God, times and seasons that we ought never to forget, but fall back upon with the assurance—

“His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in sorrow to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to lead me safe through.”

But to proceed with the narrative, after the counsel and encouragement given by the prophet of the Lord to His people. The Lord now works in a very remarkable way, quite contrary to all human calculations. There was a poor man in Manasseh, who had just gathered some wheat for the support of his family, and, for fear of the Midianites, had hidden it away behind a winepress. He was in the act of beating it out quietly with his staff, when the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, “The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.” He certainly did not seem worthy of such a title—a poor man behind a winepress; yet we shall presently see that not merely was it divinely correct, but that all the Lord's people, even the weakest and least, are “mighty men of valour.” But Gideon might well stand amazed at being thus addressed, and still more so when the angel declared “that he should save Israel from the hands of the Midianites.” “O my Lord,” he said, “wherewith shall I save Israel? behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house. And the Lord said unto him, Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man.” Ah! this will do to go through anything with, nothing daunted or doubting—the Lord's, “*I will be with thee.*” Yet what faint-hearted ones we are! Can we throw a stone at Gideon for not going forward immediately with the Lord's, “I will be with thee,” but tarrying to ask the Lord for a token? No; we should have done, and do often the same, we are such frail, timid mortals: but Jesus knoweth our infirmities, is touched with the feelings of them, and is not angry with us for our hesitation and halting.

“And Gideon said unto him, If now I have found grace in Thy sight, then shew me a sign that Thou talkest with me.” And the angel did so, in touching with the end of his staff Gideon's present, which was immediately consumed. Still it appears he was fearful and faint-hearted, seeking another token from the Lord that His will was in the matter. “And Gideon said unto God, If Thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as Thou hast said, behold, I will put a fleece of wool in the floor; and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth beside, then shall I know that Thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as Thou hast said. And it was so: for he rose up early on the morrow, and thrust the fleece together, and wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl full of water.” What a gracious God; what a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God! But, such is the frailty of human nature, that even now he does not seem satisfied. “And Gideon said unto God, Let not Thine anger be hot against me, and I will speak but this once: let me prove, I pray Thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew. And God did so that night:

for it was dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground:" as if never tiring of the importunities of His feeble, timid people. Then the Lord directs that Gideon's army of two and thirty thousand should be brought down to three hundred men, who lapped of the water with their tongues, so that the lappers of water were to be the successful warriors. Dear reader, do you know a little about this spiritual secret? Are you a lapper of water, and then away again to the battle of life? All the soldiers of the cross know what this means. Well, and what was the result? Was it a failure? Oh, no! with the stratagem of simple trumpets and lamps in pitchers Israel prevailed, and the one hundred thousand men which had been lying as grasshoppers along the valley fled before the handful of men that formed Gideon's army.

"And Gideon came to Jordan, and passed over, he, and the three hundred men that were with him, *faint, yet pursuing*." And does not all this, beloved, portray one's own experience in the wilderness?—the departures of heart from the Lord, and consequent impoverishing of spirit; the crying unto God in their distress, and His gracious attention to their cry; the marvellous and mysterious deliverance wrought in such a way as none but such a God could; the weak thing of the earth taken to confound the mighty; the frailty of the creature in requesting repeated tokens from the Lord; the lappers of water the successful warriors; and then the little army following on, "*faint, yet pursuing*," are all points which well dovetail into the experience of the children of God, and make one feel that all such records are for the Church of Christ to the end of time, and are full of sweet encouragement when "spiritually discerned." And now, just to dwell briefly upon these three words, which may form for us a new year's motto as descriptive of the feeling of many of us—"Faint, yet pursuing."

"Faint."

There is much to make us so as we toil and tug on up the hills of life: for instance, *bodily weakness makes us faint*. The unloosening of the pins of the tabernacle, how is it accompanied with suffering and weakness! Health! oh, what a blessing it is! but who can retain it? Soon have we to learn that this poor body is but mortal. Well, it is among the all things that work together for our good. Health, blessing as it is, too often brings us into pride of heart and a boastful spirit; but affliction mellow and melts. "I never had a day's illness in my life," said a minister to us once. We thought, "Ah! now we can understand why it is you preach so much the injunctions of Scripture. God forbid that we should undervalue them; but we do feel that let sickness and suffering come, and one is glad enough, in creature helplessness, to hang upon the promises, being left to feel, "I can do nothing." "I have been," said a dying saint to us, "an *unprofitable servant*." To those around him he had been anything but this; for he was known as a living epistle, and many a widow and fatherless one could testify of his goodness; but his feeling was, in looking upon life, "I have been an *unprofitable servant*." And thus are the Lord's children brought to feel that their all is in Christ; they can do nothing, say nothing, pay nothing—Christ is all and in all.

Then, again, the children of God are often *faint through the burdens of life*. Trials must and will befall them. It is often struggling work with them to make ends meet; and few among the family but know what it is to have the nerves sorely on the stretch.

We know one Christian who has long felt compelled to write, under the

settlement of his Christmas bills, "What has God wrought? Praise the Lord, O my soul."

And, if we look at the various phases of life, how each in his respective sphere has to bear some burden! Reader, is it not so with you? Sometimes, judging from outward appearances, we think how smoothly and calmly such a one seems to sail along; but, get at the secret of that one's heart, and you find there is a *burden*, sometimes far heavier than the one you are carrying, and which you have thought so heavy. And what, under all these varied circumstances, is to be done? We pity the one who is trying to carry his or her burden alone: but those who have Jesus as their Friend will know experimentally the value of the injunction, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

A dear Christian father has unbosomed himself a little to us, and told us of the trial he has passed through in connexion with his children, and it did make us feel, "Well, our lines, after all, have fallen unto us in pleasant places; 'we have a goodly heritage.'" And we are satisfied more than ever that if we are inclined to feel our burdens particularly heavy and singular, that the best way is to compare notes with others, and we shall be left to sing, "Well, His mercy endureth for ever."

And then, when we think further of how opposed the flesh is to the Spirit, we might remark that the children of God are often faint through *the heat of the battle*.

Every child of God has two natures within, warring against each other—the flesh and the Spirit; and fearful is the combat sometimes. We have often thought, what a reality a battle must be. It is all very well to read of war in books, but sit down and ask a warrior about it, and see with what a solemn countenance he will begin to tell you of the stern reality of the battle-field. So is it with the soldiers of the cross. Warfare is a reality with them. We know some deeply-tried children of God to whom the expression is perfectly applicable. They are mighty men and women of valour. Great is their faith. One especially, upon whom the eye at this time rests. Her bodily sufferings are beyond description, and yet she will raise her hand, as she lies upon the bed of affliction, and exclaim, "My precious Jesus! I know He does not afflict willingly. It is a right way. I bless Him for all." It is grace which alone can bring to such placidity; and the sufferer will ascribe all to the supporting hand of the Lord. Just as Gideon, when the fearful battle was over: the people wanted to make him a king to rule over them; but, ascribing all the praise to the Lord, he said, "I will not rule over you, neither shall my son. The Lord shall rule over you." As if he would say, What has been done has been done by Him; acknowledge Him. So will the Christian desire to accord praise to the Lord for all deliverances. He is the God of battles—strengthening His weak ones to fight manfully against their enemies. And then to whom can we go, when thus faint and weary, like the dear saint we have referred to, but to our precious Redeemer?

"O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

"The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown,
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

"But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe."

And now, to pass on to the second word of our new year's motto—

"Yet."

What a fulness and weight there is in every word of Scripture. Why, a conjunction will often be a connecting link of momentous importance. "As the Lord will give grace **AND** glory." An interjection will arouse one to the importance of the subject, as, "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." A pronoun will bring the matter personally home, as, "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for me." And an adverb will qualify the position, so as to make the turning-point full of comfort, as in the instance before us, "Faint, **YET** pursuing;" and, beloved, the worthies who have gone before, hung upon this precious word. Ezra, in his memorable prayer at the finishing of the temple, says, "We were bondmen, *yet* our God hath not forsaken us in our bondage." Job, in his affliction, declared, "Though he slay me, **YET** will I trust Him." Jonah, in the depths, said, "I am cast out of Thy sight, **YET** I will look again toward Thy holy temple." And the sweet Psalmist of Israel sang, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted within me? I shall **YET** praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God." Sweet word! "Faint, **YET** pursuing," "Weak, **YET** *wrestling*," "Weary, **YET** holding on to Jesus, who will never fail us.

"Then forward, and fear not, we'll speed on our way,
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?
We tread but the road which our Leader hath trod;
Oh, let us press forward, and trust in our God!"

And the thought of thus pressing forward brings us to think of our *third* word,

"Pursuing."

Well, this is no slight mercy; it is not going back again to Egypt. We do not read of one of the children of Israel doing this; not even a babe was left behind, not even a weak one turned back again. It was a clear sweep, because the Lord brought them out. And then what are we pursuing? Blessed be God! solidities and realities; as the apostle says, "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. I therefore run not as uncertainly, so fight I not as one that beateth the air." No, beloved, we are pursuing

"*A crown of glory.*" There is something real here, "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." We are pursuing

"*An immovable kingdom.*" "Wherefore we, receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear." We are pursuing

"*Enduring substance.*" "Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and enduring substance." We are pursuing

"*An abiding inheritance.*" "For we know that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We are pursuing

"*Precious treasure.*" "Thou shalt have treasure in heaven;" "Come, and follow me," said our blessed Redeemer. We are pursuing

"*An eternal weight of glory.*" "For our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Oh, beloved, these certainties are worth pursuing! When grasped, they will repay to the full all that has been passed through to obtain them. As a poor man we had called upon to engage in prayer the other evening, said, "O Lord, we tread a zig-zag road, and, like Thy servant Job, find the way hedged up with hewn stones; yet Thou dost help us through and over all, and, by-and-by, we shall see and get home to our blessed Jesus."

Dear reader, art thou feeling it to be a "*zig-zag pathway?*" Never mind, it leads to Zion; it will end in a crown of glory, an immoveable kingdom, enduring substance, an abiding inheritance, precious treasure, an eternal weight of glory. "So run that ye may obtain."

"Oh, for grace each day increasing
To pursue my high career!
Trusting, praising without ceasing
Through each swift revolving year,
Till in glory
With my Jesus I appear."

And now, beloved in the Lord, in conclusion, let me remind you that, though you may be faint by the way, the Lord will still graciously uphold by His omnipotent power. Jesus is ever the same. Oh, how one's soul is stirred up to holy indignation at that God-dishonouring theme that one for whom Christ died can be lost, one for whom He shed His precious blood can perish by the way. Away with it! away with it! Why, if one could, why not all—and thus the scheme of salvation be a thing of nought? But not so; it is perfect and complete; therefore can we commend you unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, that He will grant you all the supporting grace you need, and preserve you unto His heavenly kingdom. Time is speeding, years are rolling away, eternity is nearing, but in Jesus all is safe and certain. Who can tell what this fresh year will unfold. We live in solemn times, and it may witness great changes, nationally, relatively, and personally. But the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. He who made all things is the Sustainer of all, and His children may depend upon it that His hand is in all.

Personally, beloved, doubtless some who read these words will be gathered home before January, 1870, others will be left following on, "*faint yet pursuing.*" Be it so; it is a right way terminating in glory, however pressed down during the pilgrimage. "The cross must be carried before the crown can be worn." The valley must be trodden before the mount of victory can be gained; but let us in all recollect that Gideon's God ever liveth, and will each saint to glory bring. He has led many of His own home safely; we are following in their trail.

"Then let us press on while the pages of time,
Yet open before us their records sublime,
While, ennobled by treasures more precious than gold,
We can follow the martyrs and worthies of old."

Beloved, it may be, "*faint, yet pursuing,*" but recollect it never can be, "*faint, yet perishing.*" Yours, in this confidence,

Ilford.

G. C.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—EccL. xii. 10.

ANTICHRIST AND THE PRESENT TIMES.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN OUR BLESSED LORD.—I have for a long time wanted to send you a few extracts from John Bunyan's book, entitled "Of Antichrist and his Ruin," as I consider them truly scriptural and very seasonable in the present perilous times. I said to a clerical brother, when Puseyism broke out, that it was, I believed, the beginning of the measuring of the temple, and the precursor of popery. We are now at the eleventh chapter of Revelation; the measuring has begun, the distinction is now making between the spiritual and carnal worshippers. The outward want of nominal profession is being gained by the papists, who are to tread it down as Jerusalem is now trodden down (a most expressive word, to annihilate) by the Gentiles or Turks, for forty-two months, during which destruction the two witnesses are to prophesy or preach in sackcloth, or a state of mourning, as Ezek. ix. 4. But I need not intrude my opinion with the two learned witnesses I now quote. I only pray that God may bless their testimonies for opening the eyes of many Churchmen and Dissenters who are ignorantly voting for those who are helping the Beast of Rome. I remember the days which are past, when Wm. Huntington sent from his congregation every year a petition against altering the Test Act and granting the Roman Catholics emancipation, and I have read what Doctor Goodwin, Doctor Gill, and Doctor Hawker (the last great light in Sardis) have written upon these days; but our refuge is in the chambers of close and secret communion with the Lord of hosts (Isaiah xxi. 20, 21). And our mercy is, the Lord will not suffer the righteous to be moved from the truth; for He hath set their feet upon the rock (Psalm xl. 2), and will not suffer them to be moved (Psalm lvi. 9, and cxv.). Glory be to His holy name.

I remain, very affectionately yours in faith and love,
Thornton Vicarage.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

OF ANTICHRIST, BY JOHN BUNYAN. 1692.

ANTICHRIST is the adversary of Christ—an adversary really—a friend pretendedly; so, then, Antichrist is one that is against Christ—one that is for Christ and one that is contrary to Him; and this is the mystery of iniquity. Against Him in deed—for Him in word, and contrary to Him in practice. Antichrist is so proud as to go before Christ—so humble as to pretend to come after Him—and so audacious as to say that himself is He. Antichrist will cry up Christ. Antichrist will cry down Christ. Antichrist will proclaim that himself is one above Christ. Antichrist is the man of sin—the son of perdition—a Beast that hath two horns like a lamb, but speaks as a dragon.

Antichrist, therefore, is a mystical man, so made or begotten of the devil, and sent into the world, himself being the chief and highest of him. Three things, therefore, go to the making up of Antichrist—the head, body, and soul. The devil, he is the head—the synagogue of Satan is the body—that wicked spirit of iniquity is the soul, of Antichrist. Christ is the Head of His Church—the devil is the head of Antichrist; the Elect are the Body of Christ—the reprobate professors are the body of Antichrist; the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of life that acteth Christ's Body—that wicked spirit of iniquity is that which acteth the body of Antichrist.

Antichrist had a time to come into the world, and so must have a time to go out again; and this the head of Antichrist understandeth very well (Rev. xii. 12; 2 Thess. ii. 8).

The first and chief proceeding of the Lord with the man of sin is to slay his soul, that his body may also be consumed. I do not intend things that only respect matters of worship, but those civil laws that impose and enforce them also.

We come now to the body or flesh of Antichrist, for that must be destroyed also, either as a body mystical or under the more gross consideration (Rev. xviii. 21); wherefore you find that after Antichrist, as to the spirit and mystery of Antichrist, is slain, that the body of Antichrist, or the heap of people that became her vassals, begin a new war with the King whose name is the Lord of hosts (Rev. xvii. 19). Now therefore is the last stroke, and only the head of this monster remains, and that is Satan himself (Rev. xx. 1—3). There will be a strange alteration when Antichrist is dead, and that both in the Church and in the world. Then there shall be no Canaanite in the house of the Lord; no lion shall be there; no unclean tread in the paths of God's people; but the ransomed of the Lord shall walk there (Isa. xiv.).

The manner of this downfall of Antichrist will be sudden—unexpected—terrible (Rev. xviii. 7, 8; Ezek. xxxi. 16, 17; Isa. xiv. 11, 12); but I shall not enlarge upon this, but show you the manner with respect to the gradual way, or by degrees—a part after a part, piece by piece, step by step (Isa. li. 31). This is shewed by the vessels or vials which letteth out what is contained in them by degrees.

The downfall or ruin of Antichrist draws near when the Church and people of God are driven from all those hiding-places that God has prepared for them in the wilderness; when the time of the ruin of Antichrist draws on, then is the Church deprived of her shelter, having no more place in the wilderness—that is, among the nations, to hide herself from the face of the serpent. The time of the Beast's war with the Church of God, and the time that the Church shall have a hiding-place in the wilderness are both of a length—the one continuing forty-two months, the other one thousand two hundred and threescore days. When we, therefore, shall see that plots and conspiracies that design for utter ruin are laid against God's Church all the world over, and that none of the kings, princes, and mighty states of the world will open their doors, or give them a city for refuge, then is the ruin of Antichrist at hand. There is one thing that can give me a show of doubt about this thing, and that is whether the time of this war against the saints and the woman's shelter in the wilderness began at the same time. I suppose they did commence much together, else with whom should this beast make war, and how should the Church escape? what needed the woman to have a place of shelter in the wilderness, when there was no war made against her? Yet this must be, if her thousand two hundred and threescore days begin before the Beast's forty-two months; but they ended together, for the Beast could not kill the witnesses before they had finished their testimony, which testimony of theirs lasted this full time that the Beast had granted him to make war with them, to wit, one thousand two hundred and threescore days. Wherefore let God's people consider and remember that when God's Church is absolutely forlorn, and has no hiding-place any longer in the world, the kingdom of Antichrist will quickly begin to tumble.

Another sign of the approach of the ruin of Antichrist is this,—towards the end of her reign the nations will be made to see her baseness and to abhor her and her ways.

A third sign of the approach of the ruin of Antichrist is this, when Babylon is become the habitation of devils, &c. True, Babylon was always a habitation for devils, but not a habitation *only* for them. The meaning then is, When you shall see the Church and people of God so forsake her that she is left in a manner to herself when you hear it proclaimed Jer. li. 8, 9.

Fourthly. Another sign of the approach of the ruin of Antichrist is the slaying of the witnesses; for the witnesses are to be slain before the fall of Antichrist, and that by the hand of the beast: not a man, but a beast must slay them, a den of thieves, a hold of foul spirits must do it (Ezek. v. 20—24), by the men who have the mark and image and number of the name of the beast.

Rev. xi. 7. We read that he made war against them all the time of their prophesying in sackcloth, and his commission was that he should have leave to make war so long; but we read again that when they had finished their testimony, and consequently he had run out the time of his first commission for war, he makes war again. By the first war he sought to beat down and overthrow their testimony; by this war he seeketh to overthrow themselves. The first war was grounded upon a vain confidence of his ability to destroy their faith; but this last was grounded upon madness against them, because their testimony had prevailed against him. All the time of their prophesying in sackcloth, which will be a thousand two hundred and threescore days, they overcame him by their faith and testimony; but now in this second war he overcomes them and kills them. Saints are not said to be overcome when they are imprisoned, banished, and killed, for their faithful testimony; no, by those things they overcome. To overcome them is to get the mastery, to subdue, to turn out of possession, to take and hold captive, to strip the subdued of power and privilege, as is sufficiently manifest both by Scripture and reason; for of whom a man is overcome, of the same he is brought in bondage: they shall grow faint before him, have no heart or spirit to bear up in their profession against him—against him, I say—as she did the thousand two hundred and threescore days' war with him, for then they were overcomers. Nor do I wonder at this, when I consider that these witnesses are a succession of good men, and that when Israel came out of Egypt, the feeble and weak-minded did come behind. It will be the lot therefore of the Church in the latter end of the reign of the Beast to be feeble and weak in their profession; the valiant ones have gone before, these will come in when those that were able have bravely borne their testimony; in comparison of whom they that come after will be but like *eggs* to the cocks of the game, wherefore they must needs be crushed and overcome, then will the Beast boast himself as did his type of old (Isa. x. 13). A sad time, and it is to happen to the people that are left.

"And shall overcome them."—There are two ways of overcoming, to wit, by power and policy; and perhaps by both these ways they may be overcome. The Church of God at that day will be under such a cloud as she never was since Christ's day. Now how long they shall be thus held captive before they are brought to execution; whether the Beast will ride in triumph while they are in his bounds, or whether he will suddenly kill

them, time and observation and experience must make manifest. But kill them he shall, that's most certain, for so says the Holy Ghost.

In this method, therefore, God will suffer the Beast to proceed with the Church of God. He shall war against them, but that is not all, he shall overcome them; but that is not all, he shall overcome them and kill them. Not in a carnal or natural, but in a mystical sense; for, first, they are called witnesses; secondly, they are put under the number of two, my two witnesses, both which are to be mystically taken: a mystical death suiteth best with their state and condition, which is mystical, besides, when they did overcome, they slew their enemies with the fire or sword of their mouth (Rev. xi. 9); so that (at least, so I think) there will be such ruin brought both upon the spirit of Christianity and the true Christian Church state before this Antichrist is destroyed, that there will be for a time scarce be found a Christian spirit or a true visible living Church of Christ in the world; nothing but the dead bodies will be to be seen of the nations, nor them either, otherwise than as so many ruinous heaps. For the love that I bear to the Church of Christ, I wish as to this I may prove a false prophet; but this looks so like the text, and also so like the dispensations of God with His Church of old, that I cannot but think it will be so. The text supposeth that they had yielded up as dying men do their souls, their spirit of life into the hands of God; for it saith concerning them that at their resurrection the spirit of life from God entered again into them (Rev. xi. 11; Ezek. xxxvii. 9).

As I said, since in death the body doth not only lie dead, but the spirit of life departs therefrom, it is to show that not only their bodies, their Church state, shall die, but that spirit of life that acted those bodies shall be taken up to God. There shall for a time be no living, visible Church of Christ in the world—a Church, but no *living* Church as to Church state; a Church in ruins, but not a Church in order, even as there was once a Christ, but no living Christ, in the grave. Yet the gates of hell shall not prevail to an utter overthrow, no more than they prevailed to an utter overthrow of Christ; but as one did, so shall the other, revive and rise again, to the utter confusion and destruction of their enemies. Yea, and as Christ after His resurrection was, as to His body, more glorious than He was before, so the witnesses after their resurrection shall be more spiritual, heavenly, and exact in all their ways than they were before they were killed.

Yet the beast shall not altogether have his will (if that at all was his will), that these witnesses in this second war should be conquered to a compliance with Antichrist in his foolish and vain religion, for it is not with dead men to comply. When the Jews had killed Christ, it was beyond all the art of hell to cause that body of His to see corruption; so when the beast has killed the witnesses, he shall not be able to corrupt them with any of his vices. Hence, you find, that not the witnesses, but the dwellers upon the earth, were those that danced after the devil's pipe when he had fulfilled their number.

By all that I have said I do not deny but that many of the people of God may die corporeally by the hand of the beast in this second war; but should as many more die, that will not prove that that death will be that that by the killing of the witnesses is intended.

This victory of the Beast shall not invalidate or weaken their testimony, no, not in the eyes of the world, for they will still remember and have a reverence for it; this is intimated by this: "that they of the people, and

kindreds, and tongues, and nations (that are neither the witnesses nor they that in the next verse are called the inhabitants) shall not suffer their dead bodies to be buried or put into graves." But some will say, This will be a sad day; so it will, and gloomy, but it will be but short, the righteous shall have dominion over them next morning. Christ Jesus our Lord, in answer to the question of His disciples about the destruction of Jerusalem, said, "When these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

Another sign of the approach of the ruin of Antichrist will be this: Rev. xi. 10. Then as to sense and reason all shall be hushed, all shall be quiet and still. The followers of the Lamb shall be down, the followers of the Beast shall be up, cry, Peace and safety; but, behold, while they thus sing in the window, death is striding over the threshold (Zeph. ii. 14). While they are crying peace and safety, sudden destruction cometh; by that they have well settled themselves at their table with Adonijah, they shall hear it proclaimed, with sound of trumpet, "The witnesses are risen again." Now the Christian pipes will go again, and surely the earth will be rent with the sound of their shouts and acclamations, while they cry with joyful sound, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

Woe to the wicked, it shall be ill with them, for the Lord Jesus will now begin to show His jealousy, and to make known His indignation towards those who have thus cruelly slain His prophets, digged down His altars, and made such havoc of the afflicted Church of God. Now will He whet His glittering sword and His hand shall take hold on vengeance, that He may render a recompense to His enemies and repay them that hate Him. But this He will not do immediately by Himself, but by such instruments as have been spoken of before.

I then take it, that the destruction of her flesh shall come by the sword as managed in the hands of kings, who are God's ministers for the punishment of evil deeds and the praise of them that do well. Not that the Church, even as a Church, shall be quite exempt, and have therein no hand at all, for she, even as such, shall with her faith and prayers help forward that destruction.

Kings, I say, must be the men that must down with Antichrist, and they shall down with him in God's time. Pray for kings to the God of heaven, who has the hearts of kings in His hand, and do it without wrath and doubting; without wrath because thyself is not perfect, and without doubting because God governeth them and has promised to bring down Antichrist by them.

I do confess myself one of the old-fashioned professors that covet to fear God and honour the king. I am for blessing them that curse me, for doing good to them that hate me, and for praying for them that despitefully use me and persecute me; and have had more peace in the practice of these things than all the world is aware of.

Now these kings, whose hearts God shall set to destroy Antichrist, shall do it without those inward reluctancies that will accompany inferior men, they shall be stripped of all pity and compassion; hence they are compared to the mighty waves of the sea, which saith, when the wrecked and dying mariners cry out for mercy for themselves and for their children, "I am a SEA! I travail not nor bring forth children, neither do I nourish young men or bring up virgins: I have therefore no pity for these, or

any of them ; therefore they must be swallowed up of this sea, and sink like a stone in the midst of these mighty waters."

FROM REV. W. HUNTINGTON. 1807.

The different passages of Scripture which appear to me to point out the future progress of popery are the following : "And when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished" (Dan. xii. 7). These holy people are in this island, and I believe there are but few elsewhere. The Catholics are now labouring, and the Jacobins with them, to get into the army and navy, in order to influence both. Next they will get into the houses of Parliament, and when once they can carry their point, then the outer court will be given to the Gentiles, which means the Romans (Rev. xi. 2). When they have got possession of this, mass will be read in the churches, and popery in all its branches will be the established religion of Great Britain ; and as for our dead formalists, the Arminians also, and all the old dead and dry dissenters, these must unite with them, for "All that dwell upon the earth shall worship the beast, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. xiii. 8). Having thus gotten possession of the outward court, the Established Church, and grasped all power, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, they will then abolish the Act of Toleration and scatter the power of the holy people, when they will get at the temple and the inward spiritual worshippers and put a final stop to all real worship, and silence the witnesses of God, which are called two, including both churches and ministers. "And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascended out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them. And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, and they of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations shall see their dead bodies three days and an half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves" (Rev. xi. 7—9). This seems to be the last effort of the man of sin.

The death of these witnesses seem to be a political one, or slaying them as witnesses, that is, silencing them altogether. And then the Pope "shall plant the tabernacle of his palace between the seas in his glorious holy mountain ; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him" (Dan. xi. 45). "And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince ; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation : but the elect shall be delivered" (Dan. xii. 1). And when Michael stands up, the Holy Spirit will descend. This time of trouble will last three years and a half. "And after three days and an half the Spirit of Life from God entered into them [the slain witnesses], and they stood upon their feet ; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up in a cloud," and appeared once more a cloud of witnesses for God (Rev. xi. 11, 12). And amid this display of power from this cloud of witnesses, the man of sin will be discovered by the light, and be consumed by the Spirit of the Lord's mouth ; and the ten kings of Europe which now help the whore (being converted) will then hate her, strip her, and burn her (Rev. xvii. 6).

"Of all the enemies I ever met with in the world, the corruption of my own nature has been the worst," said a dying saint.

"SWEARING TOM" OF BASINGSTOKE.

At Christmas, in the year 1800, Mr. Marsh was ordained to the curacy of St. Laurence, Reading. As the church had to be closed for repairs before the following Sunday, his valued Christian friend, Dr. Ring, invited Mr. Marsh to spend that day with him at his mother's house in Basingstoke, promising him the opportunity of preaching, as the curate of the parish church had offered the pulpit.

The rector had been for some time non-resident, but returned unexpectedly that week. On hearing of the arrangement that had been made, he said to his curate, "That evangelical young Marsh shall not preach in my parish." When this was announced to him on his arrival, it was received by him with his usual serenity of temper, merely replying, "Then I am to be a listener instead of a preacher to-morrow. But I can pray as much I wish, no man forbidding me!" The Master in whom he implicitly trusted had otherwise planned that Sunday's work for him.

Early in the morning a messenger came from a clergyman who had a small church in the suburbs of the town, to say that he had been seized with an attack of inflammation in the chest, and that he would be most grateful if Mr. Marsh would undertake his duty. Gladly accepting this opportunity, he went forth to preach the Gospel of Christ from the words, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

At the conclusion of the sermon he offered to give the congregation an afternoon service. Between the services the news spread about the town that the young clergyman who had been refused the pulpit of the large church was to preach again in the small one. With the generous impulse of Englishmen to take the side of any one whom they fancy to be injured, the numbers who pressed to hear him were so great, that the congregation overflowed until the churchyard was crowded. Even the choir deserted the parish church in order to testify their sympathy with the young clergyman who had fallen under the rector's ban.

Amongst the crowd in the centre aisle there stood a man so noted for his ungodliness and profane language, as to be known in Basingstoke by the name of "Swearing Tom." He was a leader in sin and profanity; and for seventeen years he had never entered a church. It was only curiosity which brought him now. The text was taken from Ezekiel: "I will put a new spirit within you." Towards the end of the sermon the preacher quoted the words, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" (Luke xi. 13) remarking that, "Contrary to the conclusion that might be expected, the promise was not to children only, but simply to those who asked. There was nothing, therefore, between the worst of men and this most blessed gift from heaven but to ask for it." He then added, "If the most wicked man in this church would go home and pray that God for Christ's sake would give him the Holy Spirit to change his heart, God would hear and answer that man's prayer."

These words went straight to the heart of "Swearing Tom." "I am the worst man here," he said to himself; "I will go home and pray." As he went he had to pass by the familiar public-house; but, unmoved by the calls of his companions, he refused to turn in. On reaching his home he threw himself upon his knees, and tried to pray in the words which he had heard from the pulpit. The prayer was answered. From

that time he became a changed man, and his name of "Swearing Tom" was soon altered for that of "Praying Tom," by which he was known till the day of his death. He placed his leisure time at the disposal of his clergyman for visits to the sick and afflicted, and was made a great blessing for upwards of half a century in his native town. It was not until Mr. Marsh preached again in that church, after a lapse of thirty years, that he became aware of the blessed results of his first Sunday's sermon, when Tom himself asked leave to speak to him in the vestry, and told him the story of his conversion.

Many years later, as Dr. Marsh was going up the stairs of Exeter Hall for the last meeting there of the British and Foreign Bible Society at which he was able to be present, a stranger met him and asked if he was not Dr. Marsh? On receiving the reply, he said, "Ah, dear sir, 'Praying Tom,' of Basingstoke, is now 'Praising Tom' in heaven."

His last hours were blessed indeed, for he died as he had lived, rejoicing in his Saviour.—*Life of Dr. Marsh.*

"WITH OUR LIVES."

"Protestants will have nothing left to give but their bodies to be burnt! Are they prepared for that?"—*The Rock.*

YES, for the honour of Jesus' name,
Yes, for the truth of God,
Like the martyrs of old, we could brave the flame,
We could tread the path they trod.

For He who sits on the throne above,
Who died for us on the cross,
Has filled our souls with the faith and love
That for Him counts all things loss.

And still His Truth is a dearer thing
Than wealth, or kindred, or life:
We have loved it through long, calm days of spring,
We will keep it through storm and strife.

Give us the dungeon, the chain, the stake,
His Truth shall be still our own;
From our children's children the foe shall take
That Truth with our lives alone!

"With our lives!" Let history speak, and tell
What triumphs are won in death!
How widely the Gospel echoes swell,
Waked by a martyr's breath!

How the man of God may be bound and slain
And his ashes sprinkle the ground,
But the Truth of God shall untouch'd remain
And His word shall not be bound! (2 Tim. ii. 9)

For the Truth of God, for the Saviour's name,
Oh, brothers, awake once more!
We may not yield to the priestly claim
That darkened our land of yore.

Give us the dungeon, the chain, the stake,
God's Truth must be still our own,
And our children's children in peace partake
The heritage we have won!

—*The Rock.*

Pilgrim Papers.

THE RICHES, MULTITUDE, POWER, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE LOVINGKINDNESSES OF THE ETERNAL THREE IN GOD;

AS SEEN IN THE

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF THE "OLD PILGRIM."

(*Continued from Vol. III., page 522.*)

"CASTING all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." This is a lesson that can be learned nowhere else but in straits and difficulties. As long as we can help ourselves, and find rest in the creature, the Lord's care is nominal, we do not see it upon us, nor is it sought after, and prized by us; but, when our wisdom fails us, and all creatures, and all of all creatures is found to be a broken cistern, then are we driven to the Lord, our last, and only refuge; and necessity compels us to try Him; and although it might be with shame, fear, and trembling, yet there is a striving to cast the burden of our overwhelming care upon Him. And in His own time He leads us to see, in every step of our pilgrimage, the sweet beams of His tender, constant care, shining conspicuously, and hear it speaking as with a trumpet tongue; "He careth for you." And the soul's response is, "What shall I render unto the Lord? for, let me look where I may, and to what time or circumstance I may, I am constrained with blushing wonder to say, The Lord has been careful for me; with all the care of one, whose soul was absorbed with delight, in being ever-mindful to do me good—as the promise runs: 'Yea, I will rejoice over them to do them good, and I will plant them in this land assuredly, with my whole heart, and with my whole soul.'"

One evening after I had presented my case to the Lord for Him to direct me, I sat and listened to hear if He would answer my petitions, and tell me what I should do, and where I should direct my steps. While I was waiting and watching, the words came to me, "Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." The moment the words had rolled over my thoughts, I found I had another errand to go to the Lord with, and it was to ask Him which city it was into which I was to go. I looked at the several cities by which I was surrounded, and wondered which city the Lord could mean, for I was convinced that the words came to me from the Lord; but, for trial, He had concealed the place from me, which was afterwards to be made known, at the time, and in the way which was pleasing to Himself.

Fretful I have often been, because the Lord has held me in suspense, and refused to gratify my unbelief, by explaining to me, from beginning to end, the mystery of His dealings with me. All my life long the Lord's dealings with me have been by piece-meal, here a little, and there a little. Oh, what a poor foolish unbelieving creature I have been, and still continue! Unbelief is always in a hurry; faith only is content to wait. Had the Lord explained to me His leadings and dealings from beginning to end, as I have craved, and many times murmured because He has not done it, what a number of intermediate lessons of the greatest sweetness

should I have missed learning, and precious soul-cheering experiences of His wisdom, goodness, tender pity, faithfulness, and care, should I have been shut out from realizing! When things go rough and crooked, it is labour in vain for us to try to smooth and straighten them, because this is the Lord's work, not ours; and faith's resort is to honour Him, by waiting upon, and for Him, and when He fulfils His straightening and smoothing promise, we then can see, and say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous love." Thus we render to Him that glory which is due to His name.

Being left at an uncertainty as to what city was meant, into which I was to go, I was constrained to move very prayerfully and carefully. One day, while musing and craving the Lord's direction, my thoughts pitched upon Bath, and I said, "This may be the city intended, therefore I will go there." After I had been there a few days, I found a gentleman, a dear man of God, and he strove to persuade me to accept a call from a people, to whom he said, it would be doing himself much pleasure to recommend me; but I refused to enter into the engagement; therefore I left Bath, being fully satisfied that was not the city where it was to be told me what I was to do.

Then I came to the city of Bristol, and, after I had been here a few days, to my great surprise, I was told that a wooden church had been erected in Bedminster, for the Rev. D. A. Doudney. No sooner had I heard this news, than I said, "Now the matter is fully explained; this I see is the city into which I was told to go, where it should be told me what I was to do." When the Lord's-day morning came round, I went to the wooden building, but the congregation was so large, that I found it difficult to obtain standing-room. When the man of God began to speak in prayer, I found spiritual vitality, and said, "This is prayer from the Spirit of grace, and supplication promised to the House of David." And the sermon was a rich description, and a distinct unfolding, of the ministry of the Holy Ghost. My soul was filled with gladness, because I had found a home—a little sanctuary. The sweet and solemn train of meditation into which the sermon drew my thoughts, I cannot refrain here from transcribing:—

"Under the God-honouring sermons which I have been favoured to hear this day, I must (for the glory of the eternal Three in God) confess that my soul has been much refreshed. Yes, both morning and evening, they were, times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' I know it is the Lord's prerogative to encourage His own sent servants, and God forbid that I should dare to trespass; but this I also know, that the Lord often cheers and encourages His own servants by those refreshments, which, under their ministry, He is pleased to grant to His weary ones. This view of the Lord's dealings is confirmed by the Great Apostle, who hath said, 'We are comforted in your comfort, and exceedingly the more joyed we for the joy of Titus, because His spirit was refreshed by you all.'

"While sitting under the preaching of the everlasting Gospel to-day, have I not felt myself at home? Has not my heart been enlarged, and my soul been enamoured with the person and work of God the Spirit? Ah, this is the great and momentous subject which the ministers of Christ, in this dreary day of frivolity, worldliness, letter-knowledge, and fair shows in the flesh, need to be studiously careful to inculcate.

"How discriminatingly true the dear man of God's statement has been ! Oh, let me never forget it ! Christ in His work by men may be mentally known, and discoursed about, because here there is a something rationally tangible, this being a work without us ; but the Spirit and His work is an inward work, and is only to be known spiritually ; therefore the wisdom of the world's school seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him. There is not any one thing in the Spirit and His ministry that can be, to the mental powers of men, however enlightened, improved, or elevated, even by super-natural influence, tangible.

"The Holy Ghost, as an Indweller, must take possession of the soul of that man who is brought to know Him and His work ; and His indwelling will be a well that shall spring up, and this springing well, promised to the seed-royal of heaven, will be the witness to them, of them, and in them, called the Spirit-bearing Witness with our Spirit ; and then the overflowing streams from that sacred well, shall, under the ministry, cheer the thirsty, weary soul, even as I have realized this day ; but to be without the indwelling of God the Spirit is to be, as Jude hath said, 'A well without water ;' therefore, no spiritual refreshment can be ministered by such men, nor received through them. It is a solemn truth, insisted upon this day by the man of God, that if the Scriptures of God had been less explicit in reference to the person and work of the Holy Ghost, the experience of all who are called with a holy calling, is a sure witness for Him who dwells in all Christ's mystical members, as the glorious Witnesser.

"Eternal redemption has been obtained by Jesus, and with the redemption price He has gone into heaven itself, to appear in the presence of God for us ; but before His departure He said, 'It is expedient for you that I go away.' He had accomplished that part of His priestly work of reconciliation on earth in the body of His flesh through death, but there was, and is, the crowning part of His priesthood or priestly work, and that must be done in heaven ; therefore He must go away to perform that. And this work consists in appearing in the presence of God and presenting representatively all whom He reconciled through the blood of His cross, holy, unblamable, and unproveable in His sight. This work Jesus, the great High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens, is now doing ; therefore all are presented and represented by Him to God, in the holiness of His precious blood, unblameableness of His law-magnifying righteousness, and the unproveableness of His spotless humanity ; up to which pattern all who are made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light must, in soul-experience, be wrought, by the sanctifying mercy of the Holy Ghost. And this work of the Holy Ghost in the soul is as absolutely necessary in the crucifixion of the old man, which is corrupt, and in creating or forming in us the new man, or divine nature ; and sealing upon us the image-likeness of Jesus, our heavenly Head ; as it was absolutely necessary, by the same Holy Ghost, that Jesus, in making reconciliation for the sins of His brethren, should be made like unto His brethren.

"But Jesus is gone into heaven, and we poor thriftless creatures are left below, within the range of Satan's circuit and battle-field ; and all that is of nature and that we are by nature is miserably adapted to be used by him to work our ruin. Who on our behalf is to supply the place of Him that is gone away ? for it must be supplied ; we must not be left alone. But who is capable of supplying His place ? It must be a person, if not,

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no communion. He must be a spirit, or he could not reveal spiritual things. He must be omniscient, or he might be circumvented in befriending us. And he must be omnipresent, or we might be cast out of his sight. Now all these suitable qualifications or perfections, and infinitely more, centre in the Holy Ghost, Him that Jesus before He went away called the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, the Remembrancer, the Testifier that should come, and whom He would send, that proceedeth from the Father. As God the Father is a Person, and God the Son a Person, so God the Holy Ghost is and must be a Person; because in us there is a personal and spiritual work, by way of communion, to be begun, carried on, and performed. If this work, then, is personal, the Holy Ghost must be a Person; and, if a spiritual work, then He who performs that work must be a Spirit: for no worker has the power to act above himself. And if the work is an omnipotent work—and to create, give spiritual life, and sustain that life eternally, is a work of omnipotence—then must the Holy Ghost be omnipotent. And, if in carrying on and performing that work the secret counsels, plots, and craft of legions of devils are to be thwarted, baffled, and their works and workings turned to and used for the advancing of that very work which they strive to overthrow, then must the worker be omniscient. And, if the enemies of that work are numerous and widespread—in air, on earth, yea, everywhere, by land and sea; and no place since the fall can be exempt from their presence,—then must He be omnipresent. O glorious, boundless, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, and invincible love of God the Spirit! for, although there is nothing in me by nature to befriend, but everything to counteract, hurt, and destroy, either by force or fraud, the grace-work of God the Holy Ghost in me, both root and fruit, yet His infinite love-power triumphs over all opposition, both from without and within, as He hath immutably promised: ‘I, the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it; I will keep it night and day.’

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

“Behold, Thou art fair, my Beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.”—
 SOL. SONG i. 16.

THERE is no comparison, short of a personal oneness with Jesus, that can be drawn from anything existing in this time-state. Not our own natural lives can have any compare with our oneness with Jesus. Behold, thou soul-gazing believer! thou hast enough in Jesus to feast thy soul-sight with. There is such a perfection in Jesus, that all things in Him are pure. All things in thy nature do not appear to be so; and it is a happy moment when thou canst look away from thyself; yea, it is pleasant to walk, talk, and live in Jesus—is the best of company, that yields delight; communion with Jesus is sweet. He that turned water into wine, and spake as never man spake, multiplied the loaves and fishes, so that the wondering twelve that wanted to buy two hundred pennyworth of bread had each of them a basketful as a token for their services—that the last should be first and the first last. “Our bed is green,” where the flocks rest at noon—the covenant evergreens, the pro-

mises of unfading delights, where their rest shall be sweet, and none daring to make them afraid.

He that's restored by sovereign grace,
And cleansed by Jesus' blood,
Delights with saints to take his place,
Though they are sufferers here.

If they, within a prison cell,
Are suffering for the truth,
Love visits there, her joys can tell,
And drives away their fears.

There's thousands once were bound with chains
Are free'd from every fear,
In glory now with Jesus reign,
Where they never shed a tear.

If Jesus loved to bleed and die,
To save rebellious man,
That love Divine can bring me nigh
To see redemption's plan.

That love will guide me Christ to know,
And find my all in Him—
Though oft cast down, and very low,
By Him raised up have been.

MISAPPROPRIATING THE THINGS—THAT IS THE EVIL; THERE IS NO EVIL IN GOD'S CREATION.

Can you find one amongst the ransomed of Jesus' blood, that He hath put in a bad place? Some have thought so, and have had very hard thoughts of the Lord. One said he was plagued all the day, and chastened every morning; but he could see the wicked around him in prosperity. They had no bands in their death. Their strength was firm. They had everything that heart could wish. Their eyes stood out with fatness, and he could not make this out, until the Lord opened this up, and showed him that they were set in slippery places. And there is many a poor child of God rises up against the Lord's way, and thinks that He deals hardly with them, and that He might have placed them in more favourable circumstances; but this is their ignorance. Jesus puts His children in the best place; and the bounds of their habitation are fixed by Him. Moses' mother might have said, "I wish I had never been a mother." There is many a poor mother who has said so when things have gone roughly in the family, and the children have rose up against them, and have said as poor old Jacob did, "All these things are against me." But this was not the truth: he found, as all the tried children of God shall, that "the Lord doeth all things well."

THE SNARE BROKEN, AND THE CAPTIVE DELIVERED.

I have often heard R. Robinson mention the case of a poor woman whom he met some years ago, at a certain place where he was called to preach. This poor woman had long been bound low by the arch-fiend and enemy of souls, who tried his cunning artifice, with his infernal lies, to drive her to the very borders of despair. He assailed her on this ground, that she was not a child of God, for she had no love. Many ministers had conversed with her; but she told them it was of no use, for she was utterly destitute of love. Mr. Robinson went to see her, and conversed with her; but she repeated again and again she was destitute of love—she

had no love to God, His people, nor His means; nay, she was destitute altogether, so she had no love to anything; she did not love her husband, nor children, nor anything, so it was of no use talking to her. He said, "There lay on the table an old Bible, that gave proof that it had been searched again and again. I picked up this Bible, and I said, 'I am going to burn this Bible; this is of no use to you.' She cried out, 'Give me my Bible! I love my Bible! You shan't burn my Bible!' 'Ah, you love the Bible, and you love its Author.'" Here Satan was defeated; the snare was broken and the captive delivered.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

I remember hearing Mr. Robinson say that some years ago he was greatly tried. The enemy told him he would never stand, should he be called to suffer as the martyrs did; but some time after this he was brought into circumstances that necessitated him to go late in the eve to another town for assistance, and, as he was coming back, two highway robbers attacked him, and threw him down. One knelt on him, and held him by the throat while the other robbed him. He said he never felt more calm and composed in all his life than he did at that time. This was the way the Lord took to deliver him out of that trial, and proved that He who kept the mind composed in perfect peace while in the hands of robbers, could do the same if brought to the rack, torture, fire, or sword. Yes, dear child of God, whenever thou art weak in thyself, thou shalt find the Lord true to His word, "As thy days, thy strength shall be;" "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Therefore, take no undue thought for the morrow's trouble, sufficient is my grace; and "as thy days, thy strength shall be." Plead His promise that He hath made, and make mention of the word on which He hath caused thee to hope. Tell Him again and again that He hath pledged Himself by oath and promise, and He must perform, because His faithfulness cannot fail; nor can He alter the word that He hath spoken.

"The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."—PSALM lxxxvii. 2.

The wisdom, care, and mercy of God is manifested to the heirs of salvation, in their temporal concerns; so that no good things shall ever be withholden from them. The lovingkindness of the Lord, and the freedom of intercourse to Jacob, was more vital, holy, and profound, in that spot where he set up stones for his pillow, than when he made a present of his poplar rods to strike the admiration of his thirsty flock. David saw a door-keeper's place more lovely, in peace, than a throne besieged with wickedness. A dinner of herbs on the house-top, where the sparrow plays the harp, and love give songs of praise, is much better than gathering gold in silver slippers, where wrath and strife are prime ministers. It was not all honour, nor what might be desired in Jacob's family; for there were theft, murder, and adultery, that stained their history, and the contempt was laid as a warning to future ages; but the gates of Zion are sacred honours, where only the heirs of promise perform spiritual business, and their experience and affections keep holy day at the Redeemer's feet. O believer, has thy way been shut up in thy experience, and thy deep exercises, so that deep called unto deep? How desirable, when divine love sent a promise by faith of thy deliverance, and set before thee an open door—though thou hast been retained as a prisoner

of hope, and Jesus drew thy soul in sweet contemplation of the privileges of Zion, and thou hast exclaimed, "Oh, how I love her courts and the entrance of her gates!" "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18). O believer, art thou a sufferer? Thou hast a hard hand, but a tender conscience; the hand of divine faith has to grasp many painful instruments; and the believer is a workman that needs not to be ashamed, and shall never be confounded. Love is the line by which divine faith is actuated; and "More than conqueror" is the triumphant ensign spiritually set up. O believer, art thou a sufferer for Jesus? Then thou art a great gainer: for even thy losses shall be thy gain. O believer, what are thy sufferings? Is it being despised and set at nought as a believer in Christ Jesus by an ungodly world? No. Is it because thy temporal mercies are threatened by human hands, to be withdrawn? No, it is not; but my burden is this: I suffer daily under a body of sin and death, waging rebellion against the covenant of grace. I suffer under the devil's temptations, stirring up fleshly lusts that war against my soul. I suffer under deadness and coldness, and dark and gloomy feelings, and unbelief trying to block up my way and to impede my path. O my soul, count up the cost! there is more for thee than can be against thee. "Christ in you the hope of glory." "More than conqueror," is the glory revealed in us.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."—LUKE vi. 36.

O my soul, come, meditate upon this salvation, until thou shalt leap for joy! Thy feeding pastures and soul-portions are blessedly spread before thee. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed." It is of the Lord's mercy I am made a monument of mercy, and the covenant of mercy secures covenant treasures to my soul. It is a God-like wonder to show mercy, more than to create a thousand worlds. In mercy for us Christ sweat great drops of blood; in mercy He bore our sins and carried our sorrows. Vessels of mercy must be filled with mercy; love, mercy, and truth are three witnesses of covenant record, in the experience of the purchased inheritance, and give a sacred impress of the image of Christ's sufferings in our room and stead, and shine forth in the divine excellency of the Gospel revelation of Christ's sufferings and death; and the jubilee day is hailed with a shout of the gift of mercy, with, "Grace, grace unto it!" O my soul! are these treasures yours? Does covenant mercy lead thee out and bring thee in? Has mercy made thy bed in sickness and in health? Does mercy accompany thy path, and adjust all thy comforts, that are neither few nor small? Mercy's date is God-like; yet is she a nurse to babes, and never leaves the fatherless, and is a joy to the widow's heart, and attends the dying moments of the saints, and is door-keeper to the realms of bliss, and numbers the ransomed to their eternal rest. O my soul! are these treasures thine, or art thou a despiser of mercy, and the greatest enemy to thyself, and with thy maddened folly seeking to make thy bed in hell?

(To be continued.)

A SNARE into which the devil delights to lead man is to revel in imaginary woes; but their imaginary woes produce real calamities; they contract the human intellect—the human heart. Leave to-morrow with God—entirely to Him.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

"Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors."—PROV. viii. 34.

SOLOMON was a servant of God, who was greatly favoured with the gifts of wisdom and understanding, in things both natural and spiritual, that rarely, if ever, falls to the lot of man, and to which was added both riches and honour (1 Kings v. 12—18).

The wisdom that uttereth her voice in the portion of holy writ before us, we may in truth say, "Behold, a Greater than Solomon is here!" The voice that uttereth this gracious declaration is the voice of our glorious Lord, set forth by Solomon under the character of "wisdom," to which character all His dear called ones have a special claim. The Apostle Paul puts us in possession of this great truth, for, saith he, "But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God . . . who of God was made unto them wisdom" (1 Cor. i. 24, 30). Oh, what a mercy to the foolish, the ignorant, and the unlearned of the chosen and called sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty! To have such a fund of wisdom to fall back upon, and which they can claim as their own, is a mercy beyond all praise. Oh, what a mercy, unbounded mercy, that salvation does not in the least depend upon human wisdom, nor deep learning in theological questions, nor classical lore, but upon "the wisdom of God in a mystery; even the hidden mystery which God ordained before the world, unto our glory" (1 Cor. ii. 7); "and is now made manifest, and, by the Scriptures of the Prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, to all nations, for the obedience of faith" (Rom. xvi. 25, 26.) What an amount of inextricable perplexities, confusion, and difficulties would the ignorant, the foolish, and the unlearned be involved and deeply exercised with, if human learning gave any title to acceptance with Christ. We have only to look at the bitter controversies and contentions now going on within the circle of the learned, to see that ignorance is bliss compared with that. It is enough for the unlearned called ones to know that we are "not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from our vain conversations received by tradition from the fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter i. 18).

The vanity of these traditional things, and the vain conversations in controversies, are great stumbling-blocks to the unlearned of the household of faith: consisting chiefly in teaching for doctrines the commandments of men; in meats and drinks, and divers ordinances and observances; arraying themselves in gorgeous robes, holding out their own persons to admiration, because of some supposed advantage; but sorely detrimental to the ignorant and unlearned of the flock. But, to return to our subject: "Blessed is the man that heareth me." God the Father, on the Mount of Transfiguration, uttered a voice out of the cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him." God the Son declared to the Jews, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." The hearing of the voice of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the voice of "wisdom," is not confined to the living; but "the dead shall hear it, and live." The Apostle Paul is very explicit upon this point: "And you hath He

quicken who were dead in trespasses and sins, even when we were dead in sins hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace are ye saved" (Eph. ii.). Therefore, it clearly appears that it does not in the least depend upon any exertions of our own. No; all is of grace, unmerited grace, quickened by the Spirit of the living God, and made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Everything is the work of God. No part of it belongs to us. How could we, being dead to all spiritual life, take any part in so great a work? Dead in trespasses and in sins, until the voice of the Lord spake us into a new existence of spiritual life. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light"—the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ—the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world of spiritual life. We were in total darkness before. We are His entire workmanship—"created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

Space will not allow us to enter upon the many and various ways the Lord first speaks unto His dear children, nor upon the endless variety of circumstances under which they first hear His voice, or of the after-communion carried on with Him, save to say that it is all indeed very blessed. On His part it is always full of the most blessed assurances of grace in every time of need; of His love, of His help, of His kindness, of His mercy and forbearance, of His divine presence, and of His never-failing faithfulness, which are all gracious manifestations that are truly very blessed. The soul that hath this new life is blessed with the hearing ear and the feeling and understanding heart; he is blessed with peace and the forgiveness of sins, and a hope of eternal salvation. "The Lord will give strength to His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace" (Psalm xxix. 11). "The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us; He will bless the house of Israel; He will bless the house of Aaron. He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great" (Psalm cxv. 12, 13). "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates."

The prophet Habbakuk was one of the Lord's blessed ones, and one that watched daily at His gates; for, saith he, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved" (Hab. ii. 1). Here we may observe that the Lord's blessed ones are not they that refuse reproof, but regard it, knowing that such shall be honoured and that the rod and reproof giveth wisdom. They are as ready to watch for reproof as to watch for the gracious manifestations of His glorious power in strengthening, supporting, upholding, establishing, and preserving grace. Their language is, "Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart" (Psalm xxvi. 2). "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting" (Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24).

The Psalmist also was one of the blessed, and one who watched daily at His gates—the gates of the glorious righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; for saith he, "Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord: this gate of the Lord into which the righteous shall enter" (Psalm cxviii. 19, 20).

The dear blessed ones of the Lord, the watchers at His gates, know their own vileness—that in them there is no soundness—that their own

righteousness is but as filthy rags: therefore they are daily watching at the gates of the justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. None can enter these gates but those who receive the garment of salvation at the entrance. The vesture dipped in blood is the only passport for an entrance there. Oh, what a blessing—what an invaluable blessing—to be watching and daily receiving renewed manifestations at the gates of righteousness and peace; receiving renewed exchanges of garments of praise, in place of filthy rags, and say with the psalmist, and with the same boldness, "Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go in there, and I will praise the Lord: this gate into which the righteous shall enter."

"Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors." Watching and waiting is a position that the Lord's blessed ones are often in; and a most blessed one it is. Many a sweet promise is made to, and realized by, the waiting ones. And it shall be said in that day, "Lo, we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad, and rejoice in His salvation" (Isaiah xxv. 9).

The Lord answered Habakkuk while standing upon the watch-tower: waiting to see what the Lord would say to him: "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry" (Hab. ii. 2, 3). The answer he received was a very instructive and profitable one; it taught him not only to wait by faith, but also to wait the Lord's appointed time for the revelation of the vision, for in the end it would come and speak for itself. The Lord's waiting ones are often severely exercised upon this point. When faith is put upon its trial by external or internal circumstances, or by both combined, troubles and sorrows of a peculiar kind arise; insurmountable difficulties surround them; trials and perplexities lay in their path which they think might be spared, and which they are anxious to see removed. They plead promise after promise that seems to suit their particular case, anxiously waiting for the appearing of the Lord for their deliverance; but often limiting the Lord as to time, whereby disappointments are increased. The Lord's time may be not their time; consequently much impatience and fretfulness is exercised in rebellion against the Lord's divine dispensations. It is one thing to wait, but another thing to patiently wait, the Lord's own appointed time for the manifestation of His mind and will concerning us. There is an appointed time to favour Zion, and our great and merciful God, who is wisdom, truth, and faithfulness, must not be limited to any time but His own in His divine and wise dispensations. May the Lord direct the hearts of all His waiting ones into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ, who is the power of God and the wisdom of God.

"Blessed is the man that heareth me; watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors." The posts and doors embrace many subjects that lead us into inconceivable immensity—subjects that may by faith be recognized and apprehended, but never fully comprehended, by any finite capacity—subjects that embrace eternal and immortal things; at the posts and doors of which the Lord's blessed ones are continually waiting. There is the door of the eternal word, the door of eternal mercy, the door of eternal justification, the door of eternal love, the door of eternal election, the door of eternal predestination, and the door of eternal

salvation. These everlasting doors are all hinged upon the posts of the eternal covenant transactions, entered into by the wisdom of our triune Jehovah, according to the good pleasure of His will.

Prestwich.

W. G.

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

"But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy."—ACTS ii. 16, 17.

Is this a complete, or only a partial, fulfilment of the words of Joel? It is evidently only a partial fulfilment, as several remarkable instances show after the first outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost,—the first we will refer to being in chap. xxi. of this same book and the ninth verse. Speaking of Philip the evangelist, it is said, "And the same man had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy." And in the following verse, mention is made of another prophet, named Agabus, of whom it is twice recorded that he spake by the Holy Ghost. "So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles," meaning the apostle Paul. And, in Acts xi. 28, it is said of Agabus, that he signified *by the Spirit* that there should be great dearth throughout all the world; which came to pass in the days of Claudius Cæsar. Again, in chap. xxi. 4, we find that certain disciples of Tyre, "said to Paul *through the Spirit*, that he should not go up to Jerusalem." But perhaps these are individual instances sufficient; we will therefore turn to Acts x. 44—46, which refer to the second special outpouring of the Holy Spirit. "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on *all them* which heard the word. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the *Gentiles* also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God." But this passage from Joel is likewise being fulfilled now; for are not these more emphatically the "last days?" And is not the Holy Spirit still poured out abundantly on all true believers—this being especially the dispensation of the Holy Spirit? But there remains yet another fulfilment of the words of Joel, and it is that spoken of in Acts ii. 19, and so remarkably foretold by Christ Himself in Matt. xxiv. 29, in which He seems to take up the very language of Joel to announce the signs which shall precede His own second coming. Happy are they who are looking forward with joy to this last fulfilment.

We will now refer to further instances of prophecies having a double fulfilment, 1st, partial, 2nd, complete. The eleventh chapter of Isaiah may be mentioned as one. This chapter appears to treat both of Christ's first and second coming, and may also refer to His spiritual reign in the hearts of His people now, and more completely still to His future kingdom, when He shall come in the glory of His Father. The tenth verse was fulfilled when the Gentiles were brought to the knowledge of the Lord, and the twelfth verse seems to point more particularly to the final ingathering of the Jews. And the twelfth chapter speaks of the happy results of that glorious time, namely, the joy of the Church, both Jews and Gentiles. "Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee" (chap. xii. 5, 6).

The sixtieth chapter of Isaiah also appears to admit of two interpretations, first, to the restoration of the Jews to their own land after the Babylonish captivity, and building of the second temple. "And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee: for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favour have I had mercy on thee" (verse 10).

Then the chapter goes on to show the ultimate glory of the Church of Christ when both Jews and Gentiles are gathered in. "Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." The restoration of Jerusalem, both temporal and spiritual, is also portrayed very beautifully in the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah. Indeed, Isaiah abounds in prophecies and sweet promises connected with the first and second advents of our glorious Lord; and of the wonderful mercy of God to the Gentiles. This is set forth very prominently in the fifty-fourth chapter, the first verse of which agrees so well with 1 Samuel ii. 5. I take Hannah to be a very remarkable type of the Gentile Church, and her offspring, Samuel, as the firstfruits of that Church; Samuel, according to the margin, meaning, "*Asked of God*"—thus explaining the eighth verse of the second Psalm, where the Father is represented as saying to the Son, "*Ask of me, and I shall give Thee the heathen (or Gentiles) for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession.*"

The last chapter of Zephaniah appears to have a double fulfilment. He speaks, in his opening chapter, of the sins of Judah, for which they shall be cut off from the land; and in the seventh verse of the second chapter, the Lord remembers His mercy, and says, "For the Lord their God shall visit them, and turn away their captivity." Then, in the last chapter, the restoration of Israel is spoken of, especially in the nineteenth and twentieth verses, which seems to me to be the final one; for when have these words been fulfilled?—"I will get them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame, and I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth."

We now turn to Zechariah. In this beautiful prophecy (which evidently has two meanings attached to it) we see Zerubbabel set forth as a wonderful type of Christ. He is called to build the second temple, and, to make the type more complete, he is not only to begin, but to finish the work. "The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, his hands shall also finish it, and thou shall know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you" (ver. 4, 9). And in the sixth and seventh verses, we find all is to be done by the Spirit and grace of God. By His might and power the great mountain becomes a plain.

In chap. vi. 12, 13, Christ is yet more clearly spoken of, under the title of The Branch, and the Builder of His spiritual temple: "Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, Behold the Man whose name is, The Branch; and He shall grow up out of His place, and He shall build the temple of the Lord: even He shall build the temple of the Lord; and He shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon His throne; and He shall be a Priest upon His throne: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both [Father and Son]."

Thus bearing out the ninth verse of the second chapter of Haggai: "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." Yes; peace by the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Then, in the concluding chapters, the glory of the latter days is shadowed forth after the trial of Judah and Jerusalem is accomplished; "when they shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for Him." "And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God" (Zech. xiii. 9).

The study of prophecy is a peculiarly interesting one, and will well repay a searcher into the deep things of God; but it must be approached with great reverence, in entire reliance on the Holy Spirit's teaching, and with much of the awe by which Moses was inspired, when it was said to him, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Still, as all Scripture is given for instruction and edification, we should not shrink from investigating even the most abstruse and obscure passages, being well content with our very partial knowledge until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away, when we shall behold everything revealed in the light of a glorious eternity.

W.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD-TESTAMENT SAINT.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."—PSALM lvi. 16.

Thus spake the man after God's own heart, to the people of the Lord, to those who had been taught to fear Him, through the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit: and David had much to say of the merciful dealings of the Lord with his soul. The life-long experience of David showed, that it was God alone who made to differ: who took a stone from a quarry, and fashioned it for a corner-stone of His temple; who took a lump of clay from the miry pit, and made it into a vessel of honour for the service of His sanctuary. There was much clay yet remaining in the pit, as good as that from which this vessel had been prepared; there were many stones yet remaining in the quarry, as good as that which formed a corner-stone for the temple. Saul by nature was as good as David, but the Lord cast off Saul, and chose David. David's seven brethren were by nature as good as himself, but the Lord rejected them and chose David. David would therefore speak of God's discriminating grace, and bless Him who had made one to differ from another. He would take a review of his life's journey, through this wilderness world; of his joys and his sorrows, his falls and his restorings, his sins and his pardonings; and then, he would say,—not to a blaspheming world, but to those who were daily walking with him, *in the courts of the temple of the house of his God*—"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul." And thus the people of God, in every age of the world, have cheered and encouraged each other, amidst the storms and the tempests of life, by speaking of God's dealings with them, and of the way He has continually appeared for their help and deliverance. We would like to have been a listener of David, as he cheered the hearts of the saints by a recital of lovingkindness and tender mercies of the Lord: "I called upon the Lord with my mouth, and He was extolled with my tongue."

And we may, in imagination, join that happy company, that little society of warm *Christian* people, and we shall hear David, who has divested himself of his kingly dignity, and is sitting down, as a friend

amongst friends, narrating the experience of an eventful life, and all "to the praise of the glory" of God's grace. Would our long winter evenings have sufficed for David to speak, or for his friends to hear what David had to say of himself and of God? Oh, no; not one evening, nor many days, would have sufficed for David to tell or for his friends to hear, "that sweet story of old." The events of David's life would have been too many and too varied for the recital of them to be accomplished in so short a time; and often, as he proceeded with his story, his feelings would be so overcome that, breaking off from his narration, he would exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles."

We may accompany Samuel to the little town of Bethlehem, whither he is going, by divine command, to anoint a king as the successor of Saul. The people wonder and tremble at his approach, for perhaps they have not often seen him, and they look not upon him as one "that bringeth good tidings;" but they come to the sacrifice, and Jesse and his sons are called. And, listening to carnal reason, we may suppose Samuel asking, as he looked on the beauty of Eliab's countenance, and marked the noble height of his stature, "Why, O Lord! has thou *refused* him? and why dost Thou refuse Abinadab, and Shammah, and these other four sons of Jesse? They are each of kingly deportment, and may well wage war with the enemies of the Lord." But Samuel speaks not thus, for he has long learned to bow to the sovereignty of God; and, when this ruddy shepherd-boy is brought in—too insignificant, as his father thought, to be called away from the care of his sheep—Samuel bows to the command of the Lord, and, in the midst of his brethren and before his father's eyes, anoints him with the holy oil, as captain over Israel. Had Samuel been a worldly man he could scarcely have approved of the Lord's choice. Might he not have said?—"Thou, O Lord, once hadst a ruler over Thy people in the person of Joshua, under whom they conquered this whole land for themselves. After him Thou didst give them judges, mighty men of valour, who again and again delivered them from the hands of their oppressors: and now, until Saul, was ever nation in a worse plight than Thine own Israel—the defenders of their country very few, and very weak; and what rude weapons of war in their hands! obliged, every man, to wait for his turn at the file, or pass over to the enemy's camp to sharpen his share and his coultter and his axe and his mattock? Surely, if Thou hast rejected Saul, Thou mayest have raised up another Jephthah, a Shamgar, a Gideon, or a Sampson!"

If such thoughts entered into the mind of Samuel (and unbelief will work in the hearts of God's servants), they were banished thence at the Lord's word, "Look not on His countenance, or the height of His stature, because I have refused him, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance; but the Lord looketh on the heart." David would describe this mission of Samuel, and then he would speak of the special choice of the Lord; of the holy anointing; how he again returned to his flock: the happy days he had with them, as, amidst the green pastures, and beside the still waters, he tuned his harp to the praises of God, and says, as in Psalm xxiii., "The Lord is

my Shepherd, I shall not want;" and, still dwelling on the dear scenes of his youth, he would remember how he was taken from his rural avocations, to solace the troubled spirit of the king with the sweet notes of his harp. How the king loved him, and made him His armour-bearer; and that when the noise of war engaged the royal attention, and the ministrations of the minstrel were no longer required, the young armour-bearer was forgotten; and soon his unambitious mind led him to forsake the palace, and to return to the care of the sheep, and to the bosom of his father, in the dear old home of Bethlehem.

Was it during that time that he held the fierce encounter with the lion and the bear—from the success of which conflict, he has encouraged the servants of God down to the very end of time? "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet." David would relate how, on some fine morning, his father and himself rose early, and went together to the fold, on the "high mountains of Israel." He would speak of opening the door; of calling the sheep by name, and leading them out; that his father told them as they went forth; took an account of their number, and gave them into the hand of David, to be kept in safety by him. They were a *little flock*, and he led them forth into the pastures of the wilderness, and for awhile sang sweet psalms, and played joyfully on his harp. The evening was approaching; he was leaning on his crook, his harp lying beside him, when suddenly there appeared a commotion in the field. Terrified, the sheep run together, and as rapidly are again scattered. What is the cause? A lion and a bear have come, and a little lamb has been carried away. There is no time for deliberation; and David needs none: a supernatural courage emboldens his heart—a supernatural strength nerves his arm, and in a short time the wild beasts are both lying dead at his feet; and the terrified lamb runs back bleating to the side of its dam.

David has told us of the anointing; and Samuel has described how the Spirit of the Lord came upon David, from that day forward. Was there the same Spirit teaching in Old Testament times, as there has ever been under the Gospel dispensation? Then, though it were as through a glass darkly, yet the Spirit took of the things of Christ, and testified of Jesus to David's soul.

Jesse gave the sheep into David's care; and the Lord Jehovah gave His sheep into the care of Jesus. Says the Lord Jesus, "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me." David was responsible for every one of the flock; and the Lord Jesus made Himself responsible for every one of His sheep; for "They shall again pass under the hand of Him that telleth them." As said Jacob unto Laban, "That which was torn of beast I brought not unto thee; I bare the loss of it; of my hand didst thou require it, whether stolen by day or stolen by night." But oh, a far better Shepherd than Jacob is here; He speaks of His responsibility; but He speaks not of torn sheep, nor of stolen sheep. Satan, as an angel of light, had sought to deceive the sheep, but he had failed; as a roaring lion he had sought to devour them, but the words had thrilled through the regions of hell, "None shall pluck them out of my hand." And yet some of them had fallen into danger, even as David's lamb into the mouth of the lion; but the voice had spoken, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" And thus at the close of His life, Jesus could exclaim, "And not one of them is lost."

Thus fresh from the slaughter of the lion and the bear, David goes to the camp unto his brethren, and thence he enters boldly into the presence of Saul. He feels that God was with him in his late unequal contest, and a holy zeal for the honour of Israel's covenant Jehovah animates his soul as he goes forth in the plains of Ephes-dammim to meet Goliath, the champion of the Philistines; and, oh, that we could have been amongst his hearers, as he rehearsed the experience of those eventful days, and told of what the Lord had done for his soul!

And with what grief would he remember the jealousy of Saul, his attempts on his life; and Jonathan almost a martyr for his sake; himself hunted "as a partridge upon the mountains;" Saul daily seeking his destruction, and David twice sparing that of Saul; and then, in a moment, his faith all gone, the anointing of Samuel forgotten, God's promise that he should be king over Israel passed away from his mind, the fear of man pervading his heart, and the doleful exclamation escaping his lips, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." Would he tell of this? of his leaving the land and the God of Israel? flying for succour into the enemies' country? degrading himself by playing the madman? At another time, held in great respect by the Philistine king, and saved, as it were, almost by a miracle, from fighting against his own people? and then, would he mournfully relate how from fear of Saul, at Nob, he lied to Ahimelech, and thereby caused the slaughter of the priests of God. And he would speak of the Cave of Adullam, and that when his brethren and his father's house heard of it, they went thither to him, and that every one who was in distress, and every one who was in debt, and every one who was discontented, gathered themselves to him, and he became a captain over them.

Surely, here was David a glorious type of the Lord Jesus Christ. Secure in the Cave of Adullam, his brethren and all his father's house with him, and the distressed, and the discontented, and the debtors resting on him for help, and depending on him for deliverance. And David would tell of his failings, too, and of his many and grievous sins, not that he would gloat over the remembrance of his iniquities, not that he would glory in his shame; but, "to the praise of the glory" of restoring grace, he would tell of all his rebellings against God. Never would he forget to tell how he destroyed the purity of Uriah's wife, and, to conceal his guilt, murdered the husband (who, at that very time, was fighting the battles of his king), and how his conscience became seared, and that with adultery and murder on his soul, he felt no remorse till Nathan's parable brought home to him his guilt.

Yes, he would tell how, in mercy, God sent Nathan to convince him of his sins, and to speak anew of pardon to his soul—mercy and forgiveness, yet mixed with judgment—spoken to the king, to the man after God's own heart, "The sword shall never depart from thy house." And oh, how awfully those words were verified! His daughter dishonoured by her own brother, and that brother destroyed by a brother! The son rising in rebellion and seeking the father's life, that he might reign in his stead! His feelings might not allow him to speak of it, but his hearers would remember the sad history of that trying day, when all the country wept with a loud voice, as the king passed over the brook Kidron, and "the people with him, toward the way of the wilderness." This scene would never fade from the vision of the people. They would remember how he toiled up the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he

went up, and had his head covered; and then they would tell of the loving sympathy of those who were with him; how that "every man covered his head, and went up, weeping as they went up." David, perhaps, might not speak of this: he could tell how God delivered him from the lion and the bear, from the Philistine and from the hand of Saul; but how God turned the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness, how Absalom was defeated and slain, and how the people again returned to their allegiance—he would say little upon these points. But he would tell how Satan worked upon the pride of his heart, as to induce him to number the people; and how, at that time, through his and their forgetfulness of God's law, the plague broke out amongst them; and when he spoke of the atonement which was not paid (Exod. xxx. 12—15), and of the half-shekels which were not given, he would be led to speak of the atonement which would be made in the latter days, when the Lord would no longer desire sacrifice and offering; when a burnt offering and a sin offering would be no longer needed: but when the "God-man," having come upon earth (as "in the volume of the book it had been written" of Him), should have accomplished the will of His Father, should have proved Himself to be THE "One of a thousand," should have made an atonement for the "many;" and, as the Father looked upon *this* soul, and upon *that* soul, and upon the *thousands* of souls plucked from the burning, should have spoken the gracious words, "Deliver them from going down to the pit, I have found the ransom." And then the man after God's own heart would speak of times of spiritual darkness and sorrow, when "the candle of the Lord shone [not] about him," when "the waves passed over his head"—the face of God hidden. And he was troubled at such time; sometimes roaring like "a wild bull in a net," and soon again "waiting patiently for the Lord, till He inclined unto him, and heard his voice;" and then he would tell how he was "brought up out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay," and how sovereign grace set his feet upon the rock, established his goings, and put into his mouth a new song of praise unto his God. Says David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God;" and those who heard him would remember, and rejoice in the remembrance, of those precious results of God's grace and goodness. And, as he drew near to the close of his life, they would hear him say, "Although my house be not so with God"—though troubles and family sorrows have grievously afflicted me—"yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation and all my desire." Yes, David could look to the covenant faithfulness of God, and feel that it was *all his salvation and all his desire*, and that "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." And David's God is the same now; ages have not changed His nature or His name. The God of David is the God of David's seed, the God of the *spiritual*, as He was of the *literal*, Israel. And should not the people of God do now even as David did? May they not say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what *He* hath done for my soul?" Ah! those are blessed words, "*what He hath done for my soul.*" Not what *I* have done for Him; not the glory which *I* have procured for *Him*, but "what *HE* hath done for *MY* soul." "*I* was dead in trespasses and sins, and *HE* quickened me! He fed my soul, and nourished it unto eternal life! I wandered from Him, and He sought me, and brought me back! I would have yielded to temptation, and *HE* withheld me! Indwelling sin would have prevailed against me, but *HE* kept it in subjection!

Not only in grace, but in providence, He has cared for me! Often, when encompassed with doubts and fears, I have said, 'I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul;' and then the word has come home with power to my heart, 'I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.'

The time is very near when the people of God will no longer be suffered to rest on their lees, and it behoves them now, when they meet together, sometimes, to put from them the cares, the business, and the callings of the world, and in the anticipation of the troubles which are coming upon the earth, to cheer and encourage the hearts of each other with the blessed rehearsal of what the Lord hath done for their souls; and that, having "*begun* the good work," He will "continue it unto the great day of the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."

J. F. P.

Kennett.

LINES ON 2 CHRON. VI. 32.

THE stranger and the fatherless,
And those who "wept apart,"
Were such as Jesus looked upon,
And touched His tender heart.

And He, in ages gone, the same
As when on earth He was;
"In the beginning" He was there,
With God, the Great First Cause.

And with Him too, the Spirit there,
Who moved upon the chaos,
And joined in counsel to create
A paradise for us.

But who shall tell the history,
How man that Eden lost;
Or how a better was obtained?
Still less, tell what it cost?

It cost that holy precious blood
Which flowed at Calvary,
To be our ransom from the fall,
And Satan's slavery.

And on through ages from the fall,
He brought His ransomed through;
In types and shadows might be seen
Himself, and favoured few.

In a long track His steps are seen
Through Israel's history,
Unfolding covenant purposes,
In blessed mystery.

Yea, on and on, till time at length
Witnessed the temple reared,
Symbolic, glorious, manifold
Of truths, to saints endeared.

But now the prayer we dwell upon
Of Solomon the great,
In which each member of the Lord,
In measure, can partake.

Leamington.

But here comes in "the stranger's"
plea,

"What ground have I to dare
To tread that Temple, or to hope
I've any portion there?"

That one who says, "I'm not a child,
I'm nothing but a stranger;
My former *home*, now far away,
And in the hand of danger.

"I've left it for a better home,
A better father too,
If haply I may some day find
A dwelling among *you*.

"A far-off country," 'for Thy sake,'
I've left its every charm,
'To trust beneath Thy mighty wings
And 'Thy outstretchèd arm.'

This was the prayer Thy servant knew
Was in the stranger's heart;
And so Thou gav'st Thy servant grace
"To act the kinsman's part."

Oh, stranger, see how kind thy God!
"He dealeth wondrously;"
Before thou breathst a word to Him,
He intercedes for thee.

Stranger, where art thou, read thou
this!

Be comforted, and come,
Tread in the "footsteps of the flock,"
And thou shalt share their home.

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray,"
And *once* were strangers too,
Until He *made* us hear His voice,
As sheep their shepherd do.

Ah, then, no longer satisfied,
Till, His loved fold within,
We bleated, till we were assured
That He had shut us in.

A. E.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

THE following fact was communicated by a personal friend of the individual whose brief history has been often repeated in the mournful life and cloudy death of those who have similarly erred.

A newly-married couple left England for India to join a regiment, stationed at P——. The lady prior to her marriage was well known as a high professor of religion. United to much knowledge of the way of salvation, she had been foremost in every good word and work, in and beyond her own locality. Her husband wooed and won her, approving of all she said and did. This was the amount of *his* religion; but she fell into the snare that thousands have been caught by, whose religion has thereby been manifested only as a dead profession; and thousands also of God's living children who have gone mourning all their days by reason of this one fatal step—an unsanctified marriage.

No sooner had the lady been introduced into the society which is peculiar to life in India, than she dropped her profession of religion altogether, and, instead of proving the wonderful blessing to her husband which her friends predicted and she promised herself before marriage, she became his zealous partner in all the frivolities of a worldly life.

Towards the close of the second year she suddenly fell into deep dejection of mind. The prospect of becoming a mother afforded her no interest. She frequented various scenes of amusement without pleasure. Friends in vain rallied round her, and the affection of her husband was unheeded. Her new-born babe was beheld without emotion, and her only remark was, "I shall die on the ninth day." There was not the slightest ground for this prediction, every day gave fresh proof of a rapid recovery; but her gloomy and continued cry was, "I shall die on the ninth day." She occasionally alluded to the future, and declared there was neither hope nor mercy for her. On the ninth day, a friend who had tenderly nursed her, sat by her couch as she slept. Awaking after the clock had struck twelve, the friend said, "We may congratulate ourselves now that the dreaded day is over." "Ah," she replied, "you cannot deceive me; I shall die on the ninth day," and, falling back on her pillow, she was a corpse.

God's saints have many snares spread for them by Satan, and no wrong step in life is productive of greater misery than an unsanctified marriage. The disunion that necessarily arises when conversion takes place on one side after marriage is a sore trial to a child of God, but nothing like so bitter as the self-accusation and condemnation felt when the veil falls, and discovers to the wilful and wandering child the life-long results of an ungodly marriage. The hope encouraged through natural affection, that spiritual power would be communicated, and that God by the union would bestow spiritual blessing, has deluded many to form ties that they have bitterly repented. Who in their own circle, however small, but has witnessed the countless sorrows of an ill-assorted union, the strife, reserve, mistrust on one or both sides; the deceit, worldliness, and ungodliness reproduced in the children? It is a sore never healed, unless grace lays hold of the heart; and too often it is the imitation, but not the reality, when a profession of godliness is taken up. This, though a pleasant change from persecution and opposition, has still its snares. We recognize the devil dressed in black, but, when dressed in white, he deceives the elect; and, when knowledge fills the head, but there is no life in the soul, such an one proves a dangerous companion for a child of God.

In the book of the prophet Haggai we read these words: "If one bear holy flesh in the skirt of his garment, and with his skirt do touch bread, or pottage, or wine, or oil, or any meat, shall it be holy? and the Priest answered and said, No. Then said Haggai, If one that is unclean by a dead body touch any of these, shall it be unclean? and the Priests answered and said, It shall be unclean." From these words we may gather this Gospel lesson, that contact with holiness is unavailing for spiritual profit, but contact with evil has a pernicious, and in some cases a fatal, influence. "*It shall be unclean.*"

The apostle counsels the children of God in these words, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers;" and, in the case of second marriages, the apostle declares liberty, with this restriction, "*Only in the Lord.*"

In Num. xxxvi. 6, we have these words, "Concerning the daughters of Zelophehad, let them marry to whom they think best; only to the family of the tribe of their fathers shall they marry." The special purpose in this law was to keep the tribes distinct till Christ should come, according to prophecy, out of the tribe of Judah, and from the family of David. But in the literal, we trace the spiritual, and in this limitation with regard to marriage, we can view by the light of the Gospel, God's mind with regard to unsanctified unions. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting towards His elect, and kinder counsel cannot be found from Genesis to Revelation, than that spoken to the Church of God by the Spirit through the apostle Paul, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you" (2 Cor. vi. 14, 15, 17).

Multitudes of God's children have fallen into error on this point. Some through lack of spiritual discernment, others wilfully blinded by Satan and natural affection. But none of Christ's sheep shall perish, and covenant love secures "that all things work together for good to them who love God, and are the called according to His purpose." Disciplined and scourged they must be, and brought low through affliction, oppression, and sorrow; life-long trouble may be their portion; but, however wilful and wayward they may have been, and however far they may have wandered from God, they must be preserved, restored, and finally saved; and their testimony concerning the way, when they reach the end, shall be, "They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses."

Man, fallen and depraved by the act of our first parents, has ever since been under the power and dominion of Satan, till through the atonement of Jesus Christ, he has been rescued.

Satan will be sure to straiten or hinder us in our opportunities if he can, and then to plead necessity for a dispensation. He also puts tricks upon men, by putting us upon a service presently needful, with the prospect of another, in which at that time we are not so concerned.

Satan aims to perplex and disquiet the spirit of a believer, in order to bring him into a spirit of discontent. He aims at the molesting of the mind to disturb its motion towards God.

THE CHURCH'S CRY.

MAKE haste, my Beloved, why tarry so long ?

Oh, when shall mine eyes Thee behold ?

My ears would fain catch the sweet jubilee song

Of the saints with their bright harps of gold.

Make haste, my Beloved, my heart beats for Thee,

The darkness is thickening around ;

Oh, let the day dawn, then the shadows will flee,

And praise shall for ever resound.

Make haste, my Beloved, oh, speed Thee Thy way,

O'er the mountains of Bether appear ;

Those hills that divide this dark night from the day,

Which shall shine through Thy presence so clear.

Make haste, my Beloved, the bride now awaits

Thy glorious appearing on high ;

We lift up our heads to heaven's pearly gates,

For the day of redemption draws nigh.

Make haste, my Beloved, mute creation still groans

And travails in pain until now ;

In earnest expectance earth languishing moans,

The land in affliction doth bow.

Make haste, my Beloved, the captive yet sighs

For deliverance from sin's galling chain,

While louder and louder the sufferer cries

For relief from his anguish and pain.

Make haste, my Beloved, the time draweth near,

When, from sin and from sorrow set free,

Thy ransomed ones, who to Thy heart are so dear,

Will reign over all things with Thee.

Make haste, my Beloved, until that blest hour

Keep us nearer and nearer to Thee ;

For tempests arise, and clouds darkly lour,

While failing hearts round us we see.

Make haste, my Beloved, though Thy advent to some

May be through the angel of death,

And ere yet foretold tribulation shall come

They will have to resign their frail breath.

Make haste, my Beloved, the way matters not

That conveys us to Canaan's glad shore,

Since Thy blest example has marked out our lot

Through the path Thou didst travel before.

Make haste, my Beloved, Thou hast fought the good fight,

Brought into subjection all powers ;

Hast vanquished the foe by the strength of Thy might :

The battle was Thine, the victory ours.

Make haste, my Beloved, we are longing to sing

The new song of " Worthy the Lamb,"

To strike up our harps to Immanuel our King,

And praise and adore His dear name.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM TWO SERMONS PREACHED IN GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL, ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 23RD, 1868. J. JAY, PASTOR.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—ISAIAH xliii. 2.

WE will, in dependence on the Spirit's help, endeavour at once to go into our subject of this day, by dividing it as follows:—

- I. The people that are addressed, "When thou passest."
- II. The ordained pathway, "Through the waters," &c.
- III. The presence promised, "I will be with thee."
- IV. The preservation sure, "They shall not overflow," &c.
- V. The mind and will of God therein revealed.

I. "*When thou passest*," &c.—Let us see by the context to whom does this refer. We feel it, brethren, laid upon our conscience increasingly to be discriminating in our ministry, for we see clearly that those that are void of grace will love to hear these promises made as if to them; but we would not for the world be the means of deceiving them, for it would only end in a delusion. May we have grace, therefore, to be faithful, and to seek in God's word for the characters to whom this glorious promise is made. We have only to go to the verse preceding our text to find that it is to Jacob, and to Israel—Israel after the Spirit, the Israel of God, even those who, "being of faith, are blessed with faithful Abraham." Jacob means a supplanter, to whom the promise was first made, "In all places whither thou goest I am with thee;" but Israel, his new name by grace, "For as a prince hast thou had power with God, and prevailed." In order to trace those who are the worm-Jacobs, and the Lord's Israels, let us look into the context, "But now, thus saith the Lord that *created* thee, O Jacob"—mark the word *creation*! Man is so ruined by the fall, that a little mending will not do, a *new creation* is needed: "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature;" "for we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus" (Eph. ii. 10): thus all are made into one mould, even the Lord Jesus Himself! As an illustration, see in a pottery all the vessels are made after a particular fashion or model. "And He that formed thee, O Israel." There is a distinction between creation and formation, that is to say, after being created the new-born soul needs to pass under the forming hand of God: thus it is again said (ver. 7), "For I have *created* him for my glory, I have *formed* him;" and the formation is *within* (1 Pet. iii. 3), for outwardly the children of God differ not in appearance from others, except so far as by grace they are enabled to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things (ver. 21); "This people have I *formed* for myself; they shall shew forth my praise," in harmony with that passage (Rom. viii. 29), "predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren." And, if there be an affliction common to the Israel of God, it is that they bear so little conformity to

the image of God's dear Son; they desire to shew forth His praise, more than they do, by a life of faith and love, and by a walk becoming godliness; they often weep in secret that they do not bear more fruit to the glory of God.

"*Fear not; for I have redeemed thee.*"—Another mark of God's Israel is, that they are a redeemed people, not with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, in whom they have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of their sins—redeemed from all the curses of the fall, from sin and from death, spiritual and eternal; and all of free, sovereign, and unmerited mercy! O my friends, did you have any hand in your natural birth? or in your spiritual one, if born again? "Of His own will begat He us, by the word of God"—not after the will of man, or of the flesh, but of God!

"*I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.*"—Here is a further blessedness—they are owned of God! Can any language convey what it is to be *owned of God*? (Psalm cxlvi. 5—10). "All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them;" and in the heart of these redeemed ones there is an *echo*, for, when the Lord is pleased, by a blessed pouring in of His grace into the soul, to whisper, "Thou art mine," there is a sweet re-echo of the new-born soul, "My Beloved is mine!" O my friends, it is worth worlds to be able to lay claim to Jesus as ours, both now, and much more in a dying hour, when everything that is earthly is fleeing away—we mean, to say it *from the heart*—from the witness of the Holy Spirit within, testifying to our hearts that we are born of God. It is easy to say anything with the lips, but God's Israel cannot be contented with that; they must have the blessing in the heart, so that out of the abundance therein the mouth may speak.

II. The ordained pathway—*through the waters, the rivers, the fire, and the flame.*—These are expressions used in Scripture to denote both what is very blessed, and also what is very bitter. Although it is evident that our text refers to the latter, still we will, in passing, just remark on the former, viz., the blessedness—*waters*, "the water of life," the blessings of salvation, that bring health and cure unto the nations, breaking out into the desert. Ezekiel saw this river in vision, bringing life to all that it reached. Yes, dear friends, your souls too it will make *living*, if it reaches your hearts, according to the degree of its depth, at first only ankle-deep—although shallow, still very blessed—but afterwards reaching to the knees, and then the loins, ending with its consummation in glory, with a blessed and eternal swimming therein! And we are told to sow beside all waters [do not forget prayer-meetings is one of them]: "Cast thy bread upon the waters"—the dear children you cannot bring too soon to the waters, remembering always that the Lord's presence can alone cause them to become a blessing; of what use can the present ordinance, or any other, be to you, unless the Lord be there? But, as we said before, we believe the meaning of our text to be waters of affliction, such as David found to be deep waters, entering the soul; and, lastly, the *river of death*, through which it is appointed unto men to pass, may well be taken as one view of the text.

"*When thou walkest through the fire.*"—Fire! There is the fire of the love of God, which many waters cannot quench; but in our text fire, as well as water, is used to denote trying, afflictive, painful dispensations, manifold temptations and persecutions, through which all must pass that are owned of God, that is more or less (indeed, the martyrs had to pass

through material fire). Yes, for a longer or shorter time, one way or another, tribulations all the children of God must endure; for "*through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.*" "These are they that came out of great tribulation;" it is, therefore, clear to demonstration that (with the exception, more or less, of some intervals of breathing-time) the path of tribulation is the ordained pathway of every child of God—exemption none can boast (see Heb. xii. 8). Since such glorious promises are given in connexion with these afflictive dispensations, would not any one be disposed to think that the people to whom these grand promises are made, would never be subject to any fears? Yet it is not so, for it is a well-known fact, in our daily experience, and fully confirmed by the word of God, that all the Lord's people are subject to many fears, and that is why so many "fear nots" shine as diamonds throughout the blessed book of God. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel" [the margin reads, "few men," and it is but a remnant still, even in our day]. Abraham, the father of the faithful, needed a fear not—"Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." Again, Moses and Gideon, Daniel too; dear friends, it would be an instructive, and I trust profitable, employment, for yourselves, and the elder Sunday scholars, to trace out in the word of God the various "fear nots" that the Lord has been graciously pleased to give, for the encouragement of the worms-Jacob, and strength of the faith of the Israel of God.

III. The promise given—"I will be with thee."—This is the sum and substance of every promise in the word of God. And who is this glorious Speaker? We believe that it is a Triune God that gives the promise, for such is the Unity of the Godhead, that whatsoever the Father says and does, that also the Son says and does, and so also the Holy Ghost; but, in a special manner, we seem to hear Jesus speaking; for in the context He declares Himself "thy Saviour!" and again, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob," &c. "I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel" (Isa. xli. 14). And now, O ye tried, or to-be tried children of God, although you may have as much as you can bear, and often fear it will be more, yet remember this promise, "I will be with thee," embraces every other promise; for, "if God be for us, who can be against us?" The presence of the Lord is the great secret of all preservation, and, therefore, has ever been so highly valued, and earnestly sought, by the people of God, collectively and individually. "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence," cried Moses. Yes, the greatest trouble a child of God can have is, lest he should be left to himself: he is constantly breathing out desires such as these—

"I can do all things, and can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there."

Remember, dear friends, that in order to realize and enjoy the presence of your Lord, you will have to walk in a very narrow path indeed—separate from all that is sinful or self-indulgent, for His presence is a very separating one. You cannot indulge in ease or carnal security, or any false way, and enjoy His presence at the same time. And now we proceed to view—

IV. The certain preservation secured by the Lord's presence with His own. Mark the expressive language of our text! "They [the waters] shall not overflow thee; and when thou walkest through the fire, thou

shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "Therefore" (saith the Holy Ghost again in another place) "there has no temptation befallen you, but such as is common unto man" (the new-created man); "but God is *faithful*, who will not *suffer* you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation make a way for you to escape." O thou worm Jacob, tremble then no more to pass through these waters, and this river; nor to walk through the fire and flame, for thy God will be with thee, and thou shalt enjoy His presence more there than thou didst when all went smoothly with thee; for earthly prosperity and comfort often bring on (as Luther found it when he prayed that he might not have his portion in this world) more or less of *leanness* in the soul; whilst, on the other hand, the history of the Church, as well as of individuals, shines generally the brightest when under most tribulation. Now, you must not imagine that in the waters and the fire you will *always realise* the sensible presence of Jesus. *No!* but you are warranted to substantiate it by faith; for in this, as everything else, the true Christian has to "walk by faith, and not by sight" (trust the promise when he has no enjoyment of it). There is much of sovereignty witnessed in these matters, for some enjoy much of their Lord's presence, and others have to go through much darkness; but in every case the promise holds good, that thou shalt be delivered from the injurious effect of trials and afflictions; for the waters shall not overflow, the fire shall not burn (this was *literally* fulfilled in the case of the three youths cast into the fire), nor shall the flame kindle upon thee; but thou shalt derive spiritual profit, for tribulation worketh patience, &c. (see Rom. v. 3; Psalm cxix. 67—71; James i. 2—4). Many, when deeply tried, say to us, "I have as much as I can bear, and am now supported; but I fear, if the affliction should last longer, or increase, I should not then be able to bear it." O beloved, cast your fears to the wind, and give your confidence to your Saviour; for be sure that Jesus will either take away part of the burden, if not remove it entirely, or He will pour in more grace, which shall be sufficient for you. So that the Christian can sing—

"Let me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace."

WATTS.

V. The mind and will of God revealed in all this. One end of all this afflictive dispensation is, that the Lord may have an opportunity of manifesting Himself as the help of His people. See the cloud of witnesses! Abraham in mount Moriah, had an opportunity that he would not otherwise have enjoyed of knowing his God as Jehovah-jireh: nor again, the children of Israel as Jehovah-raphi, &c. Daniel experienced that God could shut the mouths of the lions when he was cast into their den. Time would fail to give further examples, but just one to conclude with: Paul, through being brought before Nero, and abandoned of even the disciples, witnessed, "Notwithstanding the Lord *stood with me, and strengthened me* . . . and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion" (see 2 Tim. iv. 16—18; 2 Cor. i. 10)—for He graciously, and in infinite wisdom, makes all things work together for their good who *love Him*! He has promised to be a *wall of fire* round about His people, and the *glory* in their midst; and thus the Lord is present with them, to preserve them *even unto the end*—not according to the false doctrine now so generally taught, that a man can be a child of God one day, and lost another

—awful teaching, indeed! “Behold, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;” so that you shall not turn back again into the world like Demas: therefore you, who have His presence, *shall be* “preserved unto His heavenly kingdom.” This will not encourage light, loose, careless, sinful, or vain walking, because by such you would indeed lose His *manifested* presence, and have to cry with David, “Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation!”

Another end our covenant God has in view is, that we may be *tried*. Although He knows what our principles are, yet He has decreed that they shall be tried; “That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be *tried with fire*” [Jesus Himself sits as the Refiner, to see that only the dross be removed], “might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.” Thus they of old used to say that untried faith was no faith at all, because a living faith they knew was sure to be tried. Again, the Lord is pleased by afflictions and trials to keep or deliver His people from that lukewarm state which His soul hates (see Rev. iii.); and again, that He may lead them about, deepen their experience, and teach them to prize His preserving hand, which secures that their shoes shall be iron and brass, and as their days so their strength shall be. And, once more, by sanctifying all these crosses, losses, trials, bereavements, &c., to wean them from this vain world—for a sanctified use of affliction does this in a marvellous manner, causing the soul to say, “O that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away, and be at rest.”

Before closing, one word to *objectors*, who perhaps are now saying within themselves, “You represent religion as a very melancholy thing; we thought it was life and peace.” So it is! “We thought that all her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.” So they are; but to be faithful, I must add—all this in connexion with “waters, rivers, fires, and flames,” according to the word of God. And now, another word to seekers. Do you wish to be preserved, upheld, and to have a peaceful, if not triumphant, entrance into heaven? Seek daily the presence of God, to keep you from all evil, and enlarge your coast. Finally, brethren, as a tribute of praise to our God, for His preserving hand with us as a Church, still kept faithful to the truth (by His grace alone), we would raise this Ebenezer for our forty-ninth anniversary. May the Lord be with us all now and evermore. Amen.

OUTLINES OF A SERMON,

BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, BRINGTON.

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.”
—2 COR. v. 1—3.

THIS was a blessed persuasion and frame of mind in which the apostle was at the time he recorded this sentence. May it be according to the will of God in considering it this day to bring many to the same mind. “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building.” Now in entering upon this subject, for the sake of order, I desire to set before you the apostle’s words in four particulars—

I. We have a comparison, or parallel, instituted between an earthly and a heavenly state.

II. We have the apostle's experience as to his interest and access into this heavenly state.

III. We have his condition while upon earth: a groaning, longing, and desiring state.

Lastly. We have the proviso which he puts in, and which forms a sort of way-mark—if *so be*. And how important is it; for all turns on this *if so be*.

Now we consider,

I. The comparison: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Here we have the earthly and heavenly habitation, the body corrupt and the body incorrupt, the body mortal and the body immortal. We will notice first the corrupt body, and see how the apostle speaks of it. The saint's body, his own, yours, mine, he calls an earthly house. Made of earth it was at first: "Dust thou art." He calls it earthly, because perishable, movable. Every earthly thing shall be done away, that heaven may be all in all. But it is also called "an earthly house of this tabernacle," or of a tabernacle character. And this is a blessed thought, for a tabernacle means a tent, something of a temporary nature. So, if you have for your soul a habitation that is incident to sickness, pain, suffering, affliction, temptation, groaning, sweet it is to think it is only temporary, it cannot last very long. The house you inhabit is but a tent; and what shall follow? Why, I hope some of you know, and by faith have had a little glimpse of. This body of ours is in some respects like our Lord's body, for the same word is made use of in the original. It is said, "He tabernacled in the flesh." Like Israel of old in the wilderness, they dwelt in tents or tabernacles, because they were on their way to the promised land; so Israel now. "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." We have no home here, but one above, "whose Builder and Maker is God."

Now all those who tabernacle in the wilderness, finding and feeling it such, shall be kept to the end, more than conquerors, brought through and out of all. And for this result brought He them out, "that He might bring them in." He had never taught them to cry for deliverance if deliverance had not been in His purpose. This is great comfort for the saints, and God's servants are charged to comfort His people thereby—"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Those who have a standing in grace here below, shall assuredly have a standing in glory above. But some object. They say, "Our Lord's body was a tabernacle, which means a temporary habitation, but is He not in the body now? therefore not a tabernacle, because it abides and remains. Christ's body is now a heavenly body, a glorified body. He took human nature for a time, but, when He rose He rose, as you and I shall, with a glorified body, a spiritual body; which is a contradiction to reason. Spiritual matter we can have no conception of, therefore past all conjecture, but which we receive by faith, because God has said it. But another thought. When Jesus came into this world, He came to suffer—and, oh, what suffering!—amidst wicked men and the temptations of Satan. What did He not endure? But it was only for a time. "He is now set down at the right hand of God, where there are pleasures for evermore." And to His saints here below He says, "My happiness shall be your happiness in yet a little

while;" and He has given some of you a good hope through grace of being happy with Him for ever.

But of this earthly house. It contains the seeds, not of destruction or annihilation, but of dissolution. The connexion between body and soul shall be dissolved, but neither of them destroyed. It is a loosening of the soul's clog, a separation from that grievous burden, a body of sin and death, a corruptible body. This union now existing is to be dissolved; things are to return to their original state, earth to earth; the body to return to its primitive condition, mix with dust, and the spirit return to God, who gave it.

Now let us consider the other side of the subject. The soul is called a house, also a dwelling-place formed by God. The apostle calls the final felicity of the saints a house. "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And this the saints will inhabit before they get their glorified bodies. Now observe of this state, it is called heavenly, the other is earthly; this is eternal, the other is temporary. This they enter upon as soon as the saints leave the body; "absent from the body, present with the Lord." "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." All of which is expressive of the joy reserved for the saints when they quit this mortal body. No soul-sleeping here, but immediate introduction into the presence of the Lord when they leave this world.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED PILGRIM.

AGED saint, who long didst bear
 Earthly trial, sorrow, care,
 To thy Father's house thou'rt come,
 Safely reach'd thy heavenly home (John xiv. 2, 3).
 Long hast thou life's pathway trod,
 Trusting in a faithful God;
 In His promise made to thee,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25).
 When in nature's darkness, He
 Gave the word, "Light let there be,"
 Darkness fled before that word,
 Nature knew and own'd her Lord (Isa. xlii. 16).
 Though thou knew'st it not, yet He (Isa. xlv. 5)
 Loved thee from eternity (Jer. xxi. 3),
 Conquered death, the cross, the grave;
 Gave His life, thy soul to save (John x. 15);
 Made thee, "Abba, Father," cry;
 Fill'd thy heart with faith and joy;
 Bid thee from thyself look up (Isa. xlv. 22).
 To the God of Jacob's hope (Isa. xliii. 1).
 Israel's God, thy Guide and Guard,
 "Thy exceeding great Reward,"
 He thy journey with thee trod,
 Saying, "Fear not; I am God" (Isa. xliii. 1, 3),

"God, thy God; be not dismayed (Psalm l. 7; Isa. xliii. 5),
I am with thee for thine aid;
And though heaven and earth should shake,
I my sheep will ne'er forsake (Isa. liv. 10).

"In deep waters thou must go;
But the floods shall not o'erflow:
Thou, when out those depths, shalt see
What the Lord hath done for thee (Psalm cxvi. 3).

"Fiery trial thou must bear,
But thy God will still be near;
Through the fire, through the flood,
He'll ne'er bring thee but for good" (Heb. xii. 11).

Oft though doubts and fears assailed,
Has the promise ever failed (Jos. xxi. 45; Ps. lxxvii. 8)?
Hast thou not had cause to say,
Strength was equal to thy day?

Through the floods, when thou didst pass,
Were thy shoes not iron and brass (Deut. xxxiii. 25)?
Yea; thy God, in calm or storm,
Is a God that doth perform (Isa. lvii. 12, 18).

To its home beyond the skies,
As a dove, thy spirit flies;
There to drink its fill of love,
In that brighter world above.

By degrees, e'en one by one,
Nigh all earthly ties had gone;
Then the cord that tethered thee
Snapped, and set thy spirit free.

RICHARDA.

THE OPENING YEAR.

IN the days of "Moses, the man of God," we find God's servant indulging in this reflection, "We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told." This fact remains the same, and will remain until that glorious period shall arrive, when "there shall be no more night," and then there will no longer be divisions of time or ending of years. Let us, for a few moments, occupy our thoughts in calling to mind some of the goodness of the Lord, which is revealed to us in these seasons as they pass.

The prophet frequently exhorts us to "consider" our ways; and a good man has said, "count up your mercies," and here, in truth, is employment, suitable and graceful, honourable and profitable, not merely for the opening hour of the year, but for all its fleeting hours.

If we are engaged in looking back on the months that are past, as they gradually recede from our view, what wondrous scenes do we behold, if we see them in God's light, in the light of heaven, with the light of eternity shining on them. The loving-kindness of our God—the forbearance displayed towards us—our own shortcomings—our wanderings—our rebellion and vileness—our coldness, or lukewarmness, in His cause—our comparative deadness to spiritual things—our eagerness after whatever has appeared likely to increase our present comfort and ease;—these stand out in strong contrast, and cause the believer, while contemplating his eternal security in Christ Jesus, feelingly to lament his own unworthiness, as one so greatly favoured and so highly privileged.

I am of opinion that the glory of our God will be best served, by our thankfulness for *all* the changes in ourselves, in our circumstances, our families, or our country; being assured that however adverse any of these may appear, they are among those "all things" which "work together for good to them that love God."

They may be *good lessons* from the past, to guide us in the future. They may be intended to act as reminders, or admonitions, not to trust in an arm of flesh; nor to give to anything God's place in our hearts; nor to leave to the future what we can do at the present; nor to labour to accomplish any end for which we cannot pray, or have not devoutly prayed; or not to pray for any apparently desirable end or blessing, for which we are not prepared to "strive lawfully" in the use of all the appointed means.

Let us seek thus, thankfully, to get all the good we can from the remembrance of the year past, while we "gird up the loins of our minds," and buckle on our armour to run the Christian race, and "fight the good fight of faith," throughout the coming year. I can quite understand how the times in which their lot is cast have always appeared the most momentous to those who have watched their varied aspects, but I am quite prepared to indorse the sentiment that these are days most remarkable in their character.

The year that has just passed away will have left its mark on the pages of our history as a nation, a professedly Christian nation, in a variety of ways, and in nothing more than in the fact that there has been much real earnest prayer to Him by whom "kings reign, and princes decree justice;" and, if I am not mistaken, many manifest answers to prayer. To me it appears that men are being compelled to show their colours, and, though the ranks of those who refuse to submit to the plain declarations of God's holy word may be swelled—and the army of the rationalists may be recruited by men who are considered giants in the literary world—deep thinkers, or profound reasoners—one David may, by the blessing of God, scatter the whole host.

I have been perfectly astonished by the revelations made in Mr. Grant's recent publication, and some of the correspondence arising out of that publication, and I for one thank Mr. G. for thus throwing light on the growing conspiracy among the professed friends of true Christianity, to ignore such parts of God's holy word as seem to them irreconcilable with what they consider God ought to be, and thus, in fact, bring Him and His purposes to the bar of human wisdom and prudence.

"Let God be true, and every man a liar," is the language of inspiration, and, whether palatable or nauseous, the declarations of God's word to "the natural man," yet the "spiritual man" bows with humility before the throne, and is satisfied with the declaration, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

I have just met with a few words I penned twenty years since: they are as applicable now as then; and with them I will close my observations for the present.

"We stand with another gate opening before us inviting us to enter on another unseen course. The motto over the gate of the new year is **HOPE**, the mode of entrance is **TRUST**, the guide promised is **LOVE**. Who then fears to enter?"

"Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?"

No; assuredly! let each say, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.' Imagination will depict many a gloomy scene, that will never be beheld—distrust will talk of many a severe fall and trial, which will never be realized,' blind unbelief is sure to err; but look at everything you meet with in the light of God's word, and you shall find, '*all is well.*'"

ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

THE result of the general election has been very favourable to the Liberal cause. The Conservative Ministry has resigned, and Mr. Gladstone has assumed the reins of government with a nominal majority of 114. It is to be hoped that having now attained to the object of his ambition, he will pause in his hazardous career, and not sacrifice the best interests of the country at the shrine of personal aggrandizement or party triumph. One of his first actions, however, in his new course, inspires us with anything but confidence; he has conferred the highest position in Ireland, next to that of the Lord Lieutenant, upon a papist, and not merely upon a papist, but upon one who is well known as an extreme Ultramontane, sitting at the feet of Cardinal Cullen. No wonder that this appointment is said to have excited a "great sensation." It is an insult to the loyal Irish Protestants; for, whilst there are several far abler men, both Protestants and moderate Roman Catholics, upon the Irish bench, who might justly have expected to have been raised to this high position, Mr. O'Hagan has been made Lord Chancellor, apparently for no other reason than that he is well known to be an extreme bigot, and an ardent devotee of Rome. An Irish paper observes that this "is the marked recognition of a secret and exciting sacerdotal influence as the dispenser of the great prizes of Ireland. Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, then, is the outward and visible sign of an ominous betrothal—the union of the principle of English Government with the dogmatic ambition and monastic ardour of Rome."

Serious outbreaks have occurred in Spain, but they have been checked with considerable vigour and wisdom by the Provisional Government. We are glad to hear that the religious freedom, which has resulted from the Revolution, has brought to light a very interesting fact, viz., that a considerable number of native Protestants exist there in spite of the intolerance and persecution which have hitherto impeded their progress. This, it seems, is owing in great measure to the labours of the late Rev. Juan Calderon, a Spaniard by birth, but a clergyman of the Church of England. For many years of his life, and until the day of his death, fourteen years ago, he was the editor and only writer of a Protestant paper printed and published in London in the Spanish language. This paper, the name of which was twice changed for the greater safety of its readers, used to be sent by various routes to Spain, generally reaching its destination, but sometimes, unfortunately, seized and burned at the Custom House. Secret meetings of converts took place, at which the Bible and edifying religious books and papers were read. Its publication necessarily ceased at the death of its sole author, but the gentlemen who had helped to defray the expenses incidental to it redoubled their efforts, and other periodicals continued the work, and thus there are Protestants in Spain at this day.

A dispute has arisen between Greece and Turkey which, it is to be feared, will result in war. The ambassadors have been ordered to leave Athens and Constantinople. We earnestly hope that, if war does ensue, the Lord may be pleased graciously to prevent our own and other nations becoming engaged in it. The Great Powers of Europe seem to be in a condition very much like a quantity of tinder—a spark would set them alight. May He who governs the nations long keep that spark away, if it be His will.

The gales which are common at this season of the year, have been renewed with more than usual violence. A large number of shipwrecks are reported, involving a great loss of life. The account of one shipwreck, that of the *Hibernia*, is perhaps one of the most sad and touching that we have ever read. Truly “they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.” How thankful should we be who have not to encounter such perils, and how heartily should our sympathy be excited at such a time for those who are at sea.

It seems almost as if it were a matter of necessity that wherever the white man settles down, there the native black population must become gradually exterminated. War has again broken out in New Zealand, and between the settlers and Indians in the interior of North America, and it seems as if it must continue to do so until the native population in each place is destroyed. What a sad thing this is! The white man, vastly superior in cultivation and intelligence, settles down amongst a multitude of poor savages, not to elevate, to help and bless them, but to become their direst curse; he comes amongst them—often unintentionally—as a firebrand; he gradually becomes possessed of their land; and they, retiring as he advances, at last become completely exterminated. Thus, *e.g.*, we read in the newspapers that an American general has just begun winter operations against the Indians by a “terrible blow;” with a regiment of cavalry, we are told, he followed the trail of a notorious Indian chief, and, after a desperate encounter, killed him and every one of his warriors. And then it is added, “There is little doubt that this process will now be repeated pretty frequently, and it is not at all unlikely that by the spring the ‘Indians of the plains’ will be reduced to a few hundred harmless wanderers. In the winter the warriors are forced to fix themselves in their villages; and in villages they may fairly be said to be at the mercy of the troops.” This seems to be a matter of necessity, but is it really so? *Must* the white man’s advance be the black man’s doom? We do not think so. We fear that the former is verily guilty, guilty of gross injustice and want of consideration for his weaker brother. If the former were to show the latter that he really had his interest at heart, and were to endeavour earnestly to make him a partaker of the blessings which he enjoys, more especially the blessings of the Gospel, we think that not even the appearance of a necessity would arise for any such cruel deeds, but that civilized and uncivilized would live together in peace, mutually benefiting each other.

The poor of London ought to be happy people. The world was startled some three years ago, to hear of the splendid gift which had been bestowed upon them by Mr. Peabody, of a quarter of a million of money; but even if possible it must be more surprised to learn that he has supplemented that munificent gift by a further one of £100,000, which is to be expended for their benefit in a similar way to the former sum, viz., in

providing them with cheap and comfortable dwellings. England indeed owes a deep debt of gratitude to this noble and generous foreigner.

A correspondent of the *Rock* furnishes a ludicrous, and yet at the same time a sad, illustration of the way in which the Papacy still endeavours to delude its votaries with lying wonders. When travelling in Palestine, he paid a visit to Bethlehem; there he says, he "saw, of course, 'the manger;' also a crack in the roof of a cave, under the church, through which an angel whispered to Joseph the command to go into Egypt; also another cave, in which through a grating some bones were dimly seen—the 'bones of the innocents!'" On returning to the upper air we were shown in the sacristy, among other relics, one more curious (for bones will keep a long time), viz., an innocent's tongue! reposing delicately on a cushion of white satin, very prettily embroidered with seed pearls, under a glass case. To my heretical eyes it looked very like the tip of such a tongue as one often sees on a dinner table. But, as I had it on the word of a monk and a priest that I was deceived, I had nothing for it but—to hold my tongue. On a subsequent visit, in company with a very lively English lady (a sad heretic, I fear), the same treasure was exhibited. She, forgetting she was in a foreign land, where her best course, if she wished not to be understood, was to speak her own language, said to me in Italian, 'Innocents' tongues must have been much larger "in the day of Herod the king" than now.' The poor padre's face showed plainly how well he understood what was meant only for me, and he speedily locked up the treasure in its place of safety. Not long afterwards I made a third visit with a fresh party, but the tongue was not forthcoming. However, by dint of earnest inquiries, whether he had not other valuables than those he had exhibited, the old monk at last reluctantly brought it out. One of the party asked what it was. This was the answer, 'It is the tongue of one of the mothers of the Innocents, and it is very much swollen by crying!' Surely this was a 'lie in hypocrisy,' and this is the genuine fund of Romanism.'"

There are now between two hundred and three hundred convents, male and female, in Great Britain, and every one of them is closed to inspection, even to the very highest authorities. The door of every baron's castle is open to the law; the door of every citizen's dwelling is open to the law; the door of every factory and workshop is open, that the law may enter, and see to it, that no oppression or cruelty is done to any one within. But, when the law comes to the door of the convent, it finds it shut—bolted; and bolted by edict of Parliament; and let the oppression, cruelty, and crime which may be enacted within be what they may, law cannot enter either to prevent or to punish it. Every cathedral, Dissenting meeting-house, and Jewish synagogue in the kingdom is open, and the law can enter any hour and satisfy itself that all is right. The door of the Popish convent alone is closed. Well does a contemporary ask, "Are Englishmen aware of this? Or, are they willing that an anomaly so unfair, so alien to the whole spirit of the British Constitution, and which is creating a new slavery on British soil, should be continued? We have been spending our blood and treasure to put down slavery in distant lands. We pride ourselves on the sacrifices we have made for this great object, and certainly for such an object no sacrifice could be too great. We boast of our love of liberty, and that the instant a slave touches our soil he is a free man; and yet without lifting a finger, or uttering a protest, we have permitted Parliament to set a hedge, through which law cannot pene-

trate, around these two hundred institutions of the worst of all kinds of slavery."

It is rumoured that the Pope has ventured still further to insult our nation by dividing Scotland into a number of dioceses, and appointing over them some more of his titular bishops; and from the names of the bishops being mentioned in the papers, the rumour will, in all probability, prove to be true. If so, this is another step in advance which Protestants ought thoughtfully to notice.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Sower and *The Little Gleaner* are excellent monthly periodicals, containing much sound truth. London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row.

The Life-Boat.—Too great an interest in this quarterly journal of the National Life-Boat Institution cannot be manifested, involving, as it does, the well-being of so many thousands of our maritime population.

The Shipwrecked Mariner.—An admirable publication, which deserves support, to enlist the sympathies of the public in behalf of this noble undertaking.

Golden Hours.—Edited by Dr. WHITTEMORE, Rector of St. James's, Newgate, London.—The article entitled "The German Philosopher in Queensland," will be read with special interest.

The Irish Church; or, Come to the Rescue.—A timely tract published by Mr. Macintosh.

Merry and Wise. Edited by Old MERRY. *Leaves from the Book and its Story*.

By L. N. R. *The Mother's Friend*.—The new numbers of these works commend themselves for the variety and force of their articles.

The British Workwoman Out and at Home, and *The British Juvenile* are already universal favourites. London: Tweedie, 337, Strand.

God had spoken words of promise to the people of Israel, and no matter if the cloud remained stationary twenty years instead of a few days, God had said, "I will take you into the land of Canaan," and this ought to have been enough for them. Mark the impatience which these people exhibited on this occasion. And there is here much practical instruction to God's people. How often do you say, "I am as convinced as that there is a God in heaven, that God will stand by His promises; He is 'not a man that He should lie, neither the son of man that He should repent.'" You say this, and you say well; but, then, what do you do? You go upon your knees in the attitude of prayer, and by the light of God's word, you ask for what you think you ought to ask for—that which is for the Lord's glory and your own spiritual good, and that which He stands engaged to give. All this is reasonable, and right, and scriptural. But, then, you go a step further, and you are not satisfied to wait God's time. You, like the people of Israel, want the Lord to go forth at your bidding. He must do what you require *now*, and in the way you choose. It is a great comfort to the Christian when he is enabled to say, I shall ask the Lord for what I want; the more faith I exercise in His promises the better, but I shall leave all in His hands. He will act as Sovereign in the matter.—*W. H. Krause.*

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 38,
NEW SERIES. }

FEBRUARY, 1869.

{ No. 1,238,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

DISTRESS AND DELIGHT.

"*And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.*"—LUKE xxi. 28.

THERE is so much in Matt. xxiv., and in the chapter whence the above portion is taken, with respect to the destruction of Jerusalem, that so resembles the end of at least the present dispensation, that one seems at a loss to know to which the predictions have reference. In either case, it is quite clear that the events were of the most solemn and awful character, enough to excite terror and alarm in the stoutest heart, where the grace and power of God are unknown. The facts recorded in history respecting the siege and destruction of Jerusalem are distressing indeed. Josephus tells us that 1,100,000 perished by sword and famine, and that 97,000 of its hapless inhabitants were taken prisoners. Whatever, however, were the distresses attendant upon the destruction of Jerusalem, the prophecies of Scripture lead us to the conclusion that the scenes at the close of the present era will far outvie them for magnitude and importance. We do not attempt to enter into or dwell upon them. It is sufficient that the Lord Himself has declared, in connexion with those scenes, that "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Our present object is to consider the kind and gracious counsel given by the Lord to His dear disciples, in reference to those events. Hence He says, in the words before us, "*And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.*"

Observe, first, beloved, the *promptitude* that is here enjoined: "When these things *begin* to come to pass;" as much as to say, Be upon your watch-tower, look out for the very first signs, tokens, and indications. And this was a principle laid down by the Holy Ghost, through prophet after prophet, with regard to the first coming of Christ, and the various things which should betoken that coming. The same principle was enjoined by our Lord, with respect to many events which were predicted, especially in regard to His coming again—"without sin, unto salvation." Dear reader, when we contemplate the fact of how much time has elapsed, how many generations have come and gone, since these utterances were made by our dear Lord and Saviour, how well may we be on the very tip-toe (as it were) of expectation. If the apostle, in his day, used such language as this, "Upon whom the ends of the world are come," what shall *we* say, living, as we do, upwards of eighteen hundred years later? And sure we are, that if this spirit of watchfulness were more characteristic of our condition, in a spiritual point of view, it would tend in no small degree to lessen the weight of the cares and anxieties and turmoil of life. Prompted by the glorious anticipation of a speedy issue to all trials and afflictions, we should, under the precious power of the Holy Ghost, regard them as of little weight and importance. We should feel more peace and blessedness in the testimony, "This light affliction, *which is but for a moment*, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." This was precisely the apostle's mode of action, because he directly adds: "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal." Yes, beloved, it is this *faith's* looking at things that enables the possessor to hold all temporal blessings with a loose hand, and to regard eternal realities with additional steadfastness, and a measure of that all-absorbing attention and interest to which they are entitled. Who felt this more than the apostle, when he declares, "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." But, alas! alas! on the contrary, we believe that there are few of the children of God to be found, who do not mourn over the sad and terrible influence which earth and its entanglements have obtained over them. The more marked line of distinction between the Church and the world having so long comparatively disappeared, the Church has drunk into the spirit of the world. Although the distinction is absolutely as real as ever—Christ and Belial are no more united now than they were in our Lord's day—still the lack of outward persecution has led to a species of compromise and

amalgamation. Hence the dearth and the deadness that has obtained so fearful a hold upon even the Lord's own Spirit-taught people, whose condition, at present, is too like that of the Laodiceans, of whom the Amen, the faithful and true Witness, said, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot : I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing ; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

These things, dear reader, are comparatively easy to speak or write ; but they embrace, and there is that involved in them, which bespeaks the almost absolute necessity for times of test and trial, a condition of things in which the precious must be severed from the vile—the people of God known and distinguished from the people of the world.

Oh, where is the truly spiritual reader, whom we now address, who does not fall under the observations we have just advanced ? Who that knows himself, but is prepared to acknowledge what an undue weight, and all but all-engrossing influence, the world has over him ? The cares of a family, the anxieties of trade, the relative position with one's fellow-men, to say nothing of bodily ailments and infirmities. Oh, how do all such

" Divide our wandering hearts,"

and leave the merest tittle for God ! Who will not say,

" Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-reviving view
Of Jesus and His word ?

" What peaceful hours I then enjoyed—
How sweet their memory still ;
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

Yet we must not overlook the fact (although we would not in any wise make light of the coldness, or carnality, or worldliness, of which we have spoken) that, by contrast, it tends to show forth the wondrous nature of rich and free and sovereign grace, as well as the astounding compassion, forbearance, and long-suffering of a covenant-keeping God. We should know little of the nature and extent of His love and mercy, dear reader, but for being led by the Holy Ghost into a discovery of our ingratitude, unbelief, vileness, and utter baseness and depravity. It is this knowledge that will endear the declaration in happy and heartfelt experience : " By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast."

We have, secondly, to look at the *posture* which the Lord commends—" Then look up, and lift up your heads." Now, first, how distinctly this bespeaks the severing line between God's dear people and the people of the world. The very things which were to be

the sorest and the most destructive calamities to the latter, the Lord Himself testifies of as being grounds for the greatest possible rejoicing in the case of the former. This distinction is as marked as what occurred in regard to the Israelites and the Egyptians. Whilst there was "darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt—yea, there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt for three days; they saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days;" yet "all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings." Moreover, the pillar of the cloud, which came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel, was a cloud and darkness to the one people, whilst it gave light by night to the other. How well may these facts cheer the hearts and rebuke the fears of the Lord's people, with respect to impending calamities.

"For what shall injure you,
Ye hedged about by God?"

Is Jehovah now, or will He ever be, less "a wall of fire round about His Zion, and the glory in the midst of her," than in the prophet's day? Assuredly not.

But observe further, beloved, with respect to the posture here enjoined, that it denotes courage and confidence—the very opposite of that fear and dread and awful apprehension of which the unregenerate, and those who must inevitably fall a prey to the calamities which are about to take place, are the subjects. Oh, how great a distinction, and how vast a difference, is here again observable between the Church and the world! The very same events which overwhelm and destroy the enemies of God and His truth, only tend to inspire His own dear people with love and gratitude and a holy dependence. The language of the 46th Psalm is not a mere form of words—an untried theory; but, again and again, since the psalmist's day, has it been turned to the most practical and blessed account. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Times of ease, pleasurable circumstances, scenes and seasons, without anything special to excite alarm or exercise faith, are not the times for testing the love and bringing into operation the graces of the Spirit, in the experience of the Lord's dear people. Oh, no, but on the contrary; it is in seasons of danger and distress that the work of the Holy Ghost is tested. It is then that that work stands out in bold and blessed relief against all the weakness and frailty and sin of His people.

Further, the posture here enjoined implies hope and expectation upon the part of the Lord's people; and, with respect to this, the Lord has graciously declared, that "the expectation of the poor shall not be cut off;" yea, that it "shall not perish for ever." He never did, and never will, disappoint His people. He has too great an

interest in them—He has too much love for them—His character and oath are too sacredly engaged on their behalf, for Him to fail in the fulfilment of His covenant engagements. “My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.” “He is not a man, that He should lie; nor the son of man, that He should repent.” “He hath sworn by Himself, because He could swear by no greater, that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us in the Gospel.” Moreover, we are told, with respect to this hope or expectation, “We are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.” Again we read, “May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.”

Reader, what a blessed boon—of what inestimable value—is a good hope through grace; and yet, alas! how prone are we to undervalue this gracious gift of a covenant God. Oh, to think of how this hope has been instrumental in sustaining the Lord’s dear people under that almost infinite number and variety of trials and temptations, of which each and all have more or less been the subject. True it is that, under certain circumstances, some may be ready to exclaim, “My hope is perished from the Lord;” but, for most part, how very temporary is such a state of mind. How very, very soon their hopes are revived—how soon are they inspired with fresh confidence. How soon to follow a season of darkness and seeming desertion is that most sacred injunction—“Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.” “Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.” “Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

Now, beloved, upon these covenant-grounds, and upon the rich experience of all the Lord’s dear family in every age and generation, what abundant reason is there for their thus “looking up, and lifting up their heads.” What have they, in reality, to fear? what cause have they for apprehension? Is not their Friend and Benefactor, their Husband, their Brother, their Father, their All in all, He who has the direction and the management and the absolute control of all and everything that shall occur? Can aught happen without His permission? Has Satan or the world the veriest iota of power but with that permission? Is it not true that “out of Him came forth the corner, out of Him the nail, out of Him the battle-bow, out of Him every oppressor together”? Hence, nought can come by chance or at a peradventure, but all by divine permission and appointment, to issue in the glory of Jehovah, and in the well-being of His dear people. Oh, if, dear reader, we could but look at all our trials and all our enemies in this light: as doing a work appointed

for them—not for *their* good, but for *ours*—how very differently should we view matters to the light in which we are wont now to regard them. A dear old pilgrim once said to us, that upon calling on one occasion on a dear tried saint, he found her as he entered her room, constantly ejaculating, “Bless God for the devil! bless God for the devil!” When asked the meaning of such an expression, she said, “He had helped her to such a gracious deliverance; for his worrying and tormenting had brought her to the throne of grace, and there the Lord had graciously met with her, and delivered her poor soul.” Hence, reader, if this dear old saint had cause for blessing God for the devil, surely we have equal reason for blessing God for every enemy, and every trial, and every temptation with which He may have seen fit that we should be exercised. Oh, then, with respect to the maintenance of this blessed Gospel hope, which has never yet been suffered to fail us, how well may we sing of its great and gracious Planter and Maintainer :

“This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

“’Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit must guide us safe home;
We’ll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that’s to come.”

O Thou blessed and eternal Lord, enable us so to do, we pray Thee. Do lift us up, we implore Thee, above all the sorrows and afflictions and trials and privations of the pathway, unto a steady dependence upon, and a holy childlike looking to, Thyself! Be Thou our Divine Sustainer, our merciful Upholder, our gracious Comforter, our ever-constant Friend, Companion, All and in all!

Lastly, beloved, there is the *prospect* held forth in these blessed words: “For your redemption draweth nigh.” By which we are not simply to understand the redemption by blood, through and by which alone every vessel of mercy is acquitted from all law-charges and demands, and by which all his sins, iniquities, and transgressions are atoned for, and he is “accounted righteous” before a holy God, but the redemption which the believer is here encouraged and exhorted to look for is a full, final, uninterrupted, and everlasting freedom from all the sin, the sorrow, the suffering, the turmoil, the travail of the time-state. Oh, blessed deliverance this! Oh, glorious redemption this! A deliverance and a redemption which not only frees him, and that for ever, from all and every thing that causes him to “groan, being burdened,” occupying as he does “the body of this death,” but ensures to him “an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” No thoughts can conceive, much less language express, what this redemption will be. No more the Canaanites in the land. No dark days, no gloomy nights.

No aches, no pains. No darkness, no doubts. No tempting devil, no ensnaring world, no treacherous heart. No more the veiled face of Him whom one's soul loves. No frail, failing tabernacle. No dark Providences. No distressing fears. No death in prospect. But all these former things for ever and ever to have passed away, and the ransomed spirit, in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb, seated before the throne with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the midst of the general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, singing, and that for ever and ever, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father! unto Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Well may every redeemed soul, in the blissful prospect, exclaim:—

"O glorious home! O blessed abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
Nor flesh nor sin shall e'er control
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

Reader, may this be your distinguishing mercy, as well as the writer's, when life's short day is o'er. So prays

Yours, in the bonds of the covenant,

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster, Jan. 13th, 1869.

THE EDITOR.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.*

[We again affectionately recommend these leaflets of our aged sister in Christ to the adoption of our readers, for enclosures in letters.—ED.]

Another mile-stone on the road,
And twelve months nearer *Home*,
Nearer to that serene abode,
Where sorrow cannot come:
How many unbelieving fears,
Have sunk our hearts in gloom,
While passing on from year to year,
To our eternal *Home*.

Thy ways, O God, are in the deep,
Thy Church is safe in Thee,
Thy mighty pow'r will ever keep,
And set Thy people free;
Though men despise Thy holy word,
And set up Popish forms,
Thou art the Everlasting God,
And they poor sinful worms.

While all things hasten to decay,
Thy word shall still endure,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass
away,
Thy promises are sure:
Save us from unbelieving fears,
And guide us by Thine eye,
Lord, wipe away each sinful tear,
Suppress each rising sigh.

Oh, stay our trembling hearts on Thee,
Our Father and our Friend,
Thy lovely count'nance let us see,
Till coming judgments end.
Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,
And know as we are known,
When, one in spirit and in heart,
We bow before the throne.

Birmingham.

E. B. M.

* To be had post-free of Mrs. Moens, 47, Bath Row, Birmingham, 6d. per dozen, or 3s. 6d. per hundred.

THE PILGRIMAGE JOURNEY.

"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall shew thee."—Acts vii. 3, 5.

IN what respects do God's call of and promise made to Abraham resemble the call of and promise made to His people in Christ Jesus? When God calls His people in Christ Jesus, He first calls them out of a state of nature into a state of grace; then He calls them to come out of the world, and separate themselves to His service. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you" (2 Cor. vi. 17). They are also to come out from their kindred. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me" (Matt. x. 37). "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for *my name's sake*, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life" (Matt. xix. 29; also x. 29, 30; and Luke xiv. 26). In this their call resembles that of Abraham.

The promise made to the people of God also resembles the promise made to Abraham. The Lord gave to him the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession. "For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed *for ever*" (Gen. xiii. 15). Canaan is to us a type of the heavenly inheritance, laid up in store for us through Christ. "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you" (John xiv. 2). "To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you. Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time" (1 Peter i. 4, 5). "To give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified" (Acts xx. 32). "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. i. 12). "Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ" (Col. iii. 24). "They which are called might receive the *promise* of eternal inheritance" (Hebrews ix. 15). Abraham received the promised land as an inheritance or possession direct from God, without previously having any right or title to it through his ancestors; the Canaanite being in the land up to the time of his seed taking possession; but we, by virtue of our relationship with our elder Brother, have a right and title to the glorious inheritance which He hath purchased for us. In this there appears to be a point of difference.

Although God gave Abraham the land of Canaan for a possession by *promise*, yet, as Stephen here tells us, "He gave him none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on." Abraham kept moving about, first pitching his tent in one place, then in another, building an altar wherever he went, and calling upon the Lord. This is to teach us that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, that here we have no continuing city, but that we should seek one to come, and earnestly long to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven; also that in every place we should raise our Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

W.

The Spirit of God is the Spirit of love; and that which comes from love comes from God.

Dayside Notes.

TAKING HOLD OF GOD'S STRENGTH.

"Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me."

ISAIAH xxvii. 5.

BELOVED! what a manifestation of the mercy and goodness of a covenant God we have in His giving His children so many exceeding great and precious promises for their comfort and support; "for whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." And amidst the glorious declarations of His word, what a precious expression is before us, "*Let him take hold of my strength!*" what a suitable word for the weak and tried members of His family! Dear reader, do you find yourself among the trudging troop of "faint, yet pursuing ones?" May the Lord the Spirit, then, draw out the fulness of this sentence for us, that our faith may be strengthened in Him who is able to bear us up, and willing to carry all our cares, that with grateful hearts we may glorify "God, whose mercy endureth for ever." As a dear one writes to us, "Oh, how sweet it is when an unction from the Holy One rests upon us and our labours! it is then blessed work to speak, to write, to hear, to read, and to enter the holy of holies in fellowship with Father, Son, and Spirit. Oh, for this unction! Lord, grant it to us."

Now, there can be no doubt that the expression here used by Jehovah Himself is prophetic, and thus descriptive of the last days—days which, if we mistake not, are not merely close at hand, but which we have already entered upon. The words are very striking: "In that day the Lord with His sore and great and strong sword shall punish leviathan the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent; and He shall slay the dragon that is in the sea." And we have but to turn to the Revelation of St. John, to discover that this is only figurative language to describe the destruction of that old serpent the devil, and with him Rome papal—"the dragon which rose out of the sea," together with all earthly potentates that are opposed to the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Read Rev. xix. 15—22; Rev. xii. 3; Rev. xiii. 1, 2—11; Rev. xx. 1, 2—10.

While in that great and terrible day of the Lord, and every day till it arrives, the dear people of the Lord are encouraged to hold on to Jehovah's strength, who will bear them up and through all. And as already, beloved, we find enough to cast us down, we will turn from the prophetic to the experimental view of this gracious invitation, looking first at what it betokens on the part of God in the manifestation of His power—"Let him take hold of my strength;" and then what it betokens on the part of His children, in their participation of the strength of Jehovah—"that he may make peace with me."

I. ON THE PART OF GOD IN THE MANIFESTATION OF HIS POWER.

"Let him take hold of my strength." What an exhibition we have here of the Lord's

Marvellous condescension and mercy.—We read of the Queen of England visiting her sick and wounded soldiers, and the other day of her being

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seen at the bedside of a poor afflicted woman. These are gracious acts, and must endear her to her subjects; but we have to record more gracious acts than these, namely, the King of kings administering to the comfort of poor guilty sinners. Yea, more, the Lord of lords not merely ministering to, but marrying, a bankrupt bride, and taking all her debts and burdens upon Himself. Wonder, O heaven, and be astonished O earth, at such marvellous condescension and mercy! It does melt one to think of it, and, when one realizes a personal participation in such grace, one sings feelingly,

“When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To fetch Thy ransomed people home;
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?”

Is it possible that I, such a worthless worm as I, shall be found there? Oh, to grace how great a debtor! Oh, to Jesus be all the praise! And, then, what a manifestation there is in this expression of

Great love.—The mother knows the child only when it is born. The father, of course, sees it then for the first time. Did it ever strike you, herein is another remarkable contrast between the finite and the infinite! God knows His children long before they are born into this world, as His servant David declared: “Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there were none of them.” And as He knows them thus, so has He set His love upon them. This also He declares: “Yet now, hear, O Jacob, my servant, and Israel whom I have chosen. Thus saith the Lord that made thee, and formed thee from the womb, which will help thee; fear not, O Jacob, my servant.” and again: “I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.” Jesus was set up from everlasting to be the Head of His Church, and His Church was set up in Him, elected, chosen, loved, to be redeemed, sanctified, and glorified. Good old truths these, but greatly despised in the present day! Oh, it is sweet to rest upon Jesus; unutterable love to His bride the Church. Herein I see that which can be depended upon. My love to Him, alas! alas! how fluctuating! His love to me, blessed be His name, ever the same. Well may I desire to lay firmly hold of the gracious arm of His strength.

And, then, not merely is there *great love* veiled in this expression, “Let him take hold of *my strength*,” but also

Almighty power, “*My strength*.”—Yes it is a strength that will never fail us. In all the ailments and changes of life, He is the same faithful Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Earthly brothers—ah, and even spiritual brethren—often change concerning us; and those with whom we have taken sweet counsel, from some trifling matter, turn against us. But not so; Jesus He will never fail us, His power and strength is almighty.

And then, when friends and relatives are true to us, it is only for life; we cannot hold our earthly joys longer than this. The loving ones we loved best vanish away, and leave the vacant chair beside the wintry hearth; but Jesus remains: “He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;” and, after all, He is the one thing needful.

And His, too, is almighty power to protect His pilgrims throughout their journey. No weapon that is formed against His people shall prosper. Jeroboam found this out to his cost, because the servant of the Lord prophesied against the altar that he had set up; the wicked king put forth his hand, saying, "Lay hold on him," and his hand which he put forth against him dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him; and glad was he to beseech the man of God to pray to his God that it might be restored.

Then, further, there is in the *strength* of Jehovah—

Divine security.—The growing feeling among worldlings is, that nothing is secure; and we hear it commonly observed, "We do not know where to put our money; it seems as if no one was to be trusted." But, when we turn from the world, and look up to the throne of our God, here we have divine security, and are told that, "Blessed is the man that putteth his trust in the Lord."

Beloved, have you not often reaped a lap-full of blessings from thus simply relying on Jesus to direct you and guide you in the little affairs of your life? Have you not again and again felt it is the Lord who has done it all for you? Not unto us, not unto us, but unto His dear name be all the praise. Oh, there is a sweet secret here—in that simple clinging to Jesus' strength—and feeling that verily you have none of your own; this is safe and secure walking!

"Yes, hold me, and I shall be safe;
And let me ever be,
Through the intricate maze of life,
Clinging to none but Thee.
Oh, keep me by Thy mighty love
Still in the narrow way,
Until the darkness of this world
Melts into perfect day."

And, then, we must not overlook that in this gracious expression, there is,

Blessed encouragement.—"LET HIM take hold of my strength," as if the Lord would say, he is too weak to face what he must face alone; his strength would prove perfect weakness in the trial. "Let him take hold of my strength." We know what a boon this is in temporal matters, when some real friend, knowing our necessity, in the spirit of genuine benevolence, says, "Then, let him draw upon me the amount he requires." Never will one forget a case in point in one's own experience when, in a time of much depression, a dear Christian man, now gone home to glory, said, "Then let him draw from my bankers the amount," and afterwards cancelled our promissory note with "nothing to pay." Oh, the love and esteem we felt for that dear man of God, far beyond what we have ever been able to express! But, if this is the case in temporal affairs, what is it to have in eternal matters such a friend as Jesus, who says, "Let him draw from my fulness; let him draw from my strength;" and this, too, said with the sweetest encouragement for the weak one to take advantage of it, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and, here, as if He would say, "Come unto me, weak one, lay hold of my strength; I am willing and able to carry you and all your concerns; roll your burden upon me." Blessed Lord, we do desire then to adore Thee, that Thou hast left upon record such a gracious invitation to Thy followers, even to the very weakest, "Let him take hold of my strength;" and we do feel that Thy words are replete with "condescen-

sion and mercy;" they do set forth Thy great love to Thy people—they do remind them of Thine "almighty power" to carry them through all they may meet with in their pilgrimage—they do embody that "divine security" which is to be found nowhere else but in *Thee*, and they do afford a blessed encouragement for the very least to lay hold of Thy strength!

"How safe are all the chosen race
Preserved in Christ, their Head."

And now to think—

II. WHAT THIS GLORIOUS EXPRESSION BETOKENS ON THE PART OF THE LORD'S PEOPLE IN THEIR PARTICIPATION OF JEHOVAH'S STRENGTH.

It reminds them of their

Great need.—Ah! beloved, the longer we live in this wilderness-world, the more we are feeling our need of Jesus; the closer we get to eternity, the greater seems to be our emptiness, need, and nothingness. Is our felt condition before the Lord driving us to a simple clinging to our Redeemer, a dependant, hanging upon Jehovah's arm? Especially do we feel this as infirmities creep on: as the dear Birmingham pilgrim writes us, "Ah, my brother, when strength and energy are alike failing, and one's mental powers seem at times very dormant, oh, then, what an unspeakable mercy it is to feel the hidden life springing up within, and thus renew our spiritual strength!" Ah, it is indeed. The aged saint, who has weathered many a wintry storm, feels more than ever that Jesus must be on board to the end; for there is as much—yea, even more—need for His support and guidance as the vessel nears the eternal shores, than when it was pushed off to breast the first waves of the voyage of life, "*Still needy*," will be the felt condition before the Lord. "I can still only cling to my Lord's strength," will be the cry. And then such a position tells of

High living.—Those who hang upon God's strength must be dwellers on high:—as the prophet Isaiah affirms, "He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure."

What a different idea of "high living" worldlings have to the children of God! They think it consists in a well-spread table, and in sumptuous eating and drinking. But the children of God have food far beyond all this; they live upon "angels' food;" as their divine Master said, "I have bread to eat that ye know not of." In some measure they can say, "So have we; for Thou dost supply us with spiritual bread, and give us honey out of the rock." Hence their enjoyment, when the Gospel is faithfully preached in its fulness, a rare thing in these days, but very precious living to hungry souls; hence their happiness when the word is unfolded by the power of the Spirit, and it becomes meat and drink to them; hence the sweetness that is realized when one gets a little communion with the saints—a little converse by the way with kindred spirits. This is high living, which brings with it a peace of mind "which passeth understanding." And then those who are found holding on to the Lord enjoy

Hallowed intercourse with Jesus.—Hanging upon the arm brings us close to the heart: and such reliance shows relationship; for Jesus will let none but His bride hang there. And how joyous to be realizing sweet communion with Him! Oh, we would not be without this secret joy for ten thousand worlds; "the seeing Him who is invisible," the walking with God, the

keeping up a private intercourse with heaven, the praying without ceasing, the drinking into the mind and Spirit of Christ, the leaning upon the arm of the Beloved; these are unutterable springs of comfort which buoy up the child of God on his way home. And the believer does know what it is to realize this communion with Jesus, at all events, in some little measure day by day. Yes, he can say,

“With Him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as He is I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His life to me;”

and in thus walking on, leaning upon Jesus’ strength, sometimes by faith he gains

Heavenly prospects.—“Thine eyes shall the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land which is very far off.” Ah, though far off, yet to some of us it seems nearing; years are rolling away so fast, others around us are growing in stature and pushing us onwards. We feel that the time is approaching when we must succumb, and leave them to take our places in the battle of life; feeling, then, the reality of the end, how sweet to look upwards, and think, “There, above yon blue canopy, is my Father’s throne. Jesus is there; and the goodly company of brethren and sisters of the one family are there too. I shall, yes, I shall, join their ranks. I shall harp as they harp, sing as they sing, behold my precious Redeemer as they behold Him, shall see the King in His beauty as they see Him.”

“Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;”

but now their weepings are turned into rejoicings, and so will mine when the command comes, “Come up higher.” And what will it be to come up higher? What is the land which is far off? Oh, the word of God tells us that *heaven is a holy place*, for there is nothing that defileth that shall ever enter there. *Heaven is a happy place*, for there are the harpers harping with their harps, all joyous in the presence of Jesus. *Heaven is a resting-place*, for Jesus said, “In my Father’s house are many mansions,” or *abiding-places*. Sweet thought! places where we shall be for ever at rest. God established rest by ceasing Himself from the work of creation on the seventh day. Jesus procured it by finishing the work of salvation upon the cross, and the Holy Spirit will bring all the elect to participate in it. “For there remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.”

Here, then, beloved, are some of the things which this expression betokens on the part of those who are led to take hold of Jehovah’s strength. It tells them of their “great need;” it makes them “live on high;” it brings them into “hallowed intercourse with Jesus;” and they gain thereby heavenly prospects. And we must not forget the blessed result of thus laying hold of our God by the hand of faith. Namely,

PEACE.

“That he may make peace with me.”

Not that of himself he can make peace with God; this would be opposed to the felt need and creature-helplessness that the former expression denotes. No; rather does it bring out Him who is the believer’s rest and refuge, namely, Jesus, the *Prince of peace*. Hence, says the apostle Paul, “But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off

are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." Oh, there is something to rest upon here! There are things constantly rising in the Christian's experience to disturb his tranquillity of mind. He tries again and again to line his earthly nest, and settle therein, but some thorn disturbs him; but in Jesus—oh, the sweet peace and comfort there is in Him! And then, when one comes to think of eternity and of the consequences of sin, on a view of the judgment-day, oh, how sweet it is to turn to the Redeemer, and to feel an inward satisfaction that He has wrought out by His doing and dying *peace* with God for His people, so that when that great day of the Lord comes he will be able to look to Jesus, to point to Him as the great Substitute and Surety, and to feel the full truth and result of that precious assertion, "*Accepted in the Beloved.*" Dear reader, may you and I thus hang upon Jehovah's strength, and realize thereby a peace of mind that passeth understanding.

O our God, we adore and magnify Thy holy name for this consolation. We are weak, but Thou art strong; let us, in our weakness, draw from Thy strength—accept our gratitude of soul for all the grace hitherto given! We render Thee heartfelt thanks for Thy great condescension in upholding such weak ones. What should we do often, if we had not Thy strength to hang upon? Why, we must be lost; the way is so toilsome, the nights of soul-darkness are so dreary, and we have so much to contend with in this waste howling wilderness, that perish we must, but for Thy preserving, upholding, and guiding hand. Oh, then, to trust Thee! Wonderfully hast Thou brought us on and brought us through! Is it not so, beloved? Do we not pen the feelings of your hearts as well as our own? Well, then, seeing we can look to the Strong for strength, to Him who will never fail us, let us press on in our pilgrimage, singing,

"Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand;
I'll triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by Thine almighty hand."

And, now, may the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing; may He increase your faith to lay trustfully hold of His strength; which, believe me, will carry you safe to heaven.

Mark the words we have dwelt upon; put them down in the note-book of your heart—"Let him take hold of my strength, that He may make peace with me;" and, to that God who thus encourages us to take hold of Him, be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen!

Ilford.

G. C.

MORAL PREACHING.

BISHOP LAVINGTON, addressing the clergy, somewhere about 1750, says: "My brethren, I beg you will rise up with me against moral preaching. *We have long been attempting the reformation of the nation by discourses of this kind. With what success? None at all. On the contrary, we have dexterously preached the people into downright infidelity.* We must change our voice. We must preach Christ and Him crucified. Nothing but the Gospel is—nothing besides will be found to be—the power of God unto salvation. Let me, therefore, again and again request—may I not add, let me charge you—to preach Jesus, and salvation through His name."

Pilgrim Papers.

WONDERS OF GRACE.

REV. AND DEAR SIR.—I have for some weeks had a strong desire to write to you, but, fearing from your not acknowledging my last with the enclosure, that I had taken too much liberty, I have hesitated at this time, feeling unwilling to give offence, or to appear intrusive. I have also feared lest the promptings which I have so often felt have been merely the motions of nature and the flesh; however, I feel I must communicate what is on my mind, and leave you to form your own judgment.

Placed by the will of providence in a position where I am constantly surrounded by scenes of affliction, and that oftentimes of the most harrowing and heart-touching character, you will not wonder that I sometimes meet with cases of peculiar interest. To give you a short account of one such case is my present object in writing, and that case I should not trouble you with, were it not that your name was (and I may say is) very dear to the young gentleman, and you were unconsciously made the instrument of much good to him mentally, and I trust also spiritually.

—, the eldest son of a clergyman in —, was, up to his 23rd year, the comfort and hope of his parents and friends; his peculiarly kind and amiable disposition endeared him to all who knew him, and his father fondly hoped he would soon be able to place him in one of the two livings which he holds; but how bitter the disappointment to which he was doomed! He went up to — last term for the third time, but failed to pass the theological examination; this preyed much on his mind. About this time he had fallen into bad company, and had sadly departed from the moral rectitude of his former years, in consequence of which his health became greatly impaired, and he had to place himself under the care of two medical men, at —. At this time, remorse, shame, grief, and despair took possession of him, and he returned to his sorrowing parents, a wreck in body and in mind. After remaining at home for several weeks, under medical treatment, he became worse instead of better, and his friends were advised to take him to —, for change of air and scene; his devoted mother, with a relation, were to accompany him. They left home about the end of May, and proceeded by the Midland Railway safely to within a short distance of —, when, as his mother was cutting up some cold chicken for him, the young gentleman suddenly opened the carriage-door, and sprang out whilst the train was in motion. His mother, in her terror, sprang after him, and both, by a miracle of Providence, were preserved, although the train passed so close as to tear the skirt of his coat.

Instead of going on to —, they remained a few days in —, and then returned as far as —, where his father, who had been telegraphed for, met them (at the — —, near the railway station). — was consulted, and it was then agreed that he should be placed under certain restraint in —, a course to which he was himself by no means averse; and, indeed, such was his state, that the measure was absolutely necessary for his safety. His poor mother, though worn out with watching, came over with him, and on their arrival I showed her to his room. When we were alone, she begged me, with all the earnestness of a bursting heart, to do what we could for her son. I told her that I was a patient myself, and that what

I could do for him should cheerfully be done. They parted; but what a bitter parting. She could scarcely tear herself away from her loved one, and I went home that night myself, crushed and depressed. We found his case a most anxious one; so intense was his mental agony and despair, backed by the suggestions and temptations of Satan, that it was necessary to keep a strict watch over him by night and by day, to prevent the possibility of his committing self-destruction.

I managed to arrange my duties so as to be able to take a short walk with him about the grounds every afternoon, and I oftentimes felt these occasions to be very solemn. Whilst my bowels melted with pity for him, the Lord was pleased to open my mouth to speak to him with such freedom and earnestness; I felt as if every word was spoken for eternity. He soon became very much attached to me, and it was with mutual regret that we parted for a time, as I had to leave with my family for a few weeks; and during that time he was constantly on my mind. On my return, I found him much in the same state; his very countenance and appearance indicated such agony of mind and despair, that I often felt depressed beyond measure, simply from looking at his countenance. In my own little room I had often much liberty in wrestling for him at a throne of grace. He continued in the condition I have described till about the beginning of August, when a very slight improvement took place; faint rays of hope would at times penetrate the dense gloom of his mind, but only to be succeeded by a relapse into the deepest despondency. Notwithstanding, he constantly perused his Bible, and it was evident that light sprang up on many important subjects, on which, for all his theological training, he was dark before. One fact I was pleased and thankful to note—his meekness under the rod, and the absence of that spirit of rebellion which is, alas! so often prominent in such cases. Many little lifts he had about this time from good books, one especially from reading the piece in "Quarles' Emblems," "Justice, Jesus, and the Sinner;" and the other from reading the "Family Portion," on Ruth and Naomi, in, I think, the July number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE: that piece he read many times, and often expressed great respect for the writer. He had never heard of you nor the Magazine, until he accidentally, or rather providentially, saw it in my room; and, hearing that I attended St. Luke's, most Sunday evenings, he was most anxious to accompany me. In this I could not gratify him, without drawing him away, contrary to rule, from the Asylum Chapel; but, oh, the wondrous windings of a wise, gracious, and mysterious Providence! After a time it was intimated that the chapel would be closed for several weeks for necessary repairs. I was then able to ask him to accompany me without infringing the regulations of the establishment. On Sunday, the 23rd of August, he took tea with myself and wife, at the Rookery, and we prepared to walk together to St. Luke's, but, just as we were starting, it began to rain very hard, and we were obliged to give up our intention of going, as I feared the consequence of a wetting to his still weak frame. I saw he was much disappointed. As I was sadly looking out of the window, the bow of God appeared in the clouds, and this circumstance, simple, and even ridiculous, as it may appear to some minds, encouraged me to proceed, and I said, "Mr. H—, we will venture, yonder bow may be a token for good." The rain ceased, and we reached St. Luke's perfectly dry. When you came into the reading-desk, and especially when you went into the pulpit, anxiously and earnestly I prayed that you might be led to say a

word applicable to the case of my desponding friend ; and as soon as you gave out your text, I felt a persuasion that there would be a word for us. You will remember the text was, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." After giving out the text, you leaned over the front of the pulpit, and said, "Are there any poor publicans here to-night?" Dear sir, you little knew how these words thrilled through the hearts of at least two poor sinners there. My heart responded, "Yes, Lord, Thou knowest there are, and do give a portion, through Thy servant, to our famishing souls." I could not but wonder and admire the goodness of God in leading you to speak to the case of that dear young man ; it seemed as if you had analyzed his very heart, and spoke to his case, as if you knew all about him, and met the very objections which he had so often urged. From the emotion of his countenance, I saw that the word was finding an entrance into his blighted heart. And I felt it specially sweet—and may I hope—blessed ? to myself. One of the hymns sung was also especially sweet, and he whispered to me after the service, "Will you allow me to take this hymn-book away as a memento of this night and place ;" this I of course did.

After we got out I said, "Well, how did you like the sermon?" He replied, with emphasis, "I shall never forget that sermon as long as I live ; how glad I am I came to this church." His conversation on the way home was sweet and unctuous, and my own hard heart was in some measure sweetly melted in wonder, love, and praise ; the unction of which lasted for some days. From this time dear Mr. H. rapidly recovered, to the wonder of his friends and every one. One of the other patients said to me, after he had left, "I look on —'s recovery as a miracle." In one sense it was, for it was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. On the Thursday and Sunday following we again went to St. Luke's, and on the Monday (Aug. 31st) I had the pleasure of accompanying him to the — station, to meet his mother on her way from — to their home. On his way to the station he was anticipating the joy that it would give to his mother to have her long-lost son restored ; and, when they did meet on the platform, it was such a scene as I shall not soon forget. It was an actual picture of the prodigal's return ; mother and son hung on each other's necks, and wept for joy. It was truly a touching as well as a gratifying sight. I have had a kind letter from him since his return home, and I am thankful to say he continues quite well. I know that he will be exposed to very deadening influences where he has gone ; but, if the work of grace be indeed begun, it will eventually prevail, whatever opposition may be brought to bear upon it.

Dear sir, I trust you will forgive me for sending you this hurriedly-written sketch. I thought on Sunday evening when you were describing your feelings in connexion with your ministerial labours and trials, that it might be cheering for you to hear that the truths which you are enabled to advance from time to time may be doing its work silently and effectually, even when you are not aware of it ; or even be fearing that you spend your strength for nought and in vain. That you may long be spared to labour with heart and tongue and pen, and enjoy the rich blessing of the Lord on and in your labours, is the prayer of

Your humble servant,
D. M.

Holiness of life is the only true evidence of a saving faith.

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."—1 PET. iii. 8.

OH, how admirable is love's portions! and there is no uncertainty with Christ and His covenant engagements, for His Church is equal with Himself. Jesus the blessed numbers the ransomed to their eternal rest. O my soul! are these treasures thine? or art thou a despiser of mercy, and the greatest enemy to thyself, and with thy maddened folly seeking to make thy bed in hell? "The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." How oft has this holy text proved a Godlike deliverance for me, when refuge failed me on every hand; here I cannot halt. I am of one mind—the Lord is my portion; one faith, one Lord, one baptism of the blood-shedding of Jesus. "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!" "Having compassion one of another." When love overflows her banks, her crystal streams fill the cisterns of Zion's household with supplies of compassion. Here the water is turned into wine, and the cheering draughts are made soul-refreshing; love is Zion's nurse through time; free circulation is her royal chant, and her holy dress is an unfading beauty. There is no part of Zion can be fruitful without her; love attends the wardrobes of Zion, with divine success and every heavenly lesson that is learnt; love sets her broad seal upon it, with the engraving upon it cast in the mould of eternal and everlasting love.

O Lord Jesus! we are every moment hastening to that period when all created excellency shall be folded back in their own place, and to be servants for us no more; and when we must leave behind the kindred ties of redemption, may we be more earnest to gather up the pearls, than the most avaricious are to gather their gold and silver; and while we have a King to serve whose crowns are immortal to adorn the beggar's head, may our devotions be spiritual and Christ in our midst. Dear Jesus, Thou canst not withhold Thy tender mercies from Thy redeemed, but they are renewed every moment, and cannot fail of administering relief just adapted to their case, however depressive their sorrows may be; and, though deep may call unto deep, mercy is an unfailing treasure that makes the poor immensely rich, and is a lamp suited to their path and a light to our feet, that, in comprehending with all saints we may embrace love's journey, seeking goodly pearls as merchants, made divinely wise and rich indeed; for the renewals of Thy mercy outstrip the renewals of our troubles, and takes the bitter cup out of our trembling hands. The Church militant is as safe as the Church triumphant; for Christ, who is the head of glory, is also the head of grace; and as glory is sufficient, so grace also is sufficient. All that are gone to glory were kept by grace while here, until the topstone was laid with a shout. Troubles and trials here are like machinery—wheels within wheels, work off, work out, work for, and work together for good. By the grace of God I am what I am; sin reigns until death, and both die together; grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. There is no name like this, and no place of refuge for a poor heavy-laden sinner but the cross of Christ, that lays a sure foundation for our immortal hope and a present supply in the time of need flows from the Spring-head

of Thy unchanging grace. Here, believer, is a daily portion for you, even when your heart and flesh faileth; here is thy barrel and thy cruse, and a widow's arm may hand thy portions to thee with sweet delight. And the admiring view Thou givest to Thy saints of Thy all transcendent glories fills them with holy delight; even the dust under our feet is too great a beauty to be passed by in forgetfulness; and time is too short for the development of a lesson, too great to be fully understood; and, though we have a lamp for our help, and a light shines on our path, yet the repeating of the lesson carries excellencies renewed, and leaves an increasiveness of richest mines of the greatest worth; while every opening grave is thy voice speaking unto us, "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return;" and every moment exclaims, "Be ye also ready; for this is not your home, neither can it be your rest, and your tents are only built for the moth's dominion, and the title-page is written in rottenness, and their beauty is carried away upon the stranger's wings, as a dedication to the spider's poisoned dens." Jesus is the portion of His people, and their all in this time-state, through this vale of tears; and the lamp of eternity is a light to their feet, and makes their way clear through the dark desert and slippery paths of danger, tribulation, and sorrowful adversity. Every day stamps the dignity of divine triumph. Oh, to grace what a debtor! Here is love's feeding-place, and mercy's green pastures, where the flocks lie down and rest at noon. O Lord Jesus, our humble devotion before Thee is always acceptable, when divine love is the soul-breathing incense that arises from the altar of our own hearts, and makes the intercourse solemn delight. It is the discharge of all unwelcome intruders, and casts our idols to the moles and the bats. Such seasons as these are joyous, and these heavenly places afford great strength, and our languid hope rises with the silver dove to the Eden of rest. How welcome to the weary in a dreary land—how welcome to enfeebled age—when the daughters of music cease, and the gentle tap of the infant causes pain, and the grasshopper is guarded from the bending shoulder. The pitcher is broken at all fleshly cisterns. The silver cord forgets her office, and the grinders have left their scarlet lines (but not without notice), and cease because they are few. The windows are darkened with afflictive film, and on the eye-lids hang the shadows of death; but the hidden man is possessed of the sure jewel, and mourns that sin has robbed his brother (his body), and carries heavenly salutation to his ear, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c.; and, though death may destroy thy present being, thy title is good." "Though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." To leave this body must be gain on both sides. O my body, thou shalt sleep in thy perfumed bed unmolested, free from pain, sin, foes, or fears; the warrior's artillery shall not disturb thee. I shall go to see the throne prepared for thee until the resurrection morn, when we shall meet again, and our marriage nuptialism shall be renewed, where no divorce can ever come.

"And they continued steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayer."—ACTS II. 42.

Ignorance and uncertainty always bear rule upon unstable souls, and are delusions for the fatal ditch. They may rule in a crowned head, and take up order in the shepherd's tent; but the Holy Ghost teacheth to profit, and guides into all truth, and is a continual feast to Zion's household. Steadfastness is no subtle craft, for this would be to destroy itself; and a division can never enter these pearly gates; and the title is of

heavenly extraction, and the glory can never be eclipsed. So is the doctrine of Christ's Gospel—yea and Amen; as it was in the beginning, so it is now. Breaking of bread and prayer is an every-day feast, and a banquet of holy delight, and the upper room is furnished with appointed guests. Flesh frowns nor flesh applause cannot move the steadfast Christian. The false professors could not move Job, though they tried their Arminian rhetoric. God put out their false lamps, and their falsehood was to be proclaimed over a bleeding sacrifice, and their pardoning acceptance through the type of Jesus.

THE SACRIFICE AND SERVICE OF LOVE.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—ROM. xii. 1.

"I BESEECH you therefore, brethren." The brethren to whom these words are addressed are the brethren beloved of God, called to be saints; "called with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." Brethren of the household of faith, who were predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ, among whom also Christ is the First-born. Brethren, bound together in one family, by bonds of an everlasting covenant, with Christ, the elder Brother. Brethren of the seed of promise who are not ashamed of the divine relationship, nor of the Gospel of Christ; for "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and that therein is revealed the righteousness of Christ, the sanctification of all the redeemed.

The words addressed to the brethren evidently allude to something the Apostle had stated in the preceding chapters; from the manner the Apostle makes use of the word "therefore." "I beseech you, therefore." No doubt it had reference to the great doctrines of sovereign, special grace and mercy, which he had so clearly demonstrated. The doctrines of sovereign and discriminating grace were very dear to the Apostle, and he spared no labour to disseminate them. He was instant in season, and out of season, in both preaching and writing them; teaching their divine nature and their divine effect. That they were the power of God unto whom they were revealed, to produce both spiritual and practical godliness; not to do evil that good may come; not to live in licentiousness; but "teaching us to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God." "By the mercies of God." The mercies of God that are here referred to are no doubt those special mercies which are so clearly stated by the Apostle in the ninth chapter of this epistle. For He saith to Moses, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." So then it is of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh, "Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might shew my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the world." "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy; and whom He will He hardeneth." "Thou wilt say then unto me, Why doth He yet find fault? for who hath resisted His will? Nay but,

O man, who art thou that repliest against God? shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? What if God, willing to shew His wrath, and to make His power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: and that He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy, which He hath afore prepared unto glory?" The gracious manifestations and blessed testimonies that we receive of the truth and verity of the speciality of the mercies of God, by the Holy Spirit, becomes so sealed upon our hearts and minds, that they can never be forgotten, and which brings into the greatest humility and self-abasement. They cause both soul and body to kneel at the feet of Jesus, offering up spiritual sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving to God for such distinguishing, undeserved mercies. The soul that is convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and to whom sin is revealed as exceeding sinful, never loses sight of the great mercies of God, even in his lowest estate. It is a sensibility that never forsakes him. When the prospect before him looks dark and gloomy, and the springs of water seem all dried up, he still acknowledges himself a great debtor to mercy; and continues to hope in it. In darkness, in distress, in poverty, in adversity, in hungerings of body and soul, in coldness and hardness of heart; he still knows that he is not cut off from the land of the living, and banished where there is no hope. When faith fails to recognise an interest in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that God was to enter into judgment with him, he could not answer Him a word; and, when through temptation he has written the bitterest things against himself, he still remembers that the great mercies, distinguishing mercies of God, hath hitherto followed him—that he is still a monument of mercy, and that it is of the Lord's mercy that he is not consumed. This is a little smoking of the flax that never becomes quenched, and the bruised reed that is never utterly broken. It is like a precious stone hid among the pebbles of the sea-shore; it is still there, but not seen by the passer-by. But the Lord knows of it, and is still watching it with a tender regard. The Psalmist knew something of these mercies of God when he said, "I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing" (Psalm ci. 1). "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever; with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations. For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: Thy faithfulness shalt Thou establish in the very heavens" (Psalm lxxxix. 1, 2).

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." "A living sacrifice." In consideration of these precious blessings and privileges the Lord's dear people have in the special mercies of God, the Apostle takes us by the hand, as it were, and, with the most tender regard for our spiritual welfare, kindly beseeches us not to let such invaluable mercies be without some proportionate effect; as if he had said, "In consideration of your having received at the Lord's hands such gracious manifestations of His mercies, it is as little as you can do in return, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, which will only be a reasonable service. Not a dead sacrifice. Not a sacrifice of pains, penalties, penances, and mortifications of the flesh; the offering of the body for the sin of the soul, which are but dead offerings, and unacceptable to God, because contrary to the law of His

grace. Not a sacrifice of a formal presentation of the body in the house of God, in the outward form of a lifeless and spiritless religion; which is too much the practice in our day by thousands. Not a meritorious sacrifice in following the persuasions of a faith that can only rest upon duties: nor of the performance of works and deeds of the moral law." These are all but dead works; therefore cannot be reckoned as a living sacrifice, and form no part of a reasonable service; neither can be holy or acceptable. The body must not be presented a dead sacrifice, but a living sacrifice. A sacrifice of a broken heart, a contrite heart, a mourning, sorrowing, sin-despising, yet sin-burdened heart. A heart broken by the hammer of God's holy law, and brought unto the obedience of faith by the Holy Ghost, to the perfections and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to all His finished work; pleading the perfection of His sacrifice for the forgiveness of sins, and for complete justification. This is a living sacrifice. The mourning and sorrowing because of sin, is the fruit and work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, and which constitute the very life of the sacrifice. Therefore the body is presented, a spiritual living sacrifice in distinction to its natural existence. "The body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness."

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." "Holy, acceptable to God." The body must not only be presented a living sacrifice, but a holy, acceptable one. The Lord is holy that inhabiteth the praises of Israel, and they who appear before Him, at His holy footstool must also be holy, so that spiritual and holy sacrifices may be offered up. As obedient children, not fashioning themselves according to their former lusts in their ignorance; but as He who hath called them is holy, so must they also be holy in all manner of conversation, because it is written: "Be ye holy; for I am holy." The Lord Jehovah cannot accept anything but perfect holiness, and that is not to be found in the body. The body is a body of sin and death, wholly impure, polluted, full of sin and iniquity, therefore cannot in itself be offered a holy, acceptable sacrifice; consequently holiness must be derived from another. Holiness belongeth only to the Lord; therefore it is only from that Source that it can be derived. To present our bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, they must be presented in the holiness of the Lord Jesus Christ. All our offerings, whether of prayers, praise, or of thanksgivings, together with our bodies, must be offered upon the altar of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose perfect holiness sanctifieth the gift, and renders it holy, acceptable to God. The Lord Jesus Christ is both High Priest and Altar, and also the sacrifice for sin, "who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, to purge our consciences from dead works to serve the living God." "For this cause He is the Mediator of the New Testament, that, by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first Testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance." (Heb. ix. 14, 15.)

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Which is your reasonable service? The Lord Jehovah does not require of His servants any unreasonable service; but sin is too often in the way of their serving Him acceptably with reverence and godly fear, with all humility of heart and mind. But, when we call to mind the many special favours and mercies we have

received at His hand, we are not backward to accord Him every praise and thanksgiving, which is not only a reasonable, but also a delightful, service. We desire to present ourselves at His footstool in the righteousness and holiness of our great High Priest, and, like a royal priesthood, offer up spiritual sacrifices, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service. We bless His dear name, and delight to honour His all-glorious person, as much as He is pleased to enable us, and to worship at His feet in the beauty of holiness, which is our reasonable service. There is no consideration more highly valued by the brethren in faith, than the covenant mercies of our covenant God. The blessed effects produced in the soul by the remembrance is beyond any description of ours. The very thought of them is so humbling and self-debasing and so Christ-exalting, that a poor Christ-depending soul cannot refrain from the affectionate beseeching of the apostle to present his body, and all that he hath and is, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is his reasonable service.

Prestwich.

W. G.

LOVE'S GREETINGS.

[MY DEAR SIR,—I was very much pleased to see in the October number of the *Gospel Magazine* the letter I sent you, which you have headed "Greetings by the Way." The accompanying manuscript is another written by the same pen, should you feel inclined to insert it. I am afraid you will think it rather long, but I know not how to shorten it, for every sentence seems to me fraught with blessedness. How sweet it is to be constrained to turn from speaking of the Lord to speaking to Him; and how inexpressibly glorious to be enabled to rise from His gifts and His blessings, and even from the manifestations of His love and favour, which He now and then grants us, to His person! Your remarks in the leading article, this month, on this subject much pleased me, and I can heartily echo the observation that, "It is in His own blessed and beauteous Person everything centres:" for, as you say, "His Person is the very Sun in the grand firmament of redemption." Ah! what is earth when He hides His face, and when clouds intercept His bright rays? A blank. And what would heaven be if Christ were not there? A void. "He is all the bliss of heaven, He is all the joy of earth:" and—

"His Person is more glorious far
Than mortal language can express."

My late much-loved minister's lines on "The clouds are the dust of His feet," are very precious; and very often those words come into my mind—

"Tis in tempest your Lord is most nigh;
Rolling clouds are the dust of His feet."

Not most nigh *really*, because the promise runs, "Lo, I am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world;" but most nigh *feelingly*. Have you another he wrote, entitled "Anticipation," and commencing—

"Tis but a little season
And these dim eyes of mine,
Aroused from dreams of reason,
Shall wake to things divine?"

Fully, most fully, does he now enjoy the "weight of glory" which is reserved, foretastes of which he had whilst in the vale; and ere long the message will come to us, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wing, and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners there."

Yours in Him,

E. L. T.

Plymouth.]

BELoved IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace reign and rule! love, blood, and salvation abound! You will think me long in answering your last very precious and high-prized epistle; but let me assure you that the spirit has very frequently been willing, whereas the flesh has been weak: and, even now, though there be a willingness on the one hand, there is a backwardness on the other. May the eternal Spirit, the alone Glorifier of Jesus, take me into His blessed hands, and indite some good matter in the heart touching the King, and then my pen will be like that of a ready writer. You well know, most dearly-beloved, that the Lord alone can command “a blessing, even life for evermore;” and that there is no restraint to love, no barrier or impediment to the free flowings of grace and peace—

“Without Thy sov’reign power, O Lord,
In sweets the Gospel can afford;”

but, though without Him we can do nothing effectually, yet with Him we can do all things gloriously and joyously. “All our springs rise in Him, all our joys flow from Him.” May He, then, graciously open the divine Source of all blessing, and copiously pour down into my gladdened heart a shower of free-grace favour. Then I shall find it “more blessed to give than to receive.” The Lord says, “Freely ye have received, freely give;” but we want Him to speak it home, to speak it in, and then we respond, “It is the voice of my Beloved.” Indeed, we join Kent in singing,

“Tis the voice of my Beloved,
His dear face methinks I see,
Fraught with blessing, peace, and pardon,
Skipping o’er the hills to me:
Sweet the accent,
Whispering peace, and sins forgiven.”

His voice drowns the noise of archers, and dissipates the gloom of dull mortality. It speaks out every accuser, and speaks in every comfort. It draw us out of the wilderness into the “land flowing with milk and honey.” It raises us out of time into eternity. We then become “absent from the body, and present with the Lord;” and the effect of being present with Him is, we are at once like Him; for, when we see Him as He is by faith, we are like Him by love. We are changed into the same image. Like Enoch, we are not in ourselves, for the Lord takes us into Himself; or, like Moses, we are buried in love. We can then say, in the language of dear Jacob, “I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved;” and there is nothing so heart-cheering, so soul-ravishing, and so mind-expanding as a view of the King in His beauty. When we see Him, we feel Him; when we feel Him, we are like Him; and, when we are like Him, we are satisfied with His likeness. We were predestinated—conformed to His image; and in blessed keeping with this glorious predestination, when beholding as in a glass His glory, we are “changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord:” and this change is “in a moment,” or “in the twinkling of an eye,” which is a blessed description of a shorter space of time. Paul tells us that he was once so highly-favoured in being raised up into the fulness of his Beloved, that he knew not whether he was in the body or out. That must have been a blessed transition, a glorious

translation. His natural memory was then lost in spiritual remembrance, and mortality was gloriously swallowed up of life. The Lord then became to him, experimentally, his everlasting light, God, and glory. He could then walk in the light as he was in the light, and have fellowship—or partnership—with his Brother born for adversity, and his Friend who loveth at all times. Can we not, beloved, in our measure, glory in the same free-grace privileges, in the same grace-gospel favours? Has not our Beloved endeared Himself to our souls, revealed Himself in our hearts, and made Himself more than precious to our spirits? Surely we know something of the like distinguishing mercies. Yes, we dare not deny having realized the same blessings, and enjoyed the same spiritual favours. Oh, how blest, then, are we! How highly-favoured! How distinguished by the Lord!

“Why was Thy love so rich and free,
To pick up one so vile as me?
To raise a hope so firm and strong,
That I in heav’n should be ere long?”

We are no better than the rest of our natural father’s house, no more deserving of His favour than are devils, and yet we are constrained by grace to say, by free-favour to say, by rich mercy to say, by love-constrainings to say, “I have all, and abound.” We have all, simply because we possess His glorious and gracious Person. And

“His Person is more glorious far,
Than mortal language can express.”

How little we yet know of His matchless Person! How comparatively unacquainted are we of His excellencies! How limited is our knowledge of His glories! How confined are our views of His beauties! How circumscribed is our understanding of His greatness and glory! How the flesh binds us down to lesser things! How the world engrosses our thoughts with meaner themes! How the cage of dull mortality imprisons the bird of paradise!

“But soon the cage of clay
Will open once for all;
The bird will haste away,
Beyond an earthly call;
Will upward soar, in regions vast,
And get to glory safe at last.

“It better then will sing,
It more at home will be;
The arch of bliss will ring,
An echo to its glee;
When, in its native place above,
’Twill warble forth its song of love.”

Indeed, this is not our home, earth is not our rest; the things of time are not our themes, and Adam’s children are not our companions. Love has sweetly spoiled us for all but Himself, that none should care for our company but Himself. He loves to see our face, He likes to hear our voice. To Him our voice is sweet; in His view our countenance is comely. He can discover worth in us that none but Himself can see; He can view beauties in us that none but Himself can behold. Hence He says concerning us, “They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy.”

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But we see not our worthiness, being lost in beholding His. We see not our beauty, being sweetly transfixed in viewing His. If we be worthy, He alone is our worthiness; if we be comely, He Himself must constitute our comeliness. We must agree to this; love constrains us to acknowledge it. We are black in self, but comely in Him; we are poor in self, but rich in Him; we are weak in self, but strong in Him; we are nothing in self, but all in Him. Most heartily, most cheerfully, can we say, "But Christ is all and in all." When we sink into what we are in ourselves, how disconsolate we become! When we lose sight of Him and our perfection of beauty in Him, what a settled gloom rests upon the spirits! Indeed, we have often to say with the poet,

"Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot crave,
And Thou canst give no more."

We need no more; for in possessing Him we possess all; and "shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" "All are yours; ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." It matters not, then, what our changes may be; it signifies nothing what our feelings may be, for

"Once in Him, in Him for ever."

Beloved, how favoured are we! How blest are we! How honoured are we! How altogether glorious are our eternal prospects in Him! What blessed anticipations are ours! What refulgent glories await us above! How infinitely transcendent will be our joys, when we shall reach home! There will then be no impediment to our ascription of praise; there will be no drawback to our sweet song of love and blood. Our untiring powers and our unwearied spirits will then, and for ever, be sweetly employed in the upper regions of love, in the higher climes of peace.

"There, there with my Lord shall I sing,
Sing sweetly of Calvary's blood:
Shall reign with my Saviour and King,
Amidst all the grandeur of God."

"Then how shall the saints all unite,
To sing His high praises alone,
And shout with eternal delight,
The Lamb in the midst of the throne!"

But we must travel a little longer through this great and terrible wilderness; we must abide yet awhile in this lower dungeon, ere we shall finally hear the voice of our Beloved, saying, "Come up higher!" Even now we love to hear Him say, "Come up higher!" or to join in the Church's testimony of His love and power. "My Beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." When He tells us to arise and come away, we can joyfully and cheerfully leave everything of an earthly nature behind, and all our trials, troubles, and exercises below. We can then "enter into promised rest, and prove the Sabbath true." At such times we really and vitally possess substance, and find our souls full of the blessing of the Lord. We then envy none their so-called pleasure: we become well contented with "Jesus only;" indeed, we sweetly sing,

"There's nothing here deserves my joy;
There's nothing like my God."

It seems long since we heard from you last, beloved. We like to hear from you, and of you, although we are so remiss in writing to you. Though absent in body, we are ever present in spirit, dwelling together in unity in Him our glorious Pavilion.

With our united best love, believe me as ever,

Very affectionately yours,

JEDIDIAH.

THE REV. S. A. WALKER'S ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF HIS CONGREGATION.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,—As the Lord has graciously permitted us as pastor and flock to see the commencement of another year, it becomes my happy privilege to present to you my usual New Year's Address, nearly at the close of my twelfth year's ministry among you.

The consciousness that every successive Address may be the last, lends a solemnity to the act of presenting it to you which I would gladly transfer to my own mind, so that I might write such things as, should they actually prove my last utterances to you in this written form, might give you a correct view of my feelings towards you, and of the character of my ministry among you.

That I was specially called to the position which I have so long occupied in this city has never for a moment been a matter of doubt to me. The circumstances under which that event took place were so marked, that I must have been obtuse indeed not to have seen the hand of the Master in them; and no discouragements that I have since encountered have in the least tended to weaken my conviction on that point.

I have never imagined any other reason for my being located at St. Mary-le-port but that I should proclaim the Gospel of the grace of God,—that free sovereign grace which magnifies its Author, and leaves those who are the subjects of it nothing to boast of before Him. To some minds, I know, the views which have been revealed to me, and which I have considered it my privilege to express, are distasteful even to repulsiveness, but why they should be so to genuine believers in the Lord Jesus I never could understand, for they mean no more than this—that the new dispensation, in contrast with the old, comprises a scheme of mercy to sinners from which all human merit, and consequently all human effort, is excluded, and the enjoyment of which by any member of Adam's fallen family rests upon the sovereign will of God alone, who has made full provision for it in Jesus, and who furnishes whom He will with the perfection, spiritual, moral, and physical, included in that provision.

That any truly converted one should prefer a scheme of salvation in which human will was one of the elements has always been a surprise to me. The thought that I am a believer, and as such an heir of glory, because God has so willed it, and made it a part of His eternal arrangement, has for many years afforded me a sense of security such as nothing else could; it has placed my feet upon the Rock, and ordered my goings. Call it what you will, it is really nothing more than saying with St. Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am" (1 Cor. xv. 10). In the exercise of His grace He formed the design of saving such outcast ones as the fall has produced. Of that grace He made me a partaker, and I am reconciled, renewed, and restored, simply because that grace was abundant towards me. Therefore my song is, "Oh to grace how great a debtor!"

I can fully understand a mere professor of faith in Christ, and as such one utterly unable to fathom the depths of God's love to sinners in Jesus, objecting to a view of Christianity which places the conversion of a soul on a level with the creation of a world, and delegates both to the omnipotent will and power of Jehovah. The poor Pharisee, whose only ground of thankfulness to God was that he was "not as other men" (Luke xviii. 11)—that is, that he was naturally superior to them, could see nothing wonderful in the sacrifice of God's Son to save sinners from their sin, and so they, whose faith soars no higher than an intellectual assent to Scripture facts, cannot calculate the magnitude of the effort by which a victim of sin and death is turned into a living member of God's family, and made an heir of eternal glory; but it must be otherwise with one whom the Holy Ghost has quickened and brought into conscious union with Christ; he must regard himself as a monument of divine mercy and love, and he must ascribe all that he is to the will of God, who has made him to differ from the thousands around him, who are naturally no more unfitted for heaven than himself, and if so, he is compelled to adopt the doctrine of God's electing grace, and to feel that he exemplifies that doctrine in his own person.

I cannot help thinking that, as in many other cases, names have in this controversy come in for more obloquy than the things which they represent, and that many people hold views which they are only frightened at when designated by titles which they have been taught to repudiate. For example, I am perfectly satisfied that every Spirit-taught child of God regards himself as a monument of God's electing love, that is, he feels himself the object of His glorious choice from among the many careless ones around him, and yet perhaps he repudiates what he calls "the doctrine of election." He realizes in his own case that the *thing* is true, but he has been taught to dread the *name*. This is not reasonable, but it is a matter of ordinary experience, and the fact that it is so should lead honest minds to question the justice of condemning those who are bold enough to adopt the name, as well as to rejoice in the thing which that name expresses. For my part, I hesitate not to avow my abiding confidence in God's electing love, assured, as far as I myself am concerned, that if He had not chosen me I should never have chosen Him (John xv. 16).

I think I can still appeal to you, my dear people, that while ascribing all our hope for eternity to sovereign grace, I have been careful to remind you that a sin-hating God chooses His people to holiness, as an indispensable qualification for their return to Him, and that the only way of proving our interest in the finished work of Jesus is the "Crucifixion of the flesh with its affections and lusts" (Gal. v. 24). God forbid that I should ever preach a mere doctrinal Christianity; such was not our Lord's method, who insisted that a tree of His Father's planting should, as a necessary consequence, bring forth good fruit; nor that of Paul, who urged that believers should be "careful to maintain good works" (Titus iii. 8). They who are living members of God's family have died to sin and all its attractions, and, having been buried with Christ, and raised up with Him, they acknowledge their obligation to "walk in newness of life" (Rom. vi. 4).

During the past year our attention has been called, in various ways, to our position as members of the united Church of England and Ireland. The growing influence of Sacramentarianism within the Church on the one hand, and the intensified antagonism of various nonconforming bodies without on the other, have awakened among us feelings of serious uneasiness, if not of alarm. Conscientiously attached as we are to the principles

which our national Church embodies, we cannot see it assailed, and its very existence threatened, with indifference. I, for one, believe that a national recognition of Christianity is scriptural, and perfectly in harmony with the Gospel dispensation; others, I know, differ from me in that opinion, but as we are bound as far as in us lies to strive earnestly for that which we conscientiously believe to be of God, I have considered it my duty to resist, both by word and pen, the avowed object of a large body in this country, composed of many otherwise conflicting parties, to alter the position of the national Church, and by so doing, to disturb the present recognition of Christianity by the State.

The Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland has received the first shock of the encounter between the friends and enemies of national religion. Just at a time when that branch is in a high state of efficiency, her enemies themselves being judges, her disestablishment and disendowment have been demanded, and this under the plea that the peace and prosperity of Ireland require the sacrifice,—as if the removal of almost the only witness for Christ from three out of the four provinces of Ireland would secure the blessing of God, without which there can be no prosperity to nations or individuals. My part has been to show what I considered the mistaken policy of such an act, viewed from the highest ground of our duty as Christians, Protestants, and loyalists. If it is right for Christians to introduce and maintain a testimony for Jesus in any land to which they can gain access, surely the location of a minister of God in every parish in Ireland, where Romanism is with ceaseless energy exercising its corrupt and benighting influence, would seem to be an act not only of Christian duty, but of sound policy, considering the politically aggressive character of Popery; and, if England has attained to her high position among the nations of the earth because of her Reformation privileges and blessings, is she not bound by all means to try and extend the same advantages to her poor priest-ridden sister, Ireland, whom she so sadly neglected in the day of her own emancipation from Popish darkness? How is that to be done but by the same means that were found effectual in her own case—the preaching of the Gospel of Christ in the various parishes from which that Gospel had been so long excluded, and the exposure of Romish error by men familiar with its character and working, and capable of encountering all its lies and subtle devices with the simple truth as it is in Jesus. Moreover, if loyalty in England is the rule, and disloyalty the exception, and if the opposite is the case among our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects in Ireland, is it not wise for us to inquire with unprejudiced minds what is the cause of this, and to see whether Irish disloyalty cannot be removed by the same means that have produced loyalty here?

It is alleged by many in our day that the cause of Irish disloyalty is English oppression. Surely that statement is fairly open to challenge. Ireland enjoys all the benefits of one of the freest constitutions in the world. In nothing is she behind this country in all that constitutes social and individual liberty, equal laws, a free press, and the fullest opportunity for a free expression of opinion, which some of her sons avail themselves of without restriction, even to the very verge of treason. These are not the marks of an oppressed people. Irishmen have full access to all the advantages open to Englishmen in every part of the British dominions, and in their own country they have prizes that may be won, equal to any in this country, and the competition for them is open to all. Wherein, then, is

Ireland oppressed by England? There are two ways of answering this question.

The first is, and this is a favourite one in Ireland, the Irish people have suffered centuries of wrong at the hands of the English Government, and the English settlers there. This must be admitted; but then let it be remembered, that at the time when this wrong was most oppressively and cruelly inflicted, both aggressors and sufferers were Roman Catholics. The atrocious statute of Kilkenny, under which the most grievous injuries were heaped upon the Celtic race, was passed in the year 1367, that is nearly two hundred years before the Reformation; and, if penal laws were enacted against Irish Roman Catholics in the reign of Elizabeth, they were provoked by the rebellions of the Irish chieftains, who, acting on the policy inaugurated and continually sustained at Rome, were determined to render the Protestant Queen's Government in Ireland impossible. At all events, these deplorable severities are now of ancient date; they have to a great extent been condoned by the most ample concessions of late years to Roman Catholic demands, and by a system of partiality in the bestowment of Government patronage in Ireland, of which the Protestants, with their great superiority in position, intelligence, and loyalty, have just reason to complain. Nothing, then, can be more absurd than to speak of Ireland as if one or two hundred years had been blotted from her history—as still down-trodden and oppressed, in spite of the vast change which has taken place in the policy of her rulers—as another Poland; when, in fact, looking to the indulgence with which the most seditious words and acts of her priests and their tools are treated, she enjoys absolutely the greatest license of speech and action of any country in the world. But it suits the emissaries of Rome to revel in the memory of the past. They speak for Roman Catholic Europe, where distinctions between past and present cannot be nicely weighed, and, if hatred to England is only awakened and sustained, their object and that of their employers is gained.

The second mode of answering this question is by heaping calumnies upon the Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland. Were the truth concerning this much-belied Church thoroughly understood even in England, I venture to say that its position and work in Ireland would be regarded as the palladium of civil and religious liberty there, and nothing would appear more absurd and suicidal than any attempt to disturb it; but unfortunately it suits the interests of two great parties in the country to get rid of it—of the Romanists because it is Protestant, English, and loyal, and has become of late years inconveniently active in the fulfilment of its evangelical mission; of the Nonconformists, who, under the inspiration of the Liberation Society, have become suddenly alive to the injustice of a Protestant nation like England, strong in its own Reformation blessings and privileges, allowing its sister community in Ireland the enjoyment of its own Church property, secured to it by a prescription of over three hundred years' uninterrupted possession, not to go farther back as we might fairly do, and by the most solemn compacts which one nation could enter into with another, and this on the avowed plea that the Roman Catholic hierarchy of that country, the descendants of a foreign and hostile priesthood intruded into Ireland by the Pope of Rome, objected to seeing the Church's revenues enjoyed by the Protestant Clergy, although they ostentatiously disclaim all desire that they should be transferred to them.

There seems to exist no concern whatever in the minds of those who

clamour for the alleged rights of the Roman Catholic majority in Ireland for the feelings or interests of their Protestant brethren,—all sympathy for them seems to be absorbed in a strange fervour of zeal for justice to Popery. Yet it must occur to some among the would-be spoliators of a Protestant Church, be it proportionally ever so small, that it has its rights too, and that however ardent may be our devotion to Romish claims, there is some little consideration due to a body of seven hundred thousand loyal, intelligent, orderly, Protestant people who have ever been true to the Church and Crown of England, even in times when to be known as the friends of English connexion was to incur every species of insult, violence, and wrong; and who are now hated by the Romish Bishops and Priests of Ireland, not so much for being Protestants, as for identifying themselves with loyal Englishmen rather than with Popish rebels in their own country.

These considerations would, I have no doubt, tell with powerful effect upon the minds of all who love justice and fair play in this country, whatever their political bias might be, and they are many; but misrepresentation of the most unscrupulous kind has been employed to transfer these sentiments from the Protestants to the Roman Catholics. It is stated, and insisted on, notwithstanding all the information so widely circulated on the subject, and the contradictions published in every form of words, that the Roman Catholics are compelled to contribute towards the payment of the Protestant Clergy. This, if true, would, I admit, be a hardship, and one which I would myself be forward to redress; but I most solemnly assure you, my friends, it is utterly and entirely untrue. In no possible sense can it be said that the Roman Catholics pay one farthing for the maintenance of the Irish Clergy. As I and others have explained again and again, the Church property of Ireland is the first and most ancient charge on the land, and every landed proprietor, however he has acquired his property—whether by grant, inheritance, or purchase—has received it subject to the Church's primary claim. In fact, he never received, in any case, that portion which was in the earliest ages assigned to the Church, and which was as much its property as the land was that of him who received it. In other words, into whatever hands the land came, the property of the Church was always reserved, and never came into the possession of either landlord or tenant. The land, however, upon which the Church property was charged having some occupier and cultivator, it was made the duty of that person to pay the Incumbent of the parish his portion out of its produce, first in kind, that is in whatever it produced, whether animal or vegetable, and afterwards, when the inconvenience of that plan became apparent, in money, according to an estimate of the value of the Church's portion of the produce, as agreed upon between the occupier and the Incumbent, made on an average of seven years, as ordered by the "Commutation Acts," under which the arrangement was adopted.

You will see that this payment of the Church's portion of the produce might be made, either by the landlord, if he tilled his own land, or by the tenant to whom it was let; but in either case the Church's claim to a property in the land was allowed. If the proprietor had purchased the land, he had purchased it with this charge upon it, like any other charge to which it might be liable, *and of course with a corresponding abatement in the price*, and therefore he knew that the Clergyman's portion was not his to give or to withhold; and, if the land were held by a tenant, the

obligation on his part to meet the claim which the Incumbent of the parish had upon the portion which he rented was always taken into consideration in deciding the amount of rent he had to pay. Whatever the total value of the land was, the tenant invariably deducted from it the amount of tithe which he undertook to pay the Clergyman; and thus it was the landlord who paid the tithe, and not the tenant. This was just, because the landlord had the land subject to the Clergyman's claim upon it, and the payment of that claim, as regarded the portion held by the tenant, was only a matter of arrangement between landlord and tenant.

That state of things continued up to the year 1838, previous to which a deadly opposition to the payment of tithes was got up, and unceasingly stimulated by the priests, in spite of the Roman Catholic oath ostentatiously taken when the Emancipation Bill was expected, that neither Clergy nor laity would employ any power or privilege to which they might become entitled under that Act, to the subversion or weakening of the Established Church. Scarcely was the royal signature to that Act dry, when the most unrelenting attack upon clerical property in Ireland commenced, which extended even to the lives of many of the Clergy themselves. The government were then obliged to interfere, and an Act was passed in the year to which I have referred, called "An Act for Abolishing Composition for Tithes in Ireland, and to substitute Rent Charges in lieu thereof." By this Act the landlord was prevented remitting the payment of the Clergyman's claim upon the land to the tenant, but was obliged to meet it directly himself—receiving, however, as a compensation for this arrangement and any inconvenience it might entail on him, twenty-five per cent. of the Church property of which he was a trustee. This was a shameful compact between the government and the landlord, by which the latter possessed himself of a fourth of the Clergyman's income merely for doing that which it was his duty to do; and the worst of it is, that this act of spoliation is now pleaded as an argument for robbing the Irish Clergy of the other three-fourths of their rightful property.

The spoliated Ministers of the Gospel hoped that now they would be permitted to pursue their sacred calling without further disturbance. There was no longer any cause of ill-will between them and their Roman Catholic neighbours, not one of whom had now anything to do with tithe, which was paid directly by the proprietor of the soil, which in eight cases out of nine was in Protestant hands, and in the ninth case was held by the Roman Catholic owner subject to the rent-charge, to which he was never entitled, and which he handed to the Clergyman of his parish only as trustee. Thus matters went on for several years, there being nothing to disturb the peace and harmony that existed between the Roman Catholics and Protestants, except when the priests became alarmed at some successful aggression on Popery by the preaching of the Gospel, or the dissemination of Bibles and tracts; then, in some cases, all the thunders of the altar were levelled at the heads of the clergy, scripture readers, schoolmasters, &c., and a systematic persecution, often accompanied with personal violence, was carried on against them; but even that subsided in time, especially when it was found that persecution only led to inquiry and conviction of the truth. The Clergy have for years been the faithful friends and benefactors of their parishioners, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, and, with the exception of the everlasting antipathy of the priests to everything English, Protestant, and Scriptural, all parties seemed contented with the state of things as they were.

The termination of the civil war in America, and a considerable amount of resentment there against Great Britain for the part she had taken in sympathizing with the beaten party, gave an opportunity to the Church of Rome to deal another blow against English rule in Ireland. The return of Irishmen from America, in large force, to avenge the alleged wrongs of Ireland, had long been a favourite topic of priestly harangues from altars and platforms. Their policy has always been to persuade their flocks that Ireland never could be prosperous under a Protestant government, and in proof of this to keep before their minds all the injuries, real or supposed, which the country, and especially the Roman Catholic part of it, had suffered from its connexion with England. One of their favourite charges, and one which they knew their dupes would feel and resent, has been, that England had actually caused the famine of 1846-7, and had thereby murdered a million of Irishmen and banished as many more. They who know what noble efforts were made during that terrible visitation, both by the government and people of this country, will be able to estimate the base ingratitude of such a charge. Ten millions were voted by the House of Commons for relief to the starving peasantry, and the vast sums raised for the same object throughout the country, by private benevolence, are beyond calculation. Yet it is a fact which I can prove, that this daring falsehood had been repeated again and again in the ears of a prejudiced and excitable people, to kindle religious hatred against their benefactors, and to arouse feelings of disaffection to the government; and of that disaffection, Fenianism has been the most recent expression.

And now this new phase of Romish hostility to England is charged on the Irish Branch of the United Church, as the burning of Rome was once charged by Nero on the Christians, to render them odious in the sight of the people. The charge serves its purpose, like one which I have recently heard made against the Irish Clergy, namely, that during the Irish famine, when large sums were placed in their hands by English benefactors, for the alleviation of distress in their parishes, they had the dishonesty and cruelty to divert a considerable portion of the money to their own use. This is one of the calumnies now raked up to blacken the character of the pious, loyal ministers of Gospel truth in Ireland, so as to reconcile the lovers of justice and fair play in this country, to the disgraceful act of plunder and oppression contemplated by Mr. Gladstone and his motley coadjutors. I have in my possession a list of forty-six Irish clergymen who lost their lives during that dread season when famine and typhus fever stalked with devastating tread through many parishes in the south and west. Then the foully-slandered clergy threw themselves and all that they held dear into the repulsive work of visitation and relief, and counted not their lives, nor anything that they possessed, dear unto them, so that they might bring relief to the suffering members of a hostile Church, and thereby exemplify the heavenly inspiration of the Christianity which they professed. Numbers fell in the immediate struggle. Worn out with toil, and attacked by the fever, which they boldly faced in the discharge of their sacred duty, many succumbed at once. In other cases, the constitution, though vigorous, received a shock, from which it never recovered, and thus, within a short period, nearly fifty of the so-called useless Clergy, if not more, laid down their lives on the battle-field of Christian philanthropy; and now it is found expedient to cast the foulest aspersions on them, and their fellow-labourers, for the purpose of facilitating the grossest injustice that can be inflicted on a community of Pro-

testant loyalists, whose only crime it is, that they have not turned Papists, and identified themselves with the enemies of England's crown and Church. Mysterious are God's ways, but human actions and their results are, by the light which God's word affords, and the experience of history, matters of easy calculation. What nations or individuals sow, that shall they also reap. In either case "God is not mocked." "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness," and it is His decree that "the nation and kingdom that will not serve His people shall perish." How shall it be with the nation that serves His people's enemies, and robs and outrages them?

I am anxious, my dear people, that you should understand my views on the great subject of the day, which is more momentous perhaps, and more ominous of coming disaster to this country, than many of you suppose. I disclaim all political bias in this matter. I take but one view of my country's interests; it is that connected with the cause of Christ, the King of kings, and its relation to present events. I wish this beloved land to enjoy the blessing, which an honest recognition of Him alone secures, and to escape the terrible judgment, which I believe impends over the great apostasy, and all its aiders and abettors. For this reason, I denounce all national recognition of Popery; all dalliance with it by our national Church; and all concessions to its insidious demands in Ireland. "Papal supremacy" is an expression of terrible omen. The nations of Europe are waking up to a painful consciousness of its real import. England seems to need one more plunge into the dark abyss over which this monster presides, and in which have been engulfed the liberties, energies, mental vigour, national prosperity, individual manhood, social independence, intellectual cultivation, present peace and future hopes of all who have drunk the cup of its Satanic lies and sorceries. England has forgotten and must be reminded. God grant that the ordeal, however painful and humiliating, may be brief, and that another John Wickliffe may soon appear, the morning star of another reformation, to break the fetters of her foul slumber, and to emblazon once more upon her national standard the proud title of "Protestant England!"

I blush for the infatuated dishonesty of those men who still claim to be ministers of a Reformation Church, and who are offering every outrage to her principles and their ordination vows. I mourn over their apostasy, and I denounce, with righteous severity, their continued occupation of a position of trust and emolument to which, by their departure from our Church's principles, they have forfeited all title. I bitterly grieve for the influence which such men are exercising over young and susceptible minds, leading them to the very verge of the great anti-Christian heresy, and preparing them for the inevitable plunge into the dread vortex, if God do not of His infinite mercy interpose, or leaving them in a condition of superstitious antagonism to the principles of Gospel grace, through the alone sacrifice of the Son of God—such as separates them but little from the "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits" of Romanism itself. God Almighty enable you and me, my dear people, to remain "rooted and built up in Christ, and stablished in the faith, as we have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving," rejecting "all philosophy and vain deceit, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ" (Col. ii. 7, 8).

Surely the voice of the Beloved sounds louder and louder, saying, "I come quickly!" Who among us, viewing the evils which human error

and presumption are accumulating around us, and feeling that nothing will stay "the proud waves" of man's boasted omnipotence to rule himself and his world after his own will, but "the revelation of the righteous judgment of God," in the person of Him whom He has appointed heir of all things, will not devoutly respond, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus?"

I am, my dear friends,

Your affectionate Pastor,

SAMUEL ABRAHAM WALKER.

St. Mary-le-Port, January 1st, 1869.

THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

THE two birds first mentioned in Scripture are the raven and dove—very opposite in their propensities, habits, haunts, and general character. It might have been that, before "sin entered into the world, and death by sin," there were no vicious, fierce, or destructive characteristics in any species of the dumb creation; but, if so, it is a strong proof of Divine sovereignty; for why was the lion permitted to become fierce, while the lamb remained gentle, the raven destructive and the dove docile? For the punishment of man, it might have been allowed, as well as the carrying out the eternal purposes of Jehovah. Without the clean and unclean animals, the law could not have been shadowed forth; and it is a remarkable fact that there is scarcely a book in the canon of Scripture in which the dumb creation are not mentioned.

The raven and dove most aptly resemble the world and the Church, and as a figure of each they are worthy of notice. It was from the mountains of Ararat, where the ark rested after its long tossings upon the troubled waters, that Noah opened the window, and sent forth a raven, the feeder on carrion and human flesh; we read that it "went to and fro," or in "*going and returning* until the waters were dried up," fluttering about the ark, not caring to return to it, nor yet leave it, until its food appeared washed up from the angry deep. Natural history informs us that the scent of the raven is marvellously acute, and that at an immense distance it can distinguish carrion. Not only is it noted for its gluttony, but, after it is satisfied, flies away to its companions to make known the spoil. Young lambs and sickly sheep are the raven's favourite food, and the latter defenceless animals are first attacked by *picking out their eyes*. No climate influences them, "neither the heat of the Equator or the cold of the Poles." Raven signifies *mixture*, and a lexicographer observes, "Its colour is not a dead, but a glossy shining black, like silk, and so is properly a mixture of *darkness and splendour*." It was an unclean bird (Lev. xi. 15), yet used by the Lord to bring sustenance to His prophet Elisha, both morning and evening (1 Kings xvii. 4).

And does not this bird of prey prefigure the carnal, sensual, voluptuous professor, "whose mouth is filled with good things," and who has "his portion in this life?" Like the raven in the ark, he may have companied with the people of God, and sang their songs, and talked as they did (Ezek. xxxiii. 31, 32); yet, when once he has turned back into the world to feast upon his idols of flesh, however, "in going and returning," he may hover about the sanctuary, he will never return to it, but feeds upon ashes, and settles down among "the congregation of the dead;" and, not satisfied with his own destruction, he will draw others after him, that

they may "eat of his dainties," and perish with him. The young lambs and weak sheep it is the great aim of the emissary of Satan to entangle in his net, and blind them that they cannot see their danger. But the figure fails here, for not a lamb, not a sheep, sickly or strong, shall ever perish, because their great and good Shepherd has them safe in His keeping, and His bosom is their resting-place. Again, like the raven, neither heat nor cold influences the carnal professor; the north winds of adversity and the south winds of providential mercies are all the same to him, for his heart is as hard as a nether millstone. Like a whited sepulchre, he may indeed appear "beautiful outside;" but it is only a *mixture of darkness and splendour*. Yet as the scaffolding of the Church the great Architect often uses the sinner, so that the saint gets his bread and his flesh supplied betimes by him.

But now for the dove—the gentle, tender, loving, lovely dove, in whose similitude the Holy Spirit is first presented to our view at the Creation, as *brooding like a dove over her young* (Gen. i. 2), upon the face of the waters, and again at the commencement of the Gospel dispensation, the Holy Ghost takes the same form when lighting upon Jesus at His baptism (Matt. iii. 16). The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot when Noah sent her forth from the Ark; coming and going to and fro would not do for her, so back she goes to her ark, the place of safety, and, helpless and defenceless, she does not attempt to get in of herself, but Noah puts forth his hand, and *causes her to come in* (marg.) Another week in her place of refuge, and then she is sent forth again, and comes back with the leaf of an olive in her mouth, the Gospel badge of "peace on earth and good will to men," but her next journey is her last, for she returns no more.

What are the general qualities of this bird so frequently brought before us in Scripture? It is *harmless* (Matt. x. 16), and without guile—quite defenceless and unable to protect itself from its pursuers—free from cunning or cupidity, but of a fearful, mournful temperament (Isa. xxxviii. 14), yet is she called a *silly dove* without *understanding*, which is a better rendering than *without heart* (Hos. vii. 11), for what loves more tenderly and faithfully than the dove, which has often been known to die from grief when separated from its mate? Unlike the raven, it loves a sunny climate, and migrates in winter, returning back in flocks (Isa. l. 2), and building in shady woods; but the raven makes its nest in a high tree on the top of a rock. The Church is compared to a dove by the Husband of the Church (Cant. ii. 14). All the graces of the Spirit set forth in the characteristics of this gentle bird, Christ sees in her. She does not see them herself, neither can the world, but He beholds her complete in Himself, perfect through His perfection, lovely in His loveliness, the branch of His planting, the work of His hands (Isa. lx. 21), and His language to her is, "*Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.*" C.

GLADSTONE.*

To say the least, it is certainly a curious and suggestive coincidence that the letters of Gladstone's name in Greek make the number of the Roman Beast, 666 (Rev. xiii. 18). Thus:—

Γ (3), λ (30), α (1), δ (4), σ (200), τ (300), ς (70), ν (50), η (8) = 666.

R. C.

* See Gilead.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"How nice it is to see so many good men met together at a prayer-meeting," whispered a female to one who sat next her. "Yes," replied her neighbour, "they all look very good here, but I should just like to follow them home."

What a train of thought was suggested by this remark! How few, if any, will bear such a test! True, some may stand it better than others, and the law of opinion will go a long way in guiding the footsteps correctly, without any higher aim. The young man we read of in the Gospel (Mark x. 17—22), whose blameless life called forth the commendation of our Lord, belonged to the class of correct walkers; but there may be high attainments in conduct, and the heart remain untouched by divine grace. The Lord applied the right test to this young man when He said, "Sell all that thou hast, and come follow me." This reached the core. He loved his possessions, he loved not the Lord. His blameless life might pass for religion in the sight of man, but he had none before God, for "love is of God, and we love Him because He first loved us." This, in brief, is the history of a work of grace upon the soul, of which this young man was ignorant.

But some profitable thoughts may be conveyed to the mind under these few words, *Follow them home.*

Out-of-door religion is very well in its way, but home admits of no disguise. There, the bent of the mind and the drift of the affections are all let loose. There, the real character is exposed to view, and who can stand the scrutiny? Not one; for "there is not a just man upon earth that liveth and sinneth not." But will God's people say with those of old, "We are delivered to do all these abominations?" Heaven forbid! That believers are often ensnared by the sins of their nature and the evils that surround them, we fully admit; but gracious souls that walk in God's light "groan, being burdened," because of these things. It is their desire and endeavour to walk worthy of the Gospel they profess, and their failures at home yield them sorrow and shame. God has a judgment-seat in time for those who are exempt from judgment in eternity. In the court of conscience the saints are made by the Spirit of God to weigh their thoughts, words, and actions. God makes the heart soft and keeps the conscience tender, and sin brought to light is judged and condemned by the word and by the dealings of God in the soul, whereby it is found to be "an evil and bitter thing to sin against God." Though many may be the secret falls of the believer and household failures, yet grace in exercise keeps him close to the apostle's experience. "That which I do I allow not, for what I would that do I not, but what I hate that do I." Who can tell what an amount of pride, passion, covetousness, envy, worldliness, would desolate many a Christian's home were it not for the restraint of grace which enables the believer to testify at times without Pharisaism, "So did not I, because of the fear of God."

But if vital godliness is to be tested in all at home, with not a few it may be gauged by going abroad. The restraints of home keep many a child of God in a straight line of conduct, and many a professor likewise who is utterly destitute of grace. An American preacher of some note in his native town, was induced by the love of lucre to throw up his charge and start for the gold diggings. He had not been long there before he

was met in very disreputable company by one of his old hearers, who said, "You, of all people in the world to be found here, after preaching religion to us so long!" "When I left B——," he replied, "I hung my religion on the gates of the chapel, and when I return I mean to put it on again." What multitudes have quitted their homes and their country in the same spirit, and, like this empty professor, have promised themselves that they would pick up their religion when they returned to their home!

How many steady-going professors, when they take their summer's run or holiday jaunt, leave their religion at home and act out the oft-quoted saying, "When we are in Rome, we must do as Rome does!" Where is the witness for Jesus? Where the desire to scatter the seeds of truth? Where is the distinct testimony that Jesus rules in the heart and regulates the conduct? Not a vestige of it is to be found.

A Yorkshireman, describing a Christian who lived near him, said, "He is just like a good piece of broadcloth, that cut where you may, you will find it all sound." "But," says the child of God, "if this be true of some, what can I say of myself? Surely my spot cannot be the spot of God's children; they are a better people altogether than I am, for, from the crown of my head to the sole of the foot, I feel there is no soundness."

Friend, the evidence that satisfies you cannot be seen by others; and that evidence which satisfies others cannot be seen by you. It is the spirit of adoption, and the shedding abroad the love of God in the heart, which satisfies the believer. It is the manifestation of grace in the life which proves to others that his profession is sincere, and that his religion is not a name only, but a vital reality—the power of God unto salvation, "teaching to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

But there is one more hint may be given under the many differences suggested by "at home and abroad." Not a few among the professors of our day, and the teachers of our day also, are Calvinists at home and Arminians abroad. How is this? A gracious man, known and valued by the Church of God, now in heaven, being asked to give a reason for this, summarily replied, "Because their errors are their own, their truth other people's—so they feel at liberty to do as they like with their words."* This judgment, though severe, is weighty, and well for some if they would humbly put it into their balance, and try themselves by it. We admit some household Calvinists are honest, but timid. The enemy works upon their minds to alarm them as to the results of speaking out. People are offended—congregations are thinned; the doctrines of grace are unsafe for the masses practically, and when they take effect it drives people to despair! It is needless to answer these objections, which are as old as Cain and Abel, and will live as long as the world lasts. But, if Calvinism is true in the parlour, why should it not be proclaimed in the pulpit? If the doctrines of grace are acknowledged as foundation truths at home, why should they be denied or nullified abroad? If Calvinism gives peace and comfort to the believer at home, and has a holy influence upon the life, why should the same individual conceal or contradict in public the doctrines which he holds to be divine and practical in private? In education, science, politics, commerce, such a mode of proceeding would be regarded as dishonest by worldly men of any principle. But

* W. C. Colyer, author of "Good News," reprinted by W. H. Collingridge.

Satan's enmity is directed against God's truth; and to entice any, but especially men of God, to nullify, conceal, or damage it is his pleasant employment.

By grace the truth is revealed to the heart of a sinner, and by grace the sinner is taught to confess the truth as it is revealed. Now is the witnessing time for saints, and for their encouragement it is written, "Whosoever shall confess me before man, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." L.

EBENEZERS; OR, STONES OF HELP.

DURING the past fortnight the Lord has been pleased to enable me to raise three Ebenezers: the first while walking in a by-road, the second while lying on a sick-bed, and the third while riding in a railway carriage. On October 21st, when walking on the lonely way named above, I was taken suddenly ill. I thought by continuing to walk I might possibly get better; but, instead of this, I got worse. Being some distance from the friend's house at which I was staying a few days, I began to fear lest I should not be able to reach it. As I was proceeding along the road in great pain, and not a little fear, the first lines of the following hymn came with great sweetness into my mind:—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

Oh, how those words lighted up, and lifted up my sinking soul! I went on towards my temporary abode in much pain of body, and with a sweet refreshing feeling in my soul. This was the first "stone of help." When I arrived at my friend's house the pain continued to increase; I was soon got into a hot bath, after which I went to bed. While lying in bed and still suffering great pain, the precious promise was applied to my soul, "My grace is sufficient for thee." It was the word "*thee*" that seemed to make it so suitable and strengthening to my soul. This was the second "stone of help." A few days afterwards I was sufficiently restored to be able to leave for my own home. While riding in the train thinking over what had taken place, and the mercies of the Lord towards me in my affliction, in so ordering it that I should be taken ill where there were kind friends to look after me, and where suitable remedies were soon obtained for the alleviation, through God's blessing, of the severe pain I was taken with; as my mind was dwelling on these things, the Lord in a very gracious manner spoke these words to my heart,—"*Is anything too hard for the Lord?*" It was repeated several times, "*Is anything too hard for the Lord?*" Oh, how this melted my heart! It broke me down into nothing before the Lord. My heart seemed full, the precious words appeared to ring in my soul: "*Is anything too hard for the Lord?*" I could not help refraining from shedding tears, though I tried to conceal them. But, had my fellow-passengers seen me weeping, and had asked the reason why I was so affected, I believe I should have been obliged to have told them there and then, that the Lord had given me a broken heart, that He had softened it by giving me a blessed and precious sense of His undeserved goodness and mercy to my soul. Ah, there is a good and gracious God, who knows where to strike the heart with the hammer of His word, so as to make it crumble all to pieces. There is such a thing as heart-felt religion. There is such a thing as a broken heart and

contrite spirit. Oh, that I could always feel it! How little one is in his own eyes when under the melting power of a feeling sense of the goodness of the Lord! No ladders are needed to climb up to us then. This lays the soul low in the dust before the Lord.

This was the third "stone of help."

Praises for ever be to the dear Saviour for shining upon my soul; for comforting me in the time of suffering, and making me feel the power of His word in my heart.

To my mind, it seems such a wonderful thing, that the great eternal God, who made the heavens and the earth, that He "who upholdeth all things by the word of His power," should by His Holy Spirit so precious and condescendingly show Himself to such a frail, poor, sinful worm as I. Oh, what a bright word is the word "grace," when seen and felt under the rich anointings of the Holy Spirit! Perhaps the time may come when I shall feel led to look back on these "stones of help." By the Lord's mercy I have been enabled to set up not a few during the last twenty years. It is written, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments, or no" (Deut. viii. 2).

By-and-by the last "stone of help" will be set up. Oh, I hope it will be a great big one, on which will be inscribed in large characters, "Victory! Victory! through the blood of the Lamb."

Telbury.

F.F.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

JESUS is present when His people meet,
With humble hearts, and worship at His feet.
They in His Spirit pray, and gladly sing
The praises of their Prophet, Priest, and King.

JESUS is present when His people sup,
Eat of the bread by faith, and drink the cup;
Not that the bread and wine are altered aught,
We are not so in blessed Scripture taught.

JESUS is present, when our souls are bless'd,
Our hearts are cheer'd, our many griefs redress'd;
The bread and wine are changèd not a wit,
Nor transubstantiated, not a bit.

JESUS is present, when we feel His love,
Making our inmost hearts, our bowels move;
Thinking that He for us should bleed and die,
While each one asks the question, "Saviour, why?"

JESUS is present, when He deigns to smile
On such poor worms, so filthy and so vile;
When, self-abased, we drop our guilty heads,
And each sweet tears of heart-contrition sheds.

JESUS is present, when His Spirit, true
To His disciples, does His wonders shew;
'Tis then His presence, by His Spirit real,
They sweetly know and love, because they feel.

Gosport.

A. H.

JOYFUL PROSPECT!

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning: Thou hast the dew of Thy youth."—PSALM cx. 3.

Does the *first* clause in this glorious announcement, imply that the people of Immanuel are *unwilling* to have *all* in complete submission to His will *now*?—*now*, when His enemies *seem* to predominate, and His government is rebelled against on every hand with impunity—when so many are sending their messages after Him (now that He has gone into the far country to get His kingdom and return), declaring, "We will not have this man to reign over us?" Does it imply that *His people* are not completely free from the spirit of those who are "setting themselves, and taking counsel together against Jehovah and His Anointed; saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us?" Does it imply that they whom the Lord Jesus teaches to pray, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," are only repeating words expressive of desires and aspirations, to which their hearts are still alien? The supposition is surely enough to rouse His people to godly jealousy and heart-searching, and to set them to take vengeance on everything within them, which is not entirely subject to "the good and perfect and acceptable will of God," and in doing so (by grace) they will be led to exult in the prospect of being made so "willing in the day of His power," that then they shall be freed from the necessity of keeping incessant watch over their treacherous hearts; for they shall then be *one* with their glorious Lord! *One* so completely, that *His will* shall be *their will*, and they shall have no *will* of *their own*! Ah! that is what we long and pant and pray for! So that, when Immanuel "takes to Him His great power," and "rules in the midst of His enemies," *who have no desire that He should reign over them*; His people, who are *now* striving to bring every *thought* and *feeling*, every *word* and *action*, into subjection to *His will*, shall then have attained their triumph. When He changes their old-Adam nature *fully*, and is "glorified" in them by making them *like Himself*, and their wills blended into His in the most perfect harmony! Amen!

Having thus got the question of His people's *willingness* settled, the other clauses in the text shine forth in the most glorious light; for His people, being made *one* with Him in *will*, they are also arrayed in the "beauties of His holiness" at present. "The world knoweth them not," and "the groaning creation is waiting for their manifestation," for it is "from the womb of the morning" that this glorious beauty springs; it is on the resurrection morn that all this beauty is to be seen; then our blessed Redeemer "shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied;" when "the dew of His youth" shall be seen ascending to meet Him in the air," just as the pearly dew-drops are caught up in the sun's rays, whenever His bright beams touch the surface of this earth, chasing away the darkness which reigned till the source of light appeared.

Could anything be more lovely, and, at the same time, more sublime, than the imagery of the text, "From the womb of the morning Thou hast the dew of Thy youth?" And yet it is sad to perceive that many minds are as insensible to its glorious significance as cattle are to the beauty of the pearly drops which nourish the herbage on which they feed. But let us thank and praise God that He has surrounded us on every side with objects which reflect the light, and echo the "still small voice" of

His Holy Spirit's teachings in His precious word, thereby giving every spiritual mind most delightful proof that He who "spake by the prophets" is none other but He who created the heavens and the earth, and by "whom all things consist."

Dearly beloved in the Lord, let us learn from this lovely text the *influence* which our heavenly Father intends us to have on every individual with whom He places us in contact in His good providence. We are to be like the dew-drops, *refreshing* and *blessing* every "plant of our heavenly Father's planting," and doing good to the *thorns, thistles, briars, and nettles* of this world till "the day break and the shadows flee away," till "the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings;" then shall we shine in His glorious brightness, and "be caught up to meet Him in the air," "For thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

A PHILADELPHIAN.

REMEMBERED EPOCHS, AND PRAYER AND FASTING.

The great Australian drought of 1838-1839 was terrible. "God," said a dear old friend, "sent us a drop of rain now and then, just to keep us alive, but it was terrible." Should the reader ever visit the beautiful western table-lands of New South Wales, the people will tell of things worth hearing respecting the great drought and the great fast. The condition of the colony was frightful. The Cornish Settlement and Guyong resolved to fast. That night came the rain. Bathurst, hearing of what had transpired, one week later fasted too. That night came the rain at Bathurst. Very soon afterwards the Government proclaimed a general fast. Immediately the rains became general. We were mentioning these blessed truths to a poor German woman, in her season of widowhood and sore trouble, as an incentive to faith, when she replied, "Vell, I do rememper in Shermany too, ter vos von kräte grout; all te cattal vos tying, and te minishters and pepel has von fast, vot you call it, for all te pepel to go to te prayers, pecause ter vos no krass for te cattal, and I do rememper vell, te rain come ver soon aftar tat." Let the New England of the United States of America remember the year 1746 in connexion with prayer and fasting. A noble French fleet, under the command of the Duke D'Anville, had sailed from Nova Scotia to destroy New England's prosperity. New England apprehended at once both her peril and refuge, and set a day apart to seek deliverance from God by humiliation, prayer, and fasting. Multitudes that day humbled their souls in the sanctuaries of Boston. We conduct the reader to the old South Church. The pious pastor, Prince, was fervently supplicating that God would "scatter the people who delight in war." Even while he was praying, a sudden gust disturbed the still air. The storm-king was awakening from his sleep. The elements were marshalled into a tempest phalanx, which moved on to crush the invader like a moth. Alas, poor fleet, the hand of God is heavy on thee! As destruction rolls on in mighty measure, see D'Anville, the lion-hearted, expire by his own hand. His lieutenant will not survive his chief, and dies a suicide also. They came for wool, they went back shorn. And many remember concerning the periods of cholera in England in 1832 and 1848, that the national fasts appointed at both were immediately followed by immense diminution of mortality. Of this result we had no personal experience at the first cholera period named, but the surprising fact was unquestioned, although the religious connexion

was denied by many, and such sudden abatement ascribed merely to natural causes. During the cholera period of 1848 our experience was indeed a personal one. Occupying a ministry in London, and visiting the stricken day by day from morn until eve, we are not likely to forget the epochs of that time of trouble. Its chilling scenery is often before the mind's eye. Nor has time obliterated from our remembrance the wondrous and immediate abatement of the scourge which succeeded a nation's fast.—*Vanderkiste's "Lost but Not for Ever."*

AN EXTRACT FROM "THE CHRISTIAN WORLD UNMASKED."*

You may ask perhaps, what was my doctrine? Why, it was the doctrine that every man will naturally hold whilst he continues in an unregenerate state; viz., that we are to be justified partly by our faith, and partly by our works. This doctrine I preached for six years at a curacy which I served from college; and, though I took some extraordinary pains, and pressed sanctification upon them very earnestly, yet they continued as unsanctified as before, and not one soul was brought to Christ. There was a little more of the form of religion in the parish, but not a whit more of the power. At length I removed to Everton. Here again I pressed sanctification and regeneration as vigorously as I could; but finding no success after two years' preaching in this manner, I began to be discouraged; and now some secret misgivings arose in my mind, that I was not right myself. These misgivings grew stronger, and at last very painful. Being then under great doubts, I cried unto the Lord very earnestly, "Lord, if I am right, keep me so; if I am not right, make me so; lead me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus." After about ten days' crying unto the Lord, He was pleased to return an answer to my prayers, and in the following manner. As I was sitting in my house one morning, and musing upon a text of Scripture, these words darted into my mind with wonderful power, and seemed like a voice from heaven: "Cease from thine own works." Before I heard the words, my mind was in an unusually calm state; but as soon as I heard them, my soul was directly in a tempest, and tears flowed from my eyes like a torrent. The scales fell from my eyes immediately, and I now clearly saw the rock I had been splitting on for nearly thirty years. Do you ask what this rock was? Why it was some secret reliance on my own works for salvation. I had hoped to be saved partly in my own name, and partly in Christ's name; though I am told there is salvation in no other name, except the name of Jesus Christ. I had hoped to be saved partly through my own works, and partly through Christ's mercies; though I am told we are saved by grace through faith, and not by works. I had hoped to make myself acceptable to God, partly through my own good works, though we are told that we are accepted through the Beloved.

And now let me point out to you the grand delusion which had like to have ruined my soul. I saw very early something of the unholiness of my nature, and the necessity of being born again. Accordingly, I watched, prayed, and fasted too, thinking to purify my heart by these means, whereas it can only be purified by faith. (Acts xv. 9.)

Watching and praying are necessary duties; but I, like many others, placed secret reliance on them, thinking they were to do that for me, in

* By John Berridge.

part, at least, which Christ only could wholly do. The truth is, though I saw myself a sinner, and a very great one, yet I did not see myself an utterly *lost* sinner, and therefore I could not come to Jesus alone to save me. I despised the doctrine of justification by faith alone, looking on it as a foolish and a dangerous doctrine. I was not yet stripped of all my righteousness, I could not consider it as filthy rags, and therefore I went about to establish a righteousness of my own, and did not submit to the righteousness of God by faith. (Rom. x. 3.) I did seek after righteousness through faith, but as it were by the works of the law. Thus I stumbled and fell. (Rom. ix. 31, 32.) In short, to use a homely similitude, I put the justice of God into one scale, and as many good works of my own as I could in the other; and when I found, as I always did, my own good works not to be a balance to the divine justice, I then threw in Christ as a make-weight, and this every one really does who hopes for salvation, partly by doing what he can for himself, and relying on Christ for the rest.

Jesus Christ will either be a whole Saviour or none at all, and if you think you have any good service to recommend you unto God, you are certainly without any interest in Christ at present.

Be you ever so sober, serious, just, and devout, you are still under the curse of God as I was, and knew it not, if you have the least reliance on your own works, and think they are to do something for you and Christ to do the rest.

FINAL RESTITUTION.

"Whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things."—
Acts iii. 21.

WITHOUT attempting to explain this mysterious passage, we may venture to inquire, "Is it that Christ will restore the earth to its original purity before it was defiled by sin?" We know it is to be purified by fire, but for what purpose afterwards is not so clearly revealed. We read of a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; and we are told by St. Paul, in Rom. viii. 21, that "the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God," which would seem to imply the restoration of all creation to the state in which it was in before the fall. At the first resurrection, the bodies of the saints shall be restored to that state which was pronounced by the great Creator "very good," but not again liable to commit sin. We may also refer to Rom. viii. 19, 23, where it appears all things are waiting in earnest expectation of the redemption of the body. And in Micah iv. it is clearly shown that Christ will restore peace to the earth.

"Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The whole chapter is a very interesting study. In Matt. xvii. 11, Jesus says, "Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things," and in the last chapter of Malachi, it is said He will come "before the great and dreadful day of the Lord." Is this really Elijah the prophet? There was something truly wonderful in the manner of his translation, and of his appearance on the mount of transfiguration.

"What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

W.

When God gives work to be done, He gives ability to do it.

BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN.

REV. xviii. 2.

O ROME! thy lovers soon shall wail for thee;
 The nations round are from their slumbers waking:
 Spain, Austria, and thy own dear Italy,
 Thy galling yoke from off their necks are breaking.
 And though thy onslaught on our fathers' home
 Is bending thousands to thy usurpation,
 All in one wrathful day thy plagues shall come—
 Sorrow, and death, and fiery indignation.
 Dost thou not sometimes, in thy troubled dreams,
 Revisit black Bartholomew's foul butchery?
 Hark to the mothers' and their infants' screams,
 Ript by the poniards of thy demon soldiery!
 Hadst thou no pity in thy frozen breast
 For hoary hairs, in thy damp dungeons pining?
 Poor woe-worn souls, now numbered with the blest,
 Gems in the Saviour's crown for ever shining!
 Oh, never fondly dream we know thee not,
 Thy devilish guile, however deep and wary;
 Nor hope that England's sons have *all* forgot
 The fires of Smithfield, and our bloody Mary.
 Where are thy thumb-screws, racks, and prisons drear?
 Hast thou forgot to bring the faggots with thee?
 Beware, thy tottering steps are drawing near
 The dark abyss thy sins have dug beneath thee.
 Our God remembers every spot of earth
 Which, with the Martyrs' blood, thy sword hath watered;
 And soon, to judge thy crimes, will summon forth
 His countless saints thy ruthless hands have slaughtered.
 Drunk with the savage sanguinary feast,
 Thy day is fast declining to its gloaming:
 The Lord hath said the Babylonian Beast
 Shall perish with the brightness of His coming.

Scarboroughh.

W. S. ROBINSON.

REDEEMING MERCY.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy."
 —PSALM cvii. 1, 2.

"REDEEMING mercy," oh, how sweet,
 When melted at the Saviour's feet!
 I wept with tears of love, and sighed,
 Believing that for me He died.

"Redeeming mercy," oh, how good,
 When sprinkled with atoning blood!
 I wondered at such bliss divine,
 And called my best Beloved mine.

"Redeeming mercy," oh, how great,
 To reach me in my low estate;
 So near despair, so sad my case,
 Oh, what a debtor to His grace.

"Redeeming mercy," oh, how sure!
 It must to endless days endure:

It is a sea without a shore,
 For ever and for evermore.

"Redeeming mercy," oh, how free,
 To come to guilty, nothing me!
 I would for ever write and sing
 This mercy of my Saviour King.

"Redeeming mercy," oh, how large,
 To give a sinner full discharge!
 'Twas Jesus' mercy paid my debt,
 'Twas mercy me in freedom set.

"Redeeming mercy," oh, how full!
 To me, indeed, 'tis wonderful;
 Although redeeming work is past,
 His wonders shall for ever last.

M.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

OUTLINES OF A SERMON,

BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, BRIGHTON.

(Concluded from page 50.)

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked."

—2 COR. V. 1—3.

II. The second point to be considered is the Apostle's experience in this matter: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God;" as if he would say, we are at no uncertainty, we know it; we are persuaded of it that we have a building of God above, and we are hastening thereunto. How did he know it? He knew it by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. He knew it by a revelation of Christ to his soul. He knew it by divine discovery. You remember his journey to Damascus, and the light that then appeared to him, and his subsequent declaration in his 2nd epistle to the Corinthians (iv. 6), "For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Now some may say, Why cannot I know it also? I hope I am called by grace. "I think I know something of a precious Jesus. I am sure I feel myself ruined and undone, yet I cannot take up this language, and say with the Apostle, "I know." If I were to die this moment, I could not say I am sure of heaven, or be certain I should go there. Well, there are degrees of communication of faith, of hope, of love. The Lord's family are in different states, and all are not experimentally acquainted with their interest in Christ, and therefore cannot say, "We know." Some of them have never yet enjoyed it, and others who have, may have lost it. Some of the Lord's people who have, in times past, enjoyed "the love of God shed abroad in their hearts," may be destitute of it now. But why not have it now if they once had it? Because of the varying nature of faith, which, though abiding in its principle, differs as to exercise and degree. Another reason, and a very solemn one, is, God may withdraw this evidence of interest because of sin. Temptations presented, and sin indulged, draw a thick cloud between God and the soul. For this reason our Lord says, "Watch, and pray," and this is by way of caution; because of the power of evil within—because of the strength of the enemy without. He says, "watch;" for sin hides our evidence, and God withdraws the light of His countenance. Notwithstanding all this, as a God of all grace He returns, He subdues. He pardons, and we find Him a sin-pardoning and a peace-restoring God. But the experience of the Apostle is left upon record, to show what a blessed state he was in, and for us to measure ourselves, and see what assurance we have that we shall not go to hell and be damned with the wicked, but live with Jesus in happiness and holiness for ever.

Further, the Apostles' record of his experience shows us what we may want in this matter. "My faith," say some, "does not reach to this. I

cannot go so far." "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" God can do great things for you, and show you what blessings He has to bestow on you; how happy He can make you; what assurance He can give you, if you belong to Him; and what else is worth calling happiness? Why, nothing. Those who have never tasted it cannot agree with me; but those who have known it, and those who are longing for it, will echo the word *nothing*. Jesus' language to tried souls is, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Yes, poor guilty, filthy, helpless sinner, you may go to Him with all your sins upon your back; for He says, yea, this gracious Jesus says—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise [by no means] cast out." Therefore I can wish you no better mercy than that you may know Him, who never spurned any poor coming sinner from His presence, any who fled to Him for refuge, any poor groaning burdened sinner that feels his need of Jesus and seeks unto Him for peace.

III. We come now to speak of the Apostle's state. It was twofold. First, a groaning state, as we see more emphatically from verse 4—"For we who are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." I need hardly ask what made him groan. He never groaned before the Lord met with him, though he was a sinner. Who does groan? All who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus, for they have got something within that makes them groan—something *from* God—something *like* God; therefore groan they must, because of the union with a body of sin and death. The new nature cannot endure sin, because it is holy; holiness it longs for, but perfect holiness it cannot have, for the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh; grace cannot have its way because of sin, and flesh cannot have its way because of grace—hence the groaning, the warfare—the spirit groaning in the soul because of sin. Worldlings groan under losses and misfortunes and trouble; but they groan not as the people of God. What makes you groan, if you are called by grace? Just this; because you cannot love Christ as you would, nor the saints as you would, nor live to His glory as you would, nor be spiritually-minded as you would; no, you fall short in all this, your old nature is antagonistic to godliness. The temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil are too strong for you, hence you groan; but in yet a little while you shall awake up after His likeness, and you shall have done with groaning for ever. But, while we are in this wilderness, we are made to see the sufficiency of grace, the power of grace, the might of the God of all grace; in that saints are kept, notwithstanding every hindrance; they are not destroyed, but preserved, and that in the face of foes and impediments of every sort.

But in this two-fold view what did the apostle groan for? He groaned to be with the Lord, to behold the Lamb, to get amongst the sinless family of God above, to be clothed upon; and these longings more or less belong to all the called family here below. Hence, the more you know of vile self, and a precious Christ, the more you will groan being burdened. But at times these clouds will disperse and clear away, and the bright spot will be seen, so that amidst all the groans you will be able to say, "*We know*." And this makes you long and groan the more for the bliss of the saints, which you shall enter upon at death, though the complete happiness of the church will take place at the annexation of the glorified body with the renewed soul.

At the Lord's coming there will be a large number of the saints alive, and these will not have to pass through death, but will be changed.

The apostle might have had an eye to this when he said, "in this we groan," "not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon." He would prefer this exchange, he would be spared this passage through death, he would greatly prefer being "clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." There was something, even to an apostle, gloomy, sad, and mournful in that dark passage of death which the coming of the Lord would prevent. "Those that are alive and remain shall be caught up unto the Lord in the clouds." Hence they escape this gate of death, and so mortality is swallowed up of life.

Lastly the proviso. "If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked." "If" may be sometimes rendered "since," as in Col. iii. 1, but we may use it here by way of inquiry. There is something very solemn in this expression "naked." The ungodly shall suffer for their sins in their bodies throughout eternity. "Being found naked," naked of justifying righteousness, naked of a good hope through grace, naked of saving dealings, naked of new-creatureship, naked of everything pleasing to God, because naked of His work; for nothing but God's work in Christ can recommend a soul to God. Hence, God says at the last, "I never knew you." My work in Christ has never been made over to you; nor is there any proof in your words and ways of a saving work being wrought in you, "Depart from me." But, if you are looking to Christ and His finished work, you are looking where God looks; and this proves God's work for you and in you. "If so be." Ah, friends it all turns upon this. "*If so be*" that you are looking to Jesus, then are you already clothed, and, being clothed, you shall not be found naked. If you have a good hope through grace, if you are made to groan, being burdened, if you are sensible of divine dealings, then you can say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and, if you cannot now, you shall by and by. All your own attempts to recommend yourself to God are fruitless, all your recommendation is in Christ alone. And to look to Him by the Spirit's power, and enjoy His great salvation, is God's work begun which He will never leave or forsake. He will do all the rest; for "whom He calls He justifies, and whom He justifies He will glorify." Your own righteousness has nothing whatever to do with your salvation, but when you are made alive in Christ, you will live righteously in Christ Jesus. This is according to the nature of the gift of grace, which teaches us to live godly in Christ Jesus. Your best righteousness could neither justify nor satisfy you; other people's righteousness may testify to you as a mark of their new-creatureship; but your own will not afford you any comfort. If you are brought to the feet of a precious Christ, and made satisfied with His finished work, this is God's work in you; and His work shall endure, for He, the great God, hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The Lord bless His word.

There is not an archangel in heaven, through all the heavenly train, who would not delight and glory in attending a poor depressed Lazarus, in an hospital, or a dungeon, to ward off the machinations of evil spirits, to procure a calm for his dying moments, and to hail his departing soul to the mansions of the blessed.

Correspondence.

A FATHER'S CRIES.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Bedminster, Bristol, January 16, 1869.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Sometimes as I lie on my bed I think I could write to you out of a full heart—full with holy pleasure and grateful love—to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as I think of His rich mercy and sovereign grace to a poor sinner like me. Yet I have “great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart” when I think of a son who is yet in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity. He is now in his 46th year, and, months before he was born, and more or less up to this time, I have prayed to God that his heart might be changed, and that he might be taught the same lessons which God the Holy Ghost has taught me from my youth, but no answer yet; and, when I think, in all probability, how near I am to an eternal world, he is much on my mind; and shall I go down to the grave with that bitter lament, “O Absolom, my son, my son?” At such a thought I could water my couch with my tears, and mingle my drink with weeping, and put my mouth in the dust if so be there is hope. I know you, as a Christian parent, will sympathize with me, and pray for me and him, and, as a minister of Christ, you will give me your kind advice, and ask our dear brethren to pray for me and mine this evening.

My late dear wife bore only two sons, and the youngest, when only seven-and-a-half years old, was drowned by falling into the Bathurst Basin. We two were walking, on Sunday, the other side of “the Cut,” from here, and, seeing some trees growing, he said, “Father, it is men that plant the trees; but the Lord makes them grow.” “Yes,” I said. Then he said, “Father, and it is the Lord makes the little birds sing to us.” “Yes, and do you know the greatest things the Lord has done for us?” He said, “Why, in sending his Son to die for us.” He was drowned on the morrow.

JESSE HEAVEN.

[The foregoing is from one of the dear aged ones who commonly takes part at our Saturday-night prayer-meetings. He is now far past the age of man. We are thankful to say, that, within the last few months, we have been enabled to get him on the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, as one of their shilling-a-week pensioners, which is a great boon to the dear old man. This the Committee of the Society in question has kindly granted in recognition of our humble services in preaching at different times on behalf of the Society. Most fully do we sympathize with our dear old friend in his deep, deep solicitude in regard to the salvation of his son. Ah, who but a parent knows the yearning of heart and the travail of soul which such undergo on behalf of the eternal welfare of their dear, dear children? Who but such can conceive of how intense the anguish and ardent the wrestlings at the throne of grace upon this momentous subject, when sleep is far removed, and the pleading parent turns to and fro upon his restless bed, seeking access at the footstool of mercy? Our comfort is, that the Lord is not limited to time or means. Many such petitions are registered above, to be answered, it may be, when the poor wrestling one is far removed from this vale of tears and has reached that happy

land where sighs and groans are never known. We know a case where an intensely-anxious father became so overwhelmed (as it were) with concern and anxiety about his children, in their varied positions and requirements, as (foolish as it may appear) he felt as if death itself would not release him from that anxiety. It seemed as though he must actually take his weight and anxiety into eternity with him. The way in which the Lord most effectually cured him of this vain supposition was, to lay His afflictive hand upon his poor frail body, and bring him down in feeling and apprehension to the very brink of the grave. Then, and not until then, all anxiety and concern were removed. Never could he have imagined, had he not experienced it, that every particle of fear and solicitude about wife and children could be so entirely removed, and a simple leaving all and everything in the hands of a wise and merciful and gracious and loving Lord, to order and regulate as should seem good in His sight. Surely, dear reader, that was a blessed fruit of experience to which the psalmist attained, when he said, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure; and this is all my salvation and all my desire, although He make it not to grow."—Ed.]

27, South Gates, Leicester, Nov. 15th, 1868.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,—May Heaven's best blessing, eternal life, be thy portion! This inestimable blessing is the free gift of God to His own peculiar people (Rom. vi. 23, John x. 27—29). The Holy Spirit is the efficient agent in the production of this life (Ezek. xxxvii. 9, 10). St. Paul says, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Our Liturgy says, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." Also, "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from us." And, again, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit." Mr. Huntington says (if I remember rightly), "Scoffing sceptics tauntingly ask us, 'How do we *know* that the Holy Spirit dwells in us?' Let them tell us *how* the devil dwells in them?" Our lives prove under whose influence we are. The fruits of the flesh are shown in Gal. v. 19—21; and the fruits of the Spirit in ver. 22, 23. The former fruits are the inevitable offspring of that fallen and corrupt nature in which every child is born into this world; and, unless a man be born again ("not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man"—John i. 13) of the Holy Spirit, he cannot see, much less enter into, the kingdom of God. This new creation produces its own proper fruits before referred to, and cannot be effected by the agency of a poor blind mortal; it is the work of God alone. I was christened when a child, and afterwards confirmed by a bishop; still, all this time, and for some years after, I gave abundant proof to all that, I was still the bond-slave and willing drudge of Satan; but God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved me, was pleased to quicken me when dead in sin, by whose free sovereign grace alone I am saved. When the Spirit of life entered into my soul, He quickened my dead soul into life (Eph. ii. 1), and the light of this life discovered to me my lost estate and condition by nature and practice; this moved me to cry to God for mercy and forgiveness, and, in His own time, He heard and answered the cries of His own Spirit in my soul, and filled me with that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." All my guilt, misery, bondage, fear of death,

and dread of destruction, fled, I knew not whither. Thus did I prove the fruits of the Spirit to be *love, joy, peace, &c.*; then was I truly regenerated, created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God had before ordained that I should live and walk in them. This teaching never led me to licentiousness; but I have proved, a thousand times over, that this grace of God teaches us to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live godly, soberly, and righteously in this present evil world. The tree, having been made good, was capable of bringing forth good fruit; and, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, my life and conduct before men was seen and acknowledged to be changed indeed. Men may as well look for thorns to produce grapes, or thistles figs, as for good works to be the produce of nature. The tree must first be made good, then fruit to eternal life will be brought forth. In other words, "works meet for repentance."

Godly sorrow and contrition for sin at all times humbles the soul in the dust, and sets it down in the lowest room, lost in wonder at such grace manifested to such a worm of the dust, and we exclaim with Judas (not Iscariot), "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" Such can sweetly adopt the words of the late Dr. Watts, and say,

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced me in;
Or still I had refused to taste,
And perished in my sin."

This love works no ill to its neighbour, and, therefore, persecution of our fellow-creatures cannot spring from it. In the exercise of this grace may you and I evermore be found.

I am, through mercy, well in health; and, though often faint, yet still am kept pursuing; the Lord's strength being perfect in my weakness. To His care I commend thee, and remain,

Thine most affectionately,

T. S.

THE TRINITY IN THE RESURRECTION.

"Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead."—Acts iv. 10.

In Scripture each of the three Persons in the Trinity is said to have raised Christ from the dead. What are the doctrines we may draw from this?

1st.—The doctrines of Three Persons in one undivided Essence, all acting most harmoniously together in everything that goes on in the world, from its creation to its final consummation, also in everything relating to the salvation of sinners; since, though the relationship of the Three Divine Persons is one and indissoluble, yet their offices and work are entirely different, each sustaining His own part in the wonders they have wrought.

2ndly.—The doctrine of the resurrection from the dead is an indisputable doctrine, being confirmed by the ever-blessed Trinity uniting their power in raising up our glorious Redeemer from the grave, thus conquering death, and opening the kingdom of heaven to all true believers.

W.

The Protestant Beacon.

Paris, January 6.

NOTHING astonishes an educated foreigner more than to hear of an English Protestant gentleman, declared to be of sound mind and honest in character, becoming a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, especially in days like these when continental States and Governments, and the intelligence of the people, are getting as far away from Rome as possible. It is not long since the French newspapers were occupied calculating how many francs a day could be spent by the Most Noble the Marquis of Bute, and the general conclusion was that so much wealth in one hand argued much misery around—a very French idea, if not a correct one. No sooner have we forgotten our surprise about the immense wealth of this young nobleman than we hear of his having become a Roman Catholic, the news reaching Paris simultaneously from Nice and London. Roman Church influence has of late made itself conspicuously instrumental in bringing about the fall of dynasties and Governments, and become so obnoxious to the educated Catholic of the Continent by its hostility to the Christian religion and man's progress and education, that whether you talk the subject over at Vienna, Florence, Madrid, or Paris, you hear nothing but a pronounced condemnation of the Roman faith as imposed by the present Pontiff and his advisers. But this is not a condemnation of their religion, but its modern practices and degradation. Good continental Catholics lament the lost influence of the Church amongst the educated classes, and more especially the humbler classes. A Church which has allowed religion to expire in such states as Italy, Austria, and Spain, by attending only to its worldly interests, is not likely to make converts on the Continent. The French are accounting for the conversion of the Marquis of Bute in a variety of ways; but you never hear any one attribute his becoming a subject of Pius IX. instead of Queen Victoria to conscientious motives. No, there must be political or social reasons for it. Is it love, or money, or ambition? English converts to the Romish faith, as all of us know who have lived long abroad, are selected by the Jesuits, who do the business, either for their social rank or for their wealth; the Church does not care for a poor nobody. Many of us who have lived in Roman and other Italian cities know precisely the sort of English who embrace the Roman faith; and, heavens, what an enthusiast is the British neophyte! The Jesuits work on people of this description—the imaginative, enthusiastic, weak-minded; those who ask for imposture, and would be equally the dupes of Mr. Home or Madame Rachel. There are a few earnest thinkers, who end by desiring to give up all independence of thought and exercise of reason; and there are those (and especially women) who, having lost position in society amongst their own country people, become Roman Catholics, to make themselves, as they think, respectable again. To what group does the Marquis belong? asks the inquiring foreigner. We may be sure of one thing—there is a lady and a Jesuit in the little comedy of which he is the youthful hero.—*Morning Post*, Jan. 7th.

Take the now into consideration, do it justice, and live as if there were only one second between you and eternity.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—*MATT. xvi. 3.*

RITUALISM has at last received a decisive check. It has been challenged in the highest courts of law, and has been completely defeated. The case is simply this,—the Ritualists, as is well known, introduced a multitude of novel gestures, ceremonies, and ornaments into the simple service of the Established Church, which had the effect of completely changing the character of that service, and, although it might be surmised and generally understood that those novelties were illegal, it was by no means easy to prove that they were so. There was, in the first place, the great expense of an appeal to the legal tribunals; then the difficulty of accurately defining the innovations objected to; and further still, the silence of the Church's rubrics on some of the points in question. All these difficulties, however, have been surmounted; Ritualism has been brought to its trial, and authoritatively condemned; it has been condemned on every charge brought against it, and even the very arguments which were alleged in its defence have been shown to be untenable. The defendants also in the suit have to pay the costs, amounting to £20,000. The charges brought forward may at first sight appear to be trivial,—viz., using lighted candles on the communion table, kneeling before it, elevating the bread and wine, using incense, &c.,—but in reality, they are far from trivial, for they involve points of doctrine of the gravest importance. The Ritualists themselves are well aware of this, and do not scruple to acknowledge it. They confess that their system is founded upon the chief doctrines of the Church of Rome, and that this is the reason of their lights and their incense, their gestures and ceremonies. It is, then, the old battle of the Reformation fought over again, and we therefore heartily rejoice and thank God for the victory achieved.

It is not known what course the Ritualists will now take. They seem to be split up into several distinct sections, each one advising a different course of action. One thing is certain, they can no longer remain, if they have any principle of honour, in the Church of England; for the law of that Church is now so plainly shown to be against them, that there is no room for misunderstanding; and, if they are possessed of no principle of honour, but are determined to retain their positions at all hazards, the victory now obtained must be followed up until every one of them is forcibly driven out. They have no more real fellowship with our Church than the Pope of Rome. Why, then, should they have any more place or power in her than he? They have taken the most solemn vows to teach only her Protestant doctrines and practices, and, having deliberately broken those vows, and used the advantage which their connexion with her gave them, to her manifest and serious injury, we can endure such treachery no longer.

A misunderstanding between Greece and Turkey has threatened to result in a serious war; but a conference having been appointed to take the matter into consideration, it is hoped that by its labours the breach will be healed.

The law passed last session respecting bribery and intimidation at elections has already come into force with excellent results. Petitions

against the return of a member are no longer heard by the House of Commons, but are regularly tried in a court of justice, where they are of course more dispassionately and carefully heard. Bribery and intimidation will now defeat their own objects, and consequently every elector will have a much fairer chance of recording his vote conscientiously and safely. Amongst other cases, that of Drogheda will especially teach the Irish electors a useful lesson. The scenes enacted there at the last election were disgraceful in the extreme, and particularly the conduct of the Roman Catholic priests; but the result has been, that on the case being tried the priests' candidate has been unseated, and the Protestant candidate, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, declared elected instead.

Several intimations are given in the public journals that the Government have found it advisable to modify their views respecting their attack upon the Irish Church, and that their intentions, when fully matured, will not turn out to be nearly of so sweeping a character as they appeared to be at first. We hope that this will prove to be the case. If anything were needed to show the Government the necessity of caution in their movements, it is supplied in the intemperate language which is used by the Roman Catholic bishops in reference to those intimations. No modified policy, they affirm, will satisfy them. They, who once (in the persons of their predecessors), as the leaders of the Roman Catholic party in these islands, deliberately swore that they would not attempt to attack or weaken the Irish Protestant Establishment, and that they had no claim upon its property, now declare that nothing less than the wholesale measures of confiscation which were at first proposed will satisfy them, and that if those measures are not thoroughly carried out, the most sanguinary vengeance will follow. This means, we suppose, that unless the Protestant Establishment is placed completely beneath them, and a large portion of its property is bestowed upon them, they will excite discontent and rebellion, and consider themselves just in so doing.

These are the persons whom the Government hope to satisfy: and that by injuring the loyal Protestants! Vain hope! When was the Church of Rome ever satisfied?—when could she be?—except with the case of a nation completely under her control, where every whisper of disagreement with her was instantly extinguished, where the Inquisition without opposition could fill its dungeons with pining victims, where the Bible was a sealed book, and ignorance and superstition universally flourished?

A remarkable pamphlet has just been published by a pervert to Rome, the Rev. Edmund S. Foulkes, who followed his friend Dr. Manning into the Roman Catholic Church, with other Oxford men, many years ago. He now addresses a letter to the Archbishop, in which he gives the result of his observation and study since joining the Roman Communion, and criticises freely the Roman position. He says that people who have become Roman Catholics in England of late years have deteriorated as a body, and have notoriously descended to a lower level of Christianity. His perfect ideal of a Christian family is still an English parsonage and its surroundings. He describes the apathy he found in Spain, and alludes plainly to the immorality of the priesthood there. He speaks strongly on the conduct of the Popes, on the history of the Church, and on other branches of the subject, and concludes—"Oh, the stumbling-blocks of a system in the construction of which forgeries have been so largely used, in which it is still thought possible for the clergy to derive edification

from legends which they cannot believe, and the people instruction from works of acknowledged imposture!"

We trust that the publication of this pamphlet at the present time,—when so many seem to be halting between two opinions, and hankering after Popery, as if it were all that they could desire,—may do much good.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

A Memorial of the Loving-kindness of the Lord; or, The Life and Travels of John Bunyan McCure, of Sydney. London: G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row; R. Banks, 50, Ludgate Hill.

We quote this title in our present number, more by way of announcement than for the purpose of review, as we hope, on a future occasion, to give copious extracts from the work itself. At this late day of the month we can merely state, that we never remember to have read a book tending more to show forth the tenderness, loving-kindness, divine watchfulness, all-sufficiency, and faithfulness of a covenant God. The work may be said to be a rich cluster of covenant blessings from the hand of a covenant God. We trust our readers may be favoured with a spirit of prayer on behalf of the beloved and God-honouring writer, who (as intimated in our last) is now on his onward way across the mighty waters, to the land of his adoption, sixteen thousand miles away from his native shores.

The City Diary and Almanack for 1869. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 120, Aldersgate Street.

THIS Diary is a marvel of cheapness, containing, as it does, in addition to abundant space for daily memoranda, a vast amount of most useful information, more especially for those connected with City-life.

Mode of Comfort for Parents bereaved of Little Children. Edited by WILLIAM LOGAN. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THIS handsome volume contains many striking illustrations of the gracious way in which parents bereaved of dear children have been sustained and comforted. Hence, much consolation may be derived from the contemplation of what others in these deep waters have experienced. The book cannot but be read with deep interest, by those familiar with affliction and bereavement.

Sure of Heaven. A Book for the Doubting and the Anxious. By THOMAS MILLS. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THERE is that in this work which commends itself, but with it there is intermingled a creature-faith, as if God had done His part, but was waiting for man to do his, namely, to believe in and upon Him; whereas saving faith is as much the gift of God, and is as absolutely beyond the attainment or maintenance of the creature, as the glorious work of redemption itself. Christ Himself is declared to be the Author and Finisher of faith; and, whilst it is written, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent," a most becoming and God-honouring cry is, "Lord, increase our faith;" "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." This entreaty is of infinitely greater value than all the warnings and arguments of poor fallible man, which, at best, only work up a poor sinner into a mere notional, superficial confidence, which is sure to fail in

the time of fiery trial and temptation. It is only the faith that the Holy Ghost gives that can stand this fiery ordeal, and make the professor "sure of heaven" in the holy confidence which the apostle enjoyed, when he said, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Family Prayers for Four Weeks. With Additional Prayers for Especial Days and Occasions. By the VERY REVEREND HENRY LAW, M.A., Dean of Gloucester. London: J. Nisbet, 21, Berners Street.

WE trust that these Prayers will prove a blessing to many a household. In the occasional absence of the head of the family, they may be read, we trust with much advantage, by one of the elder members of the family circle. Those who are familiar with the writings of the beloved and venerable Dean LAW, will be prepared for the rich and comprehensive vein of truth contained in these pages.

Comments on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By ROBERT NELSON (Malvern). London: Morgan and Chase, Ludgate Hill.

WELL does the author say, "The Spirit of God can never contradict Himself, never unsay what He has already said. God has promised eternal life to the sinner who comes to Him through His beloved Son, and from this gracious declaration He will not, and, for His own name's sake, cannot, depart." This, so truthful a testimony, will furnish the thoughtful reader with a key to this book, which contains some striking and instructive reflections.

CHRIST'S QUOTATIONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

OUR Lord makes quotations from, or direct reference to, passages in twenty-two of the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament—viz., Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, 1 Samuel, 1 and 2 Kings, 1 and 2 Chronicles, Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Jonah, Micah, Zephaniah, Zechariah, Malachi. In Matthew He quotes nearly one hundred passages, from nineteen books; in Mark, fifteen passages, from thirteen books; in Luke, twenty-five passages, from thirteen books; in John, eleven passages, from six books. If we may make such comparisons, we may say that Deuteronomy and Isaiah were his favourite books. In Matthew alone there are eighteen references to Deuteronomy, and three in the other Gospels. To Isaiah there are twenty in all. To the Psalms there are sixteen, to Daniel fourteen, to Exodus fourteen, to Leviticus thirteen. In the eighty-nine chapters of the four Gospels are one hundred and forty direct allusions to specific passages of the Jewish Scriptures. Our Lord never makes a single quotation from the Apocryphal books, nor can we gather that he had ever read them. It is remarkable that his quotations are much more literally from the Septuagint than those of the Evangelists, when they quote for themselves, or of the apostles, as found in the Acts and Epistles.

Quiet your trembling heart by recording and consulting your past experiences of the care and faithfulness of God in former distresses. These experiences are food for your faith in a low state, and in a wilderness condition (Psalm lxxiv. 14).

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 39,
NEW SERIES. }

MARCH, 1869.

{ No. 1,239,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

THE BELIEVER'S WATCH-TOWER AND REWARD.

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."—PSALM cvii. 43.

THIS, as well as another very precious portion, was brought to the mind in connexion with a circumstance that lately came to our knowledge. We had been speaking to a dear friend of the kind interposition of our God in regard to a recent circumstance, when he said in reply, "You remember my mentioning, a short time since, that I had had a £20 note sent to me from some quarter, and that I had not the slightest idea where it came from. Well," he continued, "after some time I met a person, and I said to him, 'Are you in trouble?' He attempted to waive the question, but I pressed him the more, saying, 'It has been laid upon my mind that you are in trouble. Now, if you are pray tell me. Are you in debt?' He continued so to press the inquiry, that at length the answer was given to the effect, "Since you are, so anxious about me, I must tell you candidly that I do owe a debt of £20, which presses very heavily upon my mind." Thrusting his hand into his pocket, the friend said, "There it is; it has been sent to me from some unknown quarter; and I am sure the Lord has designed it for you." With much emotion the grateful receiver then went on to tell how anxiously he had wrestled at the throne of grace on account of that debt, and how utterly at a loss he was to see how it could be met. As already intimated, the relation of this simple fact immediately brought the words of our text to the mind, as well as that other sweet portion, "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

Oh, dear readers, we have often remarked that, so far from our God having exhausted His resources, the great storehouse of Divine grace and providential mercy is as full and as overflowing as ever.

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Although the Lord's poor and needy ones have been drawing and drawing day and night, and moment, by moment from the time of Adam down to this very hour, there is not the semblance of diminution. There are two blessed mottoes sparkling in the dazzling light thrown upon them from the rays of the Sun of righteousness, and they are these, "HE GIVETH MORE GRACE," and, "YET THERE IS ROOM." We are as confident as we are of our own existence, that, with the exception of the grand transactions of Bethlehem, Calvary, and Bethany, and the wondrous display at Pentecost, the Lord Jehovah is still performing as great and as glorious things touching His kingdom and His ceaseless watchings and gracious care over His children as in Bible-days. We believe that He feeds His prophets, and nourishes His widows and their fatherless ones, as verily now as He did in Elijah's day. Nor do we believe that the way in which He sustained his servants then was one iota more remarkable or timely than in the daily experience of many of His living ones in our own times. Dear reader, let us not lose sight of that sweet word, "Whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." That is to say that what the Holy Ghost indited, and prompted His servants to write, and which He hath been pleased so mercifully and graciously to cause to be preserved through successive ages and generations, was thus written and thus preserved, as so many patterns and examples of what He has done, is doing, and is prepared to do as long as He has a Church in the wilderness.

Oh, would to God, dear reader, that He were pleased to give us faith to *test* Him and to *trust* Him. How true is that word spoken by the apostle James—and who that knows something of his own heart, but must fall under the rebuke?—"Ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." We know one poor sinner that is literally ashamed of himself, not merely for his ingratitude, but his unbelief; and, if there is one word more than another that he seems to grasp at, as a poor drowning man would at a straw or at a hand stretched out for his succour, it is such a word as this, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe," and, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" There is another word, too, which that self-same poor sinner falls under; it is this: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Reader, we talk about faith, but what know we of it? After all, we are little else but the creatures of *sight* and *sense*. As for *trusting* the Lord in the dark, and the mind being sweetly and blessedly *stayed upon Him*, in the face of the most adverse and seemingly contradictory circumstances, alas! alas! how little does one know of it. By comparison with bygone days, with their most critical and trying dispensations, one is disposed to say of present times and present exercises, "Why, I am gone back, I have lost ground, rather than advanced. I haven't the faith I had. I lack the confidence I once enjoyed. I can't trust Him now where I could once; and yet

I as much need His help as ever; yea, with increasing years and additional infirmities, I more need His presence and His smiles and the tokens of His favour; but, alas! alas! He keeps me at a distance; hides His face; and I go mourning without the Sun, exclaiming, in the bitterness of my soul, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be favourable no more? Is His mercy clean gone for ever? Doth His promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" And yet, dear reader, there may be at the same time, a conscious sense, and a corresponding appeal to the Lord, that there has been no heart-departure from the Lord, but at least the seeking and the striving to "follow hard after Him," saying of this and that step, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence;" yea, there has been a retracing step by step, and stage by stage, and at the same time a pleading with the Lord, "Shew me wherefore Thou contendest with me;" but, whilst there has been no sensible rebuke—no chiding—no intimation that a wrong course had been adopted, or a false light followed; yet there has been no sweet renewings—no fresh breakings in—no new discoveries. Yet, upon consideration, perhaps this is going too far, and saying more than one ought to say. One is apt in connexion with such experiences to set up a certain standard of succour and deliverance, and to say to one's self, "Well, now, I must have *that*, nor can I be satisfied with anything short of it." We will illustrate what we mean by a case with which we are familiar. There was one who had known the Lord for upwards of forty years, and who had had the clearest possible deliverance. Pardon and peace were sealed home upon the heart and conscience as clearly and as unquestionably as ever it was to Saul of Tarsus; but it pleased the Lord to visit that self-same individual with bodily affliction,—something apparently very simple, and easily to be overcome. But no, all efforts and all remedies failed; and with the malady was the re-occupation of the mind with the most dreadful fear of the mere article of death, insomuch that all past mercies and deliverances were overlooked—yea, completely eclipsed—and there was a drinking deeply into the spirit and language of Job, when he said, "Let the day perish wherein I was born." Aye, so dreadfully sunk in feeling and in fear was that poor soul as to be willing to forego every hope he had ever had of eternal life and blessedness, if so be he "could but be absolutely and entirely annihilated." Reader, these are terrible depths to go down into, and especially after so many years' experience of the Lord's goodness and tender mercy; and what would become of poor souls under such circumstances, supposing that their security depended upon *their faith*, rather than upon the *covenant faithfulness of a covenant God*? Oh, at such seasons as these, what a stronghold is such a passage as this, "Although we believe not, He abideth faithful: He cannot deny Himself." "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." We know, in reference to such cases as we have

just adverted to, it may be said, "Oh, it is *physical*." Granted; but is a poor soul able any more to manage the physical than he can what is purely mental or spiritual? Rather than give heed to such arguments, we would sooner listen to what blessed HENRY FOWLER used to say, "Satan, with his worrying, will shake the poor frame as it were all to pieces;" and he would at the same time intimate that "it was the Lord, and the Lord alone, who could rebuke the tempter, and bind up that which was broken, and heal all the wounds and bruises."*

In regard to these dark and trying spots in the experience of the Lord's living family, we often think of the pitiable position of the poor Arminian—sound, it may be, in heart-teaching, but cloudy in regard to doctrine and judgment. Such an one estimates his safety by his *feelings*, and imagines that the Lord is true to him just as

* Had those who are so disposed to account for the occasional doubts or depression of God's dear children, upon the ground that such exercises arise from merely *physical* causes, lived in the prophet's day, surely they would have said, with respect to his fainting and his fears in regard to the threatenings of the wicked Jezebel, "Oh, it is merely *physical*; it is the reaction after the previous day's excitement. He will soon be all right again." A similar conclusion, no doubt, such would have come to with reference to Hezekiah and his soul-anguish, as well as Job. "Oh, they are out of health, and hence they indulge in these gloomy thoughts and apprehensions," as though the Lord had nought to do with bodily ailments or infirmities; as though there were no intimate connexion and sympathy between mind and body; and as though the Lord did not make use of all and everything appertaining to the one as well as the other, for the furtherance of His own gracious covenant ends and purposes. Let the trials or exercises of the Lord's dear people arise, instrumentally, from whatever source or cause they may, all is under His divine direction and control, and intended in the end to issue in His glory and to the eternal advantage and everlasting well-being of His redeemed ones, and, whether these trials come in a mental or bodily form—whether such presses upon the heart from surrounding circumstances, or from the ailments of the poor frail tabernacle, each and all such tried or tempted ones shall have abundant reason, in the sequel, to declare, as the psalmist did, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and "He hath done *all* things well." "He hath led me by *the* right way [the only way, the proper way, the wisely-and-mercifully-appointed way], that I might go to a city of habitation." Dear reader, if we mistake not, multitudes of the redeemed will have to bless God through all eternity that He has the ordering of the physical as well as the providential and the spiritual, in that He caused one of His dear servants (the blessed Toplady) to sing out of the midst of *his* poor physical condition:—

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay;
How sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
"Sweet in His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.
"Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His wise decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

To these reasoners on merely *physical* grounds we should be disposed to say, "Are you quite sure your peace and your confidence and your joy, are by no means and in no respect whatever, nourished or to be accounted for upon merely *natural* grounds? May not your health or pleasant position or easy circumstances be fostering a too-nominal, general, or untried faith? Are you really personally conversant with what the apostle Peter says, in the first chapter of his first epistle, "If need be ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold, though it be tried by fire, shall be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

long, and no longer, than he is true to the Lord. According to his idea of salvation, it is altogether contingent upon *his* obedience and faithfulness. Hence, if he sinks into a low, lethargic, distrustful frame, he conceives that he has forfeited that little measure of grace which had been imparted to him, and, to say the least, he is likely to prove an apostate or a castaway. Now what a pitiable state of things is this; with reverence we speak it, what a useless salvation is this. The salvation which a poor, lost, bankrupt, ill-and-hell-deserving sinner needs is nothing short of a salvation that is based upon and encompassed by the covenant oath of a covenant Jehovah—the “I wills” and the “They shalls” of the Eternal Trinity. “I will be their God,” says the Lord, “and they shall be my people:” “I will put my fear into their heart, that they shall not depart from me.” Hence, when these divine verities are received into the heart of a poor broken-down sinner, as spoken home by the Holy Ghost, that sinner, under the unctuous power of the same, exclaims, “I will trust, and not be afraid,” for “the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; He also is become my salvation.” And then, with respect to dark paths, and painful, mysterious, and complicated experiences, he says: “He knoweth the way that I take; and when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.” “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” Some there are who say, such doctrine as this leads to licentiousness; but it is a libel to say so, and betrays an utter ignorance of the nature and operations of Divine grace. Godly fear is infused into every Spirit-quickenened soul. Such are begotten in the Divine likeness, made conformable to the image of God’s dear Son; and with that is an abhorrence of all sin—a love of holiness—and a desire to live pure as an angel of light.

But we were about to say, that, in the case before alluded to, although there was not the full and entire deliverance which had been so earnestly, ardently, and continuously pleaded for at the Lord’s hands, there was given on one occasion, in the very midst of the soul-conflict, and as a blessed set-off against all the previous fear and dread and misgivings, “He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation” (Psalm xci. 15, 16). It was given in the night-season, upon a sudden waking up from the early slumbers of the midnight hour, and it seemed as though the Lord Himself stood by the bedside, in readiness (like a tender mother or a devoted nurse) to soothe and reassure His anxious, doubting one. “If this be the case, then,” said he, “if this promise is to be fulfilled, what becomes of the expected seizure and the premature decay and death?” Again, at early morn and under somewhat similar exercises, another word was given, equally unlooked-for and unexpected: “He *will* fulfil the desire of them that fear Him: He also *will* hear their cry, and *will* save them” (Psalm cxlv. 19). Reader, do note the “will;” how emphatic! how blessed! Now thus it is the Lord keeps His dear children from actually sink-

ing under load and oppression. Thus He "helps them with a little help." Thus He gives them "words upon which He causes them to hope," and with which afterwards to ply the throne of grace. Such are the "tokens for good" with which He occasionally indulges them whilst walking in dark and dubious paths, in the which His dear face cannot be seen, nor His almighty arm felt, nor His sweet soothing words, for at least a season, heard. Reader, do you know anything about this experience, or are you always upon the mount, and in the sunshine—your "mountain always standing strong," and you disposed to say, "I shall never be moved?" Ah, many a poor soul has said the same who has lived to find, by painful and bitter experience, he was mistaken. Such have proved dear Hart's words to be only too true,

"Their pardon some receive at first,
And, after call'd to fight,
They find their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night."

Again he says, and with an immensity of truth,

"It is decreed that most should walk
The darkest paths alone."

But sure we are, dear reader, that all this kind of teaching, painful as it may be for the time being, leads to a more thorough and practical knowledge of our text, "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." Now who are these wise? Certainly not the wise of this world, for distinctly is it declared, "that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." Further, we read, that "God hath taken the wise in their own craftiness;" and again we read, that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. i. 26—29). Moreover, we are told that "the children of this world are in their day and generation wiser than the children of light." We have also these words of Jesus, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes [simple ones]. Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." The wise, then, are the spiritually wise—such as are "made wise unto salvation" by the Holy Ghost, in and by His blessed word, "through faith which is in Christ Jesus." These divinely-taught and spiritually-enlightened ones have a watchful and observant eye upon all the leadings and dealings of God with His dear people, in the appointments of His providence and in the special dispensations of His grace. And sure we are, that the very darkness, desolation,

and apparent desertion of which we before spoke, are all overruled and ordered of God to stir up the souls of His dear people to a more anxious and vigilant watching and waiting upon His own dear and adorable Self. Yea, it leads to the watch-tower, to more prayerfulness, and a closer scrutiny over self and the gracious leadings and dealings of God. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things." Now every Spirit-quickenened soul knows, sooner or later, that a bright path or great indulgence soon leads to fleshly ease and carnal security. "Jeshurun waxed fat,"—what then?—"and kicked;" threw off restraint and rebelled. And who does not know something of this, by bitter and painful experience? "He gave them the desire of their hearts, but sent leanness into their souls." How different to the testimony respecting the same people: "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." Ah, yes, it is under oppression, affliction, and sorrow, that the people of God grow. They spiritually thrive under weights and burdens. The Paschal Lamb is eaten with bitter herbs, now as of old. Do observe, dear reader, how the psalmist has dwelt upon these things in this identical psalm, which has been well called an epitome of Christian experience.

"Whoso is wise and will observe these things." Reader, it has been well said, "that he who watches providence shall never want a providence to watch;" and, as far as the experience of our little chequered life is concerned, we have ever found that, as surely as the mind has been stirred up to wait upon God, and to watch narrowly and closely His kind and gracious hand, He has been pleased as surely to work, and marvellously and mercifully too. The more simply and the more unreservedly and the more perseveringly we have been enabled to wait upon Him, the more plainly and conclusively and blessedly has He wrought for us. So that it is clear to a demonstration, that this very spirit of prayer and watchfulness is as much of Himself and from Himself as the kind and gracious interpositions of His hand. Reader, we often think we shall go down to our grave with deep, deep self-reproach because we have failed to wait upon Him, to watch His hand, and keep a more faithful and detailed record of His merciful and Fatherly doings. Oh! as we have been, almost from very infancy, of His Providence, yet, alas! alas! how much—yea, by far the greater portion—of His tender dealings as far as our conduct is concerned,

"Lie buried in forgetfulness,
And without praises die."

Oh, how a feeling and deeply-humbling sense of this fact leads us to bless God for two words in His precious book, "unprofitable" and "rebellious." "Having done all, say ye are *unprofitable* servants;" and "Thou hast ascended up on high; Thou hast received gifts for [margin, *in* the] man; yea, for the *rebellious* also, that the Lord God might dwell among them."

"Even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." Here, beloved, is a most gracious promise annexed to this watchful,

observant position. Now, do observe, first, how *positive* the promise, "They *shall*," not they *may*, but "they *shall*." Here is a Divine certainty—a Gospel verity; and why? Because, as we have attempted to show, both the inclination and the practice are from above. It is part and parcel of the covenant line of things, and stands in sweet and blessed unison with the merciful grace and divine condescension that are to follow. Next, they shall *understand*. That is, they shall no longer be what is natural to us as creatures, in ignorance or in doubt or at a peradventure about these plain and positive dealings of God; but there shall be such a clear, such a conclusive, such a personal insight into and apprehension of them, as shall bring the soul thus watching and waiting to know and feel and personally to realize for himself or herself what these dealings are. Light—divine light—shall be thrown upon what before appeared dark and doubtful—and such are brought to understand the position and language of those of old, who, addressing the woman of Samaria, with regard to the words and works of Jesus, said, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that He is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." Dear reader, is this the way that you came at *your* religion? Is this the line of things in which you have been taught of God, and led into a personal and experimental knowledge of the gracious dealings of God?

Once more, and briefly, "Shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." Not simply kindness, dear reader, but lovingkindness. Oh, it is a sweet word, *lovingkindness*. And all His dealings, however dark and doubtful to our poor little, contracted, fleshly minds, are, notwithstanding, in love and tenderness and mercy. "We know but parts of His ways," but "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter." The grief to every tender conscience is, that we should put so sorry and God-dishonouring a construction upon His acts; that because we cannot at once *see* and *understand* the why and the wherefore of each and every act, we should directly indulge in the spirit and language of the patriarch, "All these things are against me." Yet, in a sense, there is less excuse for *us* than for *him*, because *we* have such a list and line of teachings and leadings and succour and deliverances left upon record in the sacred word, and left, too, as patterns and examples for us, "that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Ah, reader, how prone we are to forget, that here we are called to live and walk by *faith*, and not by *sight*. And sure we are, that, if a sigh or a tear could enter heaven, it would be that we have indulged in such God-dishonouring thoughts and cherished such fleshly conclusions with respect to His leadings and dealings, whilst on earth. Personally, we are compelled day by day—if possible more than ever—to cry, "Lord, increase our faith."

THE EDITOR.

St. Luke's, Bedford, Feb. 5, 1869.

Upside Notes.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"*The night cometh.*"—JOHN ix. 4.

WE are no alarmists, nor have we any wish to pen anything that is sensational; but it is our conviction (one in which many thoughtful Christians share) that the dimness of twilight is falling upon us, and that "the night cometh" which shall usher in the second advent of our dear Redeemer.

We cannot feel it right, as many have done, to fix dates concerning this great event, especially in the face of our Lord's assertion, "It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father hath put in His power." Still, with the word of God in our hands, we may trace out "the signs" therein laid down that shall foreshadow "the great day of the Lord," and see how they are being fulfilled in the days in which we live. And that some of the children of God will have their minds solemnly impressed concerning the approaching end, we gather from the prophecies of Daniel: "Then said I, O my Lord, when shall be the end of these things? And He said, Go thy way, Daniel; for the words are closed up and sealed till the *time* of the end;" mark, not closed to the end, but to the time of the end; and adds, "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand; *but the wise shall understand.*"

Of course to such a subject there will always be objectors; for instance, some will say, "*Oh, years ago alarmists told the same tale.*" We would meet such with the reproof of the Scriptures: "There shall come in the last days scoffers, saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." "But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My Lord delayeth His coming, the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." We would have this class of objectors ponder well these solemn words. And then there are others that say, "*Oh, to dwell upon such a subject tends to upset people in their daily duties and engagements!*" We would reply, It ought not, and would not, if they were under the influence of the grace of God, and careful to watch the unfoldings of the will of Jehovah. "Behold," says our Lord, "I come as a thief in the night: *blessed*" (mark, *blessed*) "is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments."

But the painful part of the matter is, that objectors are not confined to the world, but are to be found within the Church. The world we might expect would cry, "False alarm!" because they wish not to be disturbed in their carnal security, but it is the Church also that is deeply asleep in this matter, for many are saying such a one who would proclaim a warning voice should be avoided. "Prophecy to us smooth things,"—that suits the present age. We must follow in the wake of expediency; so that the few who will be faithful to their convictions and their God are nearly left alone. And now, beloved, in being drawn, we trust, by the Spirit of God to this subject, it shall be our aim to take simply the assertions of

the Scriptures concerning this momentous matter, and draw attention to circumstances that are occurring in the present day, which seem to be the fulfilment of those assertions; and possibly the most prominent sign of the times is

I. THE ADVANCE OF POPERY.

The beloved John in vision saw that this would be so. "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea: and all the world wondered after the beast. And they worshipped it. And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations. And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship Him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." And after this foregoing vision, John goes on to assert: "I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen!" It is evident, therefore, from John's view of "things that should be hereafter," that Antichrist would be allowed great power previous to her overthrow; and is it not so in the present day? One has truly observed, "Her sudden increase of energy, as well as of prosperity, may startle us. With stealthy foot she has been advancing step by step till now she walks abroad at noonday with the sound of the trumpet, lifting up her head in bold defiance, and exulting in the consciousness of recovered mastery. Her hand, like Amalek's, is 'upon the throne of the Lord,' and she acts and speaks as if in nothing she would be restrained of all that she has imagined to do." All this we believe is solemnly true, and can only be astonished at the duplicity of many who smile at the idea of Romish supremacy in this country. Why, we could fill these pages with statistics proving the advancement of popery in dear Old England. We are told that the opening of new Romish churches and conventual institutions is almost a matter of every-day occurrence, and the statistics of the last few years show that Romanism is fast becoming a power in this country; and we might add, the greatest traitors to the Church of Christ are the Ritualists—men who, receiving the pay of the Church of England, are only obtaining converts to swell the ranks of the Roman Catholics in Great Britain, and who are, we think, only waiting their time to declare themselves on the side of Rome. We believe that the Church of Rome will make a desperate struggle in England before she finally goes down. That it would ever gain a predominance in this country some good men cannot believe. Sincerely do we trust they may be right; but we cannot help fearing and trembling when we see, as the Protestant Alliance Address informs us, "Our neglected children being gathered into Romish schools, our sick left in the hands of Romish nurses, our young women enticed into Romish convents, our taxes applied to the payment of Romish ceremonies within the walls of our workhouses and gaols;" and we might add, England's future king to be seen often in ritualistic places of worship—we say it does make us tremble for the future of our beloved country.

Oh that the Spirit of the Lord would lift up a standard against the deadly encroachments of Antichrist! Vain is the help of man; our only hope is in the Lord. And then, another sign of the second advent of our Lord, we gather from God's word is—

II. THE FALLING AWAY FROM THE TRUTH.

"When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" The character of the religion of the present day is form without power, show without spirituality, great profession but very little possession; hence, if you talk to many of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, they are offended at such a term being applied to them; and, if you talk of the doctrines of grace, and a saving knowledge of Christ, they lift up their heads with amazement, and think you a man of extreme views—to be avoided; and, while this is the character of the religion of the day, the champions of the truth are being taken away from us. The Lord seems to be fast gathering home His worthies; and certainly their places are not filled. Hence it is now a matter of common observation, "Ah! So-and-so is gone home to glory, and the flock remain without an under-Shepherd." Or, if their pulpits are supplied, it is by men of a far less knowledge of divine truth, and for the lack of the word unfolded, our hands wax feeble, and our spirits languish. That the Lord will not leave Himself without witnesses is His own assertion; but that He is thinning them must be patent to all who will observe. And then not merely is there a great falling away from the truth, but even those who hold the truth seem to be in a very sleepy state. Oh, how little of Jesus is in our conversation! What a rare thing it is to get anything like choice spiritual communion with brethren and sisters in the Lord. They seem absorbed in the things of time, troubled about many things, carried away by the spirit of the age; in a word, asleep, weary of following the Master; and we think that our blessed Lord set forth this state of things in His parable of the ten virgins, "While the bridegroom tarried, they *all* (mark *all*, both the wise and unwise), slumbered and slept." May the Lord the Spirit quicken us to a lively comprehension of divine truth and to increased desire after Jesus. We know of no cry so needful to be put up by the believer in the present day than this short but comprehensive prayer,—"*Quicken Thou me in Thy way, O Lord!*"

Another remarkable sign of the times is

III. THE NUMBER OF FALSE TEACHERS THAT ARE ARISING IN THE PRESENT DAY.

This, it is clearly asserted by our Lord Himself, would be so previous to His second coming: "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders, insomuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect," and then directly adds: "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." And was there ever a time when there were more false teachers existing than in the present day? What with Romanists, Jesuits, Tractarians, Unitarians, Mormonites, Atheists, &c., is not our country literally flooded with error in various forms? Nor must we omit that recent false teacher, Dr. Colenso, who dared to call in question the authenticity of God's holy word, and wage war with divine truth. Not that he can harm that word any more than the scratch of a pin could injure the solid rock; but the harm that he has done is to insinuate the poison of error into our colleges, and make infidels of many of our rising generation, who are to be the future teachers of the people, and who, when the grand struggle comes, will with their natural religion be found on Rome's side. Now our mercy and security, beloved, is in those words just quoted: "IF IT WERE POSSIBLE *such would deceive the very elect.*" But it is not possible. For as in the days of Pharaoh it was the

children of Israel only that were preserved from the plague of frogs, so now in these last days it is God's spiritual Israel that shall be preserved from unclean spirits, that, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast. Hence we never hear of a poor sinner who has felt his need of Jesus, and who has been brought by the Spirit of God to a saving knowledge of Divine grace, going over to Romanism or other forms of error. No; Rome's ranks are being increased from the multitude of professors who have a name to live, and yet are dead; and it is marvellous what such will believe. Men of intelligence and sense upon every other point, yet led easily to receive the most foolish vagaries, because made to assume a religious garb. We can only account for it, in the fact that they must be "given over to believe a lie." And further, among the teachers of error in the present day, we are told that the Atheists in London are engaged in attempts to imitate or parody the forms of Christianity. Infants are being baptised into the Atheistic body, forms for ceremonies at burials and marriages are being circulated by their leaders, and an attempt is being made to form a Sabbath-school of little Atheists. O my God, when shall the end of these things be? Surely Thou canst not much longer stay Thy wrath against such enemies of Thy beloved Son.

Well, to our mind these things all plainly point to the approach of the end. And, then, the last signs of the times that our space will allow us to draw attention to, are

IV. THE SOLEMN WARNINGS THAT ARE TAKING PLACE

in fulfilment of the words of our Lord—"And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places." And are not the news of every week bearing witness to this; and can we forget the famine of late years in Ireland and in Lancashire, and the pestilences in the form of cholera among the people, and disease among the cattle? It has been vain work to try and trace these things to secondary causes; we may depend upon it, God's hand has been therein, and should be acknowledged. And then

"EARTHQUAKES IN DIVERS PLACES."

And is it not so? In our boyish days we would hear of Mount Vesuvius and Mount Etna having opened new craters and poured their lava streams over cultivated land, and, folding our arms in a supposed security, we thought, "Ah! we are safe enough from all that sort of thing." But now, not merely do we receive accounts that the West Indies have been shaken by a tremendous convulsion—Peru, the Sandwich Islands, and California and many other parts of the world—but, here, in our supposed snug little island, we can scarcely take up a paper without reading accounts of shocks of earthquakes having been unmistakably felt, and we cannot tell how soon it might be God's will to rend the crust of our hitherto highly-favoured land and reduce to fragments our boasted works of man's ingenuity. Certainly, nationally, we are doing enough to cause God to pour out His wrath upon us, but for the sake of the few righteous that are therein we pray before Him that it may not be so.

But it must be plain to all who will observe that we are, in a remarkable way, witnessing the fulfilment of this prophecy—"There shall be earthquakes in divers places;" as one has truly observed, "Our poor mother

earth is assuredly in trouble, something is sadly wrong with her, she labours and groans under her pains and seems as if she would almost burst her stony heart in her throes."

She *is* in trouble, and are we not driven to the belief that her trouble arises from the fact that God is offended with the people upon her surface who are sinning against Him and doing wickedly?

Well now, beloved, are not these things so? Is not Popery making rapid strides in these days? Is there not a great falling away from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus? are not false teachers swarming our land, and solemn warnings constantly occurring that tell us that the end draweth near? Are we mistaken in our judgment? or do these facts commend themselves to your hearts, drawn, as they are not, from man's imagination, but from God's revelation? If we are right, remember the words of our blessed Lord, "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."

We know it may be said, "*Ah, but there are many things yet to be fulfilled before the end comes, which must take many years to accomplish.*" For instance, our Lord said, "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be published in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." We reply, Some run away with the silly idea that all the world are to be converted before the coming of Christ; but this is an imagination of man's brain, and not in accordance with the teaching of God's word; but that the Gospel is to be published in all the world for a witness is clearly predicted. Now, this seems to be the work which our missionaries, under God, are accomplishing to a certain extent, but this is but a slow process, and cannot our Lord, by some other means, much more rapid in its operation, and suitable to the spirit of the age, accomplish the fulfilment of His purpose? Are not changes in these days taking place with remarkable rapidity? and that some such means will be taken by Him seems to agree with the statement in the Revelation, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." Mark, it was an angel that was to preach, and that angel was to fly. But whether our Lord very soon bursts from His chamber in the skies upon us, or whether He tarrieth for a few years longer, the Christian's position is plain, namely, to live in the daily preparation for their beloved One's return.

In anticipation of this glorious event, they might take the following as a motto for their guidance, drawn, as it is, from the injunctions of the Scriptures:—

"WATCH"—"WAIT"—"WALK" AND "WORK."

Watch.—"For of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels in heaven, but my Father only; *watch* therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing."

Wait.—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, *wait* for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

Walk.—"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness." "See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, redeeming the time because

the days are evil." Alas! how painful it is to see "heirs of glory" led away by the frivolities of the age.

Work.—Not for salvation. This was accomplished solely and entirely by our Saviour on the cross; but live warning others—testifying of a precious Christ—spreading His name and fame; in this way "work while it is called day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work." Yes, "the night cometh," but believer in the Lord Jesus; think of the glorious and eternal day it will usher in—a morning without clouds—an entrance "within the veil," beholding Jesus as He is, no more to be separated. Come, Christian, look up and sing with us the sweet notes of one of God's watchers:—

"I know joy-bells are ringing
High in the upper air;
I cannot see them swinging,
But I feel that they are flinging
Their music everywhere:
For the coming Christ is bringing
A wreath for His bride to wear.
I see that the clouds are swooping
Up from the eastern sea;
Their dark dull forms are grouping,
Like a death-pall slowly drooping,
O'er this weary world and me:
But I know by their hurried trooping
That before the sun they flee.
I feel that the saints are meeting,
Like swallows in autumn-time;
I hear their holy greeting,
And I know that their hearts are
beating

With hope of a summer clime:
Saint unto saint repeating
How love makes life sublime.

I believe that Satan rages
Because his time is brief;
One thought my fear assuages,
Though every fiend engages,
Cheered by his fiendish chief:
And desperate battle rages—
Jesus will bring relief.

My weary soul is watching,
Till the new bright day appears;
My ear each sound is catching,
My heart her hopes is hatching:
Mine eye, though dimmed with
tears,
Glimpses of joy is snatching,
For the day of glory nears."

Beloved, may the Lord keep us "*looking*" for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and honour, power and dominion, now and for evermore.
Amen.

G. C.

Ilford.

GONE HOME!

ON A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Gone Home! Oh, how cheering the thought;
From sorrow and suffering free,
The glories of Canaan possess'd,
What a heaven must thine be to thee!

Gone Home! Oh, how happy a change!
The moment the signal was given,
Thy spirit from earth took its flight,
And soar'd with swift pinion to heaven.

Gone Home, to eternally rest!
No more in earth's desert to roam,
To dwell with thy Lord and Thy God,
Gone safely to glory; gone Home!

RICHARDA.

Pilgrim Papers.

HEART-WORKINGS.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 254.)

Sept. 4, 1868.—"Poor and needy." How much in the Gospel of the Lord Jesu Christ for such! Never did I desire truly Gospel food till the blessed Spirit created an appetite in my soul for it. I have been trying to ask the Lord to deliver me in every respect from the power of Satan. I fear of late that I have often been assailed with Satan's injections into my mind, causing me to come to wrong conclusions about the dealings of God with my soul. The enemy works on my carnal reason, and then for a while faith in God is not in exercise. I feel that the things of God, and the way in which He deals with me, cannot be rightly seen and acquiesced in by carnally reasoning about them. To believe spiritually in the Lord is more than I can do of myself. The faith the Lord gives, He increases; but it is usually by trying it. How many enemies there are in me to true and living faith! How many friends to carnal reason! What reason calls crooked, faith calls straight; what reason calls right, faith calls wrong; what reason calls wrong, faith calls right; what reason says is against me, faith says is for me. There is falsehood in the former; there is truth in the latter. Where one person walks by faith, how many walk by sight! "He that believeth shall be saved." What, then, will become of him who reasons, and believes not? (See Mark xvi. 16.)

Sept. 6.—Have been trying to-day to examine myself. It was suggested to my mind to do it according to Bible law, Bible Gospel, Bible invitations, Bible petitions, Bible precepts, and Bible promises. Examining myself according to Bible law, which says, "Thou shalt have no other gods but me," I find I am guilty, inasmuch as I have preferred the world—the "pleasures of sin," self, and many other evil things, such as my own ways and heart-idols—to the Lord. Again, the law says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c. But this I have not done, but hated Him. Then the law curses all who continue not in all things written therein to do them. Therefore, as I have not continued to do all the law requires, I am by nature under the curse, and am "condemned by the law as a transgressor."

Then, if I examine myself according to Bible Gospel, which speaks of a Saviour, of justification by His blood and righteousness, of pardon, peace, life, salvation, mercy, and grace, as being "a joyful sound," I cannot say but that in many times past Bible Gospel has been glad tidings to my soul, inasmuch as it has just suited my case, bringing everything I need freely, "without money and without price."

Then, if I examine myself according to Bible invitations, such as, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden;" "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth;" "Follow me;" and such like; bless the Lord that there has been in my heart, through the Holy Spirit, a response to these invitations. There has been a coming to Jesus through the drawings of the Father; there has been, while suffering from the bite or sting of the "old serpent," a looking to Jesus for healing and salvation; there has been felt a soul following hard after the Lord.

Then, if I examine myself according to Bible petitions or prayers, there has been the cry, as Jabez, for a blessing "indeed"—cries similar to David's for mercy, pardon, healing, help, deliverance, protection, guiding; and such as Peter's, "Lord, save me;" the publican's, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner;" and the poor woman's cry, "Lord, help me."

Then, if I examine myself according to Bible precepts, such as, "Love one another," "Do this in remembrance of me," there have been times when with truth I could feelingly say, "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren;" and when my soul has felt it good to meet around the Lord's table with His people to observe Christ's ordinance in remembrance of Him.

Then, if I examine myself by Bible promises of strength, clothing, feeding, peace, the Lord's presence, blessing, cleansing, directing, delivering, upholding, &c., there have been seasons when the precious promises have been applied by the Holy Spirit with power to my soul, healing and comforting it, and making me feel, that though poor and needy, yet the Lord thought upon me.

If I examine myself, "the old man," the only conclusion I can come to is, "Behold, I am vile;" and as Paul, "In me [that is, in my flesh] dwelleth no good thing." So that I cannot come to the same conclusion about myself as Pilate did when he examined Jesus, "I find no fault in Him;" but quite the contrary.

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." Well, this is the faith I am in, and the faith in me—that in myself I am undone; but in the Lord Jesus Christ I am, I trust, through the doings of the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, saved for ever, being "saved with an everlasting salvation." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

Sept. 10.—Oh, what a foolish creature I am! It seems as if I shall never be anything here but a changeable, frail, vain, and sinful worm of the earth. Worms spend a good deal of time in the dark, under ground. So it is with me. Let a man call the worms out of their holes, their hiding-places, and will they obey him? No. What will bring them out? Why, the Lord's sending the gentle dew from heaven; this will bring them out of their dark holes. So with my poor soul. I feel there is nothing can bring it out of dark underground places, holes and corners, but the blessed Spirit's dew sent down from heaven, and gently distilling on my soul. Lord, let it come now. Oh for the dew, the gentle refreshing dew. I can't make it come, O Lord. Let Thy doctrine drop on my soul as the rain, and distil as the dew. When doctrine comes in this way to my soul, I then feel it is not what is called "dry doctrine," but "wholesome." How precious the promise, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob; I will help thee." I have sometimes thought of the fact that no one likes to give house-room to worms. People will find house-room for cats and dogs, birds, &c., but none to poor worms. But such is the great love and condescension of the Lord Jesus Christ, that He graciously protects and finds room in His affections for poor sinful worms, even those who are made to feel so by the teaching of His Holy Spirit.

Sept. 25.—How near I feel sin to be! How far off salvation! Yet the presence of sin does not, thank God, prevent me desiring the salvation of the Lord, to whom it belongs. Sin belongs to me, "salvation belongeth to the Lord." The blessed Spirit has shown me my sin, and I hope to be shown God's salvation. Sin is my burden, yet the dear

Saviour has many times granted me relief from this burden. When the sensible relief is withdrawn, then to some extent the burden is felt again. Eventually such relief will come that will never be exceeded by any burden again. At times I have a burden of fears, cares, anxieties, and can then feelingly, with Jeremiah, say, "The Comforter which should relieve my soul is far off from me." Yes, He the Comforter is the great and effectual soul-Reliever. It is not anything which can relieve my soul. The world cannot, nor self, nor any creature; none but the Holy Ghost the Comforter. When His comforts are felt in my soul, what "pure delight" is then enjoyed! As one said, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul." Here are the living soul's delights—"Thy comforts." There is something particular and special in the complaints of the child of God, and there is also something particular in his comforts. The sweet comforts of the Comforter felt in the soul prevent, during the time they are enjoyed, bitter complainings. They humble the soul, and lead to thankfulness and praise. All my complainings will, I hope, soon be over; may they be followed with "everlasting consolation" through Jesus Christ my Lord.

Sept. 26.—What a precious doctrine is that of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ! When my soul feels lively in the things of God, through the gracious power of the Holy Spirit, what proofs are these of the truth of Christ's resurrection from the dead. The angels said, "He is risen; why seek ye the living among the dead?" Yes, He is alive; "alive for evermore: death hath no more dominion over Him." He is alive to the best interests of my soul, both for time and eternity; alive to guide me with His omniscient eye, to hold me with His powerful hand, to defend me with His mighty power, to clothe me with His righteousness, to cleanse me with His blood, to supply all needful grace for this time-state, "and afterward receive me to glory." Because He lives, I hope to live also. Oh to know more of Him! How excellent is the knowledge of Christ! What is every other kind of knowledge compared to this? "This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." I have felt to-day a little of the blessed Spirit's help in prayer. What a marked difference there is in "praying in the Holy Ghost," and praying without His felt assistance. While praying for the Holy Ghost, what a want of power and liberty I have often felt; but, when praying in the Holy Ghost, what enlargement of heart is experienced! How the mouth is opened! What liberty is felt at a throne of grace! How the precious blood of Christ is pleaded! How the precious promises are applied! What a solemn entering into the holiest by the blood of Jesus! How the Scriptures are opened! What love to the brethren felt! What sin confessed! How self is loathed! What communion carried on and enjoyed with the Father and His dear Son Jesus Christ! Oh for more heartfelt experience of these vital realities! These are the rich blessings which will make me "dead to sin" and the world, and "alive to God."

Oct. 6.—"Faint, yet pursuing." Yes, I trust I am pursuing the right course from Egypt to Canaan. I feel I cannot pursue what I once did. How eagerly sin, the world, and its pleasures were pursued! Thank God for stopping me from pursuing those things. Ah! He has done it, glory to His dear name. What a great work is conversion! Who but the Almighty Spirit of God could effect it? My soul has often felt faint; so much so, as that I have hardly been able to detect any signs of life. Yet

there is still a pursuing in seeking the Lord, and in crying to Him. I am often pursued by enemies, such as evil thoughts and feelings, besides Satan's temptations. So I find, if the Lord enable me to pursue what is good and right in His sight, sin, Satan, and the world will pursue me. Well, it is better these should pursue me than I pursue them. I want my soul to be following "hard after God." There is so much in God the Saviour for the following soul. "Follow thou me," said Jesus to Peter. But no, carnal reason says, Follow me; the world says, Follow me; sin says, Follow me; Satan says, Follow me; the Pope says, Follow me. When in an unregenerate state there was no response in my soul to these words of Jesus; but, since the Holy Spirit hath quickened my soul, there has been felt a sweet influence, inclining my mind and will to follow Him. I am sure of this, that God the Holy Ghost alone can prevent a sinner following the course of this evil world, and beget in his heart a living and sincere desire to follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

Nov. 15.—How awful it must be to be deceived! Am I deceived? Sin is deceitful. My own heart is deceitful. Satan is wily. Who but the Holy Spirit of truth can preserve me from being deceived? Oh the many fears I often have as to how it will be with me in the end! What effect have they on my mind? Why, they lead me to ask the Lord to make known to me my standing—if it be in Christ; if my religion is of Him; if I am born again. How possible to have much light in the head without having a grain of grace in the heart! What a great thing it is to feel *certain* of being the Lord's chosen, redeemed, and quickened child! What extremities my soul is sometimes driven to on these heads! Ah, there is such a place as "wits' end." Can the Lord do anything for a soul in such a place? My heart says, "Yes." At such a place the Lord's works are seen and felt to be marvellous; and that the Spirit-taught soul knoweth right well.

Jan. 12, 1869.—Children often talk of their Christmas presents. On Christmas Day I had two sent me from "a far country," where I hope a King, a particular friend of mine, lives and reigns. They were not intended for the purse, cupboard, or the body; but for the lifting up and encouragement of my sinking and desponding soul. With them came the certainty that the Lord intended to save my soul. Oh, how this broke my heart! and humbled me down at the blessed feet of Jesus. How wonderful it is that the great God and Saviour should condescend to bestow such mercy upon a worm, "a bruised reed!" Here is free grace indeed. When under the softening and illuminating influence of this visit from the Lord, I wondered to myself what was going to take place, whether or not the Lord was about taking me to Himself. But no; His purpose was to put me in the furnace of affliction, and there try the grace He bestowed. The very next day I was so ill as to render it needful to consult a medical man. The means he tried not succeeding, another was consulted. The Lord was pleased to bless the means he prescribed to the subduing of the malady. Now the Lord knew what was going to occur. What I beg Him to give me, is a heart to bless His adorable name for so graciously blessing my soul beforehand, and also while in the furnace. Oh this furnace-work! How the flesh shrinks from it! Yet what needs-be there is for it! How close my soul seemed brought into contact with eternal realities! What cries to the Lord! What questionings! What searchings of the heart! What heart-speaking to the dear Saviour!

Tetbury.

F. F.

DESERT PLACES.

"And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves into a desert place, and rest awhile; for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."—MARK VI. 31.

How graciously does the Lord provide for the different states and circumstances of His children! While it is His sovereign will and pleasure that there should be no idle servants in His house, as He gives to each their appointed work in the proper season, yet it is also needful, yea, necessary, that they should have suitable times for rest, while He Himself chooses such times and places for that rest, as may not be altogether pleasing to their own ideas; thus in the present instance, the place selected for the disciples to rest awhile in was a "desert place." They had been sent out by two and two to preach, and had power given them to work miracles, casting out devils, and healing the sick; neither was it pleasant work to the flesh they were engaged in, for they were commanded to "take nothing for their journey save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse;" to be shod with sandals, and not put on two coats. There was nothing very tempting in this expedition to the carnal mind. But they had fulfilled their mission, and returned to tell Jesus all things, "both what they had done and what they had taught."

What a lesson! to bring all one's concerns, spiritual and temporal, to Jesus. Then it was that they were invited to "come into a desert place, and rest awhile;" but the invitation was very distinctive: "Come ye yourselves apart;" but mark, He does not say, "go ye yourselves." He does not send them alone. No: He accompanies them into this quiet resting-place; and, when there, provides sustenance for both body and soul. But, leaving these favoured disciples, whose delight it was to do their Master's will, it may be profitable to contemplate the desert places wherein God's people are frequently called upon to rest awhile as they journey onwards and homewards, for their souls are sometimes brought down by labour, though not always of an active kind.

First, there is the desert-place of the hidings of God's countenance; and surely this is one of the hardest things to bear to those who enjoy most of His smiles whose favour is life; those who, with tender conscience and loving heart, delight, like the beloved disciple John, to be constantly near their Lord, to lean upon His bosom. Some Christians can be satisfied with a smaller degree of close fellowship with Jesus than others, though as nearly allied in union. This is no theory, for we constantly see it in every-day life, and the reason appears to be they allow the cares and anxieties of life to swallow up so much of their thoughts and attention. They tell you they have no time for better things; it is true some are necessarily more absorbed with worldly matters than others, but should the world occupy all our time? Cannot our religion be carried into it? Or are there no leisure moments when we can be alone with God? The Psalmist, who was a man full of active employment, could yet find time from the cares of state to serve the King of kings, and mourned His absence in such plaintive strains as these—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" "I will say unto God my Rock, Why hast Thou forgotten me?" (Psalm xlii.) "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? why hidest Thou Thy face from me?" (Psalm lxxxviii. 14.) "Wilt Thou not revive us again: that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?" (Psalm lxxxv. 6.) "O God, be not far from me; O my God,

make haste for my help" (Psalm lxxi. 12.) Though to our spiritual senses the Lord appears sometimes to have withdrawn Himself, yet it is really not so, according to the encouraging declaration of our blessed Saviour, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." There are seasons when the child of God cries out, "My Beloved had withdrawn Himself and was gone: I sought Him, but I could not find Him; I called Him, but He gave me no answer." In such seasons, to our apprehension it may be said of us, "And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron" (Deut. xxviii. 23.) Our prayer seems so to return to us again; but it is our "iniquities which have separated between us and our God, and our sins have hid His face from us that He will not hear." "Because of the wickedness of thy doings whereby thou hast forsaken me." This brings the chastening rod. We cannot charge God with changeableness: no, He is of one mind, and none can turn Him; so that the change must undoubtedly be in ourselves, though the teaching may be according to His sovereign will and pleasure.

But secondly, there is the desert place of *temptation*, and, terrible as it is, how comforting to know that our great Forerunner was also brought into this desert place, that in all things He should be made like unto His brethren, sin excepted, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into *the wilderness*, to be tempted of the devil," but, as the Holy Jesus would not have gone willingly into temptations, since in all His acts He was led of the Spirit, is it too much to say, O tried and tempted believer, that *all* thy path is marked out; yea, even thy seasons of temptation? Thou needest to be shown what is in thine heart, what pride lurks there, what lusting of the flesh against the Spirit, what carnality, what unbelief! All these things have to be brought to thy view by temptation, but to specify the various forms of it would be more than human pen could accomplish; neither is it necessary, since every tempted child of God knows too well the particular forms Satan appears to him in, whether as a roaring lion, or an angel of light, whether through the world, our own peculiar temperament and disposition, or our religious observances.

Our Lord was tempted in three ways: first, through hunger; secondly, to doubt His own Divinity, yet prove it by attempting self-destruction; and, thirdly, through ambition; yet He overcame, that "He might be able to succour them that are tempted." But in whatever form we are tried, the apostle Paul writes for our encouragement, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." We sometimes think our own temptations very uncommon; but the word of God tells us that others have travelled the same dreary road before us, and, whilst we are "in heaviness through manifold temptations," let us take courage from the thought that when we are tried, even as with fire, we shall come forth as gold purified, to the honour and praise of the great Refiner.

Thirdly, there is the desert place of *sickness*; and truly this is a place where we must "rest awhile" from active service of whatever kind we are accustomed to be engaged in. When the body is racked with pain, or worn down by weakness, we are apt to wince at the rod, or quarrel with the dispensation, until the affliction is sanctified by discovering the needs-be for it. Those who, with the writer, have been kept at home for

weeks together, and heard every Sabbath the church-bells around calling worshippers to assemble in God's earthly courts, will agree that it requires no small amount of patience and submission to acquiesce in the Lord's dealings, especially when the house of God is so loved and esteemed that we can say with David, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand." For by this we are taught that our dependence is to be placed on the Lord of hosts, Himself, and not upon any of His instrumentalities. And here we may observe that in the desert place of sickness, we are often accompanied by Jesus; and a blessed Companion He is, turning the desert into a garden, and causing it to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Fourthly, there is the desert place of *bereavement*, and here we are to turn aside from our usual routine to more solemn engagements; here we are to contemplate death in all its reality; here we are to have our very hearts torn asunder by parting from near and dear ones. Oh, this is a desert place indeed to have those with whom we have taken sweet counsel together separated from us for the remainder of our natural life; their loved voices hushed, their loved faces removed from our sight, for ever shall we say? Nay; if dead in Christ we shall meet again, and, when grace prevails over nature, we shall be comforted by the prospect that the next meeting will be for ever. Still this is a desert place, in which we are drawn "apart," and have great need of divine sympathy and consolation. In this path also our Saviour trod; therefore He can sympathise in all our sorrows, for He wept from the same cause.

Fifthly, and lastly, there is the desert-place of losses, crosses, and trials of various kinds, which are too numerous to particularize, but, as each heart knows its own bitterness, so will each individual Christian be best able to fill up his or her own list. Persecutions for Christ's sake, being forsaken by false friends, whom we vainly took for real ones, a famine of the word of life, which most have to experience at one time or other, together with the body of sin and death ever present to contend against, make up a sum-total well-nigh sufficient to overwhelm us; yet let us bear in mind these desert places are resting-places, where we are led apart to commune with our own hearts and God, for vain is the help of man under such circumstances. "Go not into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity, for better is a neighbour that is near than a brother far off." Yes, go to this near Neighbour, this good Samaritan, who alone is able to pour the oil of consolation into thy wounds, and refresh and strengthen thee with the wine of His love. He can and will make all grace abound towards thee, and, though not outwardly, yet the solitary place of thine heart shall be glad and rejoice while He is with thee; for He has promised that His "grace shall be sufficient for thee," His "strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness." Then there is the resting-place alone for which we sigh, but call not death the desert place leading to it. Oh, no, it is only the last shadow thrown across the valley of life, the chamber where mortality unrobes itself, to be clothed upon with endless light while entering into the mansions prepared, to be "for ever with the Lord."

Manchester.

A LITTLE ONE.

When Christ was born, all Jerusalem was in an uproar; so when Christ is born in the soul, corruption arms itself against grace; there is a combat betwixt flesh and Spirit; but Christ subdues the flesh by little and little.

"THE RIGHTEOUS HATH HOPE IN HIS DEATH."

How very different do we feel when hearing or reading of the trials, afflictions, and sorrows of others, to what we do when it comes home, close home, to ourselves. We may sympathise, and that deeply, with our friends in affliction, but the feeling is very different when it enters our own house; and, while we feel to be living in a dying world, and being continually reminded by the removal of one and another of our friends and acquaintances that we have here no continuing dwelling-place—yes, when death for the first time enters our own house, and cuts down with a stroke a loved child or a tender and affectionate wife, we feel as though we never saw death as a reality. Before we had thought of death, and mourned the departure of dear friends, but we had never before seen the king of terrors in all his terrible power, and felt its solemn effects—how it loosens our grasp of even the lawful things of time; how one's mind is solemnly awed; how one sees "Vanity, vanity, vanity" is stamped upon all; how one envies not the rich and great with all their pomp and show; how one's friends and companions in the Lord, with whom one had taken sweet counsel, seem to fail in giving that comfort and consolation which is their wont. We feel, and deeply feel, *one* thing is needful—nothing but the Lord will do. Come, thou much-loved and long-expected Guest, come take possession of one's troubled breast.

"Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore—
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more."

Thy love alone can cheer this dungeon where I dwell; here we are surrounded by death and dying; in the Lord alone is life. The nearest and strongest of earthly ties are one by one being snapped asunder. Those who were once our friends are changed to foes; real friends are growing cold, and standing aloof; enemies are gaining a victory; all things in nature appears to be revolutionized, and one sighs and feelingly cries—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.

"Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past—
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

These are some of the thoughts and feelings which have possessed one's breast through the removing by death of the beloved partner of one's life, the sharer of one's sorrows and joys, one that at all times and under all circumstances manifested that deep concern for one's welfare, that kind and tender care for one's comfort, that loving and affectionate sympathy in one's every distress, that meek and amiable disposition which characterizes but few of the gentler sex. How every movement of one's mind, and the common occurrences of every day, brings afresh to one's thoughts the many little acts of tenderness and affection performed by the dear departed—how one seems to miss the loving smile and warm grasp of the hand, with which one was almost invariably greeted at the door after an absence from home, with a, "I am so glad you are come, dear; how is it you are so late? I was afraid you were not coming." These seem little common-place matter-of-course things while life lasts, but when death comes and takes away the dear object of one's love, with what different feelings are they regarded.

How often does it occur with the Christian that while sustaining some heavy load, a burden, which appears to crush him to the earth, and while weighing beneath the strokes of God's correcting rod, he cries with the psalmist, "Thine hand presseth me sore; I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long; I am feeble and sore broken; I roar by reason of the disquietness of my heart; Lord, all my desire is before thee, my strength faileth me; as for the light of mine eyes it is gone from me." While thus lamenting, confessing, and crying, the Lord is pleased, for wise ends and gracious purposes, to lay on a heavier stroke, an altogether unlooked-for and never-before-experienced trial, which appears to strike the dying dead.

This was my case when the Lord was pleased to take from my side my beloved wife. Various things had combined to make one's path a path of real sorrow. One had left the harassing cares of business, and had gone into the West of England for a few days' rest and quiet, hoping the change would be the means of bracing one's nerves and cheering one's downcast spirits; but the night before one's return such gloom and despondency filled one's breast, and such darkness, such felt darkness, pervaded the mind, that one was apprehensive more trouble was near. Oh, how low one sank, and thought it impossible to bear any addition to one's already heavy load; but so it fell out that on reaching home one discovered the fact that the beloved one had been taken ill, and a medical man had been called in. She grew worse and worse, and in a day or two was obliged to take to her bed, and her medical attendant gave it as his decided opinion that she would not recover, her disease being that of rapid consumption. It now became a matter of the greatest moment to myself and others who loved her, and not less so to herself, how matters stood for eternity. She had been a reader and a lover of the truths contained in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE and other similar works for about fifteen years; many were the sips and crumbs she had picked up in their perusal. The editor's pieces in the Magazine were particularly sweet and encouraging to her, and she usually spoke of the writer as "dear Mr. Doudney," and deeply did she sympathise with him in his late bereavement. The late "Recluse" was also a favourite writer with her, and lately she had found the papers by the "Old Pilgrim" precious to her; but the religion that will do very well when calmly and smoothly sailing down the river on a sunshiny day oftentimes proves insufficient to support the mind when called to cross the broad Atlantic in a tempestuous sea, especially when that storm is the terrible blast of death. All natural ties are now to be severed; kind friends are to be seen and welcomed no more; the object of one's love is to be left behind; dear children which had been so fondly caressed are soon to be without a mother's tender care; the sweet babe is to be torn from the breast. Death is a solemn reality. Eternity, vast eternity, opens to view; every power of the mind is called into exercise; every faculty of the soul is aroused; the sins of a whole life-time present themselves to view; all the sins of childhood that had been buried for many years now stand up in array; and she remarked, "What a wicked girl I was; what a wicked, thoughtless child! Oh, it is a solemn thing to be brought to the position I am in."

The disease continued to make terrible ravages on the constitution. She lost flesh in the most rapid manner, and in about three weeks was not able to move without assistance; her poor bones almost protruded through the skin, and she was literally brought into that position described in

Psalm xxii., "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my strength is dried up like a potsherd; and I am brought into the dust of death. I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me." In this state a second medical man was called in, who concurred in the opinion already given, that she would not last long. She received the announcement quietly and calmly, remarking to her husband, "I must go, Walter," and added, "I have only one request to make: it is that I may try Mr. C.'s treatment; the Lord *may* bless the means. I do not at all think that He *will*, but He *may*. The means are ours to use. After that I will not put you to any other expense." This request was, of course, gratified. Mr. C.'s medicine had the effect of reviving her for about ten days, when she relapsed into the same utter weakness and complete prostration. Her natural disposition being nervous and irritable, it was very remarkable with what patience she endured her sufferings, what resignation to the mind and will of God, and with what courage and fortitude she faced death; how grateful for every little kindness shown by those about her, and what deep sense she possessed of her own unworthiness; sometimes saying, upon a little wine being offered to her, "I am not worthy to take anything; I am a beast; I am unworthy."

The following are a few of the sentences which fell from her lips during her short but most painful illness. She complained of great hardness of heart, and lamented it most bitterly, and was sometimes heard praying vehemently, especially in the night season, in the following way. "O Lord, have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me. Oh that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, and come down, and break this hard heart: break it, O Lord, in ten thousand pieces."

It was a great trouble to her that she could not pray with her eyes shut quietly to herself, for Satan, she said, lulled her to sleep, or presented objects to her view, and she did not like praying aloud, for fear of being heard. Thus a cloud of obstacles is raised to keep the seeking soul from Christ. "But," says Berridge, "if thou press on the clouds will fly, and though faint to Jesus cry, and He will send supplies." To a friend she said, "Oh, Mr. A——, how hard my heart is! how hard I feel it!" On being asked how she first came to go to chapel, she said she did not hardly know, only when a child a feeling came over her to go to chapel, and she continued to go all these years, and scarcely knew what for, only felt a little in trouble about her soul; "but that is all nothing, if I am not one of God's elect. Oh to die, and not to know where I am going—to take a leap in the dark, how awful! Will you pray with me? I am so full of fears, I cannot feel myself a sinner great enough, and I can do nothing; it is the Lord who must do *all* Himself. You cannot help me; it is the Lord who must do that. Your conversation may be a *help* to me, if the Lord is pleased to bless it. Oh that I could feel myself a greater sinner! I am afraid it is merely to escape hell I am seeking after God, and not from a real *love* to Him. Oh, how I do desire to love God! Don't you build me up on a false foundation." Still mourning hardness of heart, and fearing no real change had taken place, "I do feel some outgoings after the Lord when I am here alone. Oh that He would come and make my hard heart soft. I do want to love Him so. Oh to think of dying, and my heart so hard. If the righteous *scarcely* be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? I know I can do nothing; oh no, oh no." Found her sinking very fast; she said that she had no hope. "Oh that the Lord would shine upon me, and show me a token for good, and then take

me home—just *one* token, one *little* token.” Still desiring the Lord’s mercy, but fearing she knew nothing savingly. “Oh, how much I need His mercy! Oh, what a sinner I am! what a great sinner I am! How I do wish He would shine upon my poor soul!”

Found her more comfortable to-day; had found comfort from those words of the dying thief, “Lord, remember me.” She said, “The poor thief found mercy, perhaps I may; but I fear it is all nothing.” Found her to-day again mourning hardness of heart; she says, “How hard I am! I seem to have no feeling at all. My husband asked this morning what I desire to go to heaven for; was it merely to escape hell, or is it to enjoy the society of God and His saints? Those words have almost killed me. I don’t know anything. I am filled with confusion; my nearest and dearest friends and relatives are nothing to me; it is the company of the poor dear children of God that I love. How exceedingly kind of dear Mrs. M—— and dear Mrs. B—— to take the trouble to come and see one so unworthy. I am astonished at their kindness, they spoke so feelingly to me. How kind they are. The Lord bless them. I only want the company of the godly, but feel unworthy of their notice. If I could but touch the hem of His [Jesus’] garment. The disciples, when they were journeying to Emmaus, their eyes were holden that they should not know Jesus; even so are my eyes holden that I cannot see Him. All *gifts* are nothing; we must have *grace*. Lord, remember me.”

On her husband’s asking the state of her mind this morning, “So dark, dark, dark!” “What, have you no hope?” “No, not any.” “Can you pray?” “No, I cannot; I am so full of confusion.” “Do you feel any desire?” “Yes, I have got a desire for the Lord. Oh, that He would appear; just one *little* token, the smallest token.” Claspings her hands, she said, “Do, Lord, remember me.”

Found her to-day sinking very fast. She said, “My heart is *not quite* so hard—feel a little melting of soul; but I want the Lord to appear fully to my soul. Will you read to me about Christ being crucified between two thieves? Oh, how I do want to love the Lord; but I fear I have never passed the change of heart. I could give up everything if the Lord would appear; but I suppose I am not one of His chosen. He will not, then, reveal Himself to me.”

Found her to-day greatly distressed in mind, and tempted by Satan. “Satan,” she said, “has appeared to me, and told me you are trying to build up with a false hope, when I am nothing but a hypocrite; and he will be sure to have me in hell, and that I was only afraid for Mr. H—— to see me, because he would be sure to see what a hypocrite I am.”

Sunday morning. “I have got a *little* hope; if any of the friends at chapel ask for me, you can tell them I have a little hope; I feel like Jacob, ‘I cannot let Thee go, except Thou bless me;’ using words in prayer is not enough.”

Found her to-day more composed and comfortable; she had a hope. She said her heart was not quite so hard. “Oh, how I do wish I was upon earth when the Lord was, and that I could have spoken to Him!” On being asked the state of her mind this morning she said, “Oh,

“I am a guilty, weak, and worthless worm
On Thy kind arms I fall,
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my *all*.”

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That is my feeling. I am nothing but sin. To say we are sinners is not enough; we must feel it. Oh, that the Lord would pardon my sins, and take me home!"

This morning she said to her husband, "Oh, Walter dear, I have had such a happy feeling to-night. I was sitting up in the bed, and all of a sudden I felt as if the Lord was coming into the room, and there was such a happy pleasant feeling come over my spirit that I cannot describe. It was like shining through the lattice, and it gave me such a bright, shining hope in the Lord. Oh, thought I, I shall be able to tell you in the morning the *Lord is come*. But it was soon gone, it only lasted a minute; and now I fear it was all nothing, but it has left a sweet and pleasant feeling."

To her husband, who had been absent during the day, she said, "Mr. A—(our minister) has been to see me to-day. I found his visit very comforting. He quoted Romans the 8th and 24th. 'We are saved by hope.' I never thought of *that*. I never saw such beauty in the words before. I have got a hope, and the apostle says we are *saved* by hope. I find those words encouraging to me." At another time she said to her husband, "I have been comforted to-day, dear, from my old text, that I was enabled to rest upon, when dear Gad (her eldest little boy) was born; 'This is our God for ever and ever, and will be our Guide *even unto death*.'" Spoken with great emphasis, "*even unto death*." Some time after she said, "Oh, how rebellious I feel! how rebellious I am!"

She was frequently heard fervently praying in the nights, "O Lord, give me patience—give me strength and patience—to *bear it*. Take me home, dear Lord, take me home. Don't let me be a trouble to them—reveal Thyself to my soul, and take me home." Seeing her little boy weeping, she said, "Don't cry, my dear; it is God's will. Poor little fellow! Don't cry, my child; you have got your father left, and this is *God's will* that I should be brought here." To her husband she said, "Take care of Effie, dear, because her chest is delicate. I leave all the dear children to you and the Lord. Take care of poor little dear baby—I know you will. I cannot think how it is I am willing to *leave* the dear children. It seems most astonishing to me. I have no wish to express to you. I leave it *all*. Let me share your troubles with you as long as I am here—it will not be long. We have lived and loved one another only a *few* years together. I should have liked, if it had been the Lord's will, to be spared a little longer to you and the dear children; but we must part some day. Don't fret, dear, it is the Lord's will."

The night before she died she was very wandering in her mind at times, but for the most part was quiet and composed. She was frequently heard to be in prayer, and remarked, "I am so glad he (meaning her husband) has got a God to go to. The Lord bless him. Bless him for all his kindness to me. Poor fellow, how he does try to do all he can for me. Bless him and the dear children Thou hast given us." She repeated that verse, "A day's march nearer home." On my entering the room she said, "I have such a pleasant feeling, dear, that I am one day nearer home than I have ever been before. Will you spend a few minutes in prayer?" On rising from my knees she said, "Every word of your prayer expresses the desires of my soul—every word." I entered her room a little before she departed, and she held out her hand, and said, "Good-bye, darling." I sat by her side, and she said, "How sleepy I am. I

think it is Satan that lulls me asleep when anybody comes to talk to me on the best things." She lay awhile and gasped for breath, and repeated that verse of Fowler's—

"Jesus, o'er the billows steer me,
Be my Pilot in each storm;
Hold me fast and keep me near Thee,
For Thou knowest I'm but a worm."

"But a worm! But a worm! I am but a worm!" On observing Gadsby's Hymn Book she said, "How I have wanted that book. There is a hymn there very sweet to me. I can find it." Her poor trembling dying fingers turned leaf after leaf, and pointed to hymn 229.—"That's it."

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He has said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?"

The last verse appeared precious to her—

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

She said, "How beautiful! How nice!" and then repeated part of Toplady's hymn—

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne:
Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

After resting a little time she asked for the children, and kissed them, and gave directions about her little girl's hair; feeling now her end was near. I asked her if she had any hope; she replied with some confidence, "Oh, yes, dear; I think the Lord will receive me. I could tell you a great deal if I had breath," and added, as her breath permitted, "Hope—thou—in—God." On my entering the room after a few minutes' absence, she said, "Will you have a little prayer-meeting, dear?" We gathered around her bed for that purpose. She said, "Read loud, dear, because I am so deaf." After reading Psalm cxxiii. 3, "Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us," she muttered quietly, "Yes, yes." Immediately a slight rattling was heard in the throat, and her eyes rolled around and rested on me, when

"Two gentle sighs, her spirit broke—
We scarce could say she's gone,
Before her ransomed spirit took
Its seat before the throne."

Thus passed away one of the most kind and affectionate of wives, tender and loving mothers, sympathizing and sincere friends the world has ever known. She was interred in Dorking Cemetery, October 2nd, aged 40 years. Mr. Allmett preached her funeral sermon on Sunday, October 4th, and commenced by saying—"Dear friends, we are met under very

solemn circumstances to-day. The Lord hath seen fit to remove from amongst us our friend Mrs. Curry; and I feel it a very solemn occasion. This day three months she occupied her seat with us, hearty and well, probably no thought of death; but now the wife, the mother, and the friend lies buried in yonder cemetery. Before her death she said many things to others that she did not say to me. I had not heard of her illness, but I felt my mind particularly exercised, and a spirit of prayer going out to the Lord on behalf of my friend her husband, and he was continually on my mind. When I heard of Mrs. Curry's illness, I went to see her, and I asked the state of her mind. She said it was 'dark.' I said, 'What, is there no hope?' She said, 'Oh, yes! Mr. Allmett, I have a hope; for that text has been very sweet to me—"This God is our God for ever and ever, and will be our Guide even unto death."'" And from that text which our friend found comfort in I propose addressing you this morning; for I can safely say, that from the moment the words came out of her mouth to the present they have not left my mind. 'This God is our God for ever and ever.'"

That the dear departed is gone to her rest I cannot doubt; not only from the hopeful circumstances which surrounded her death, but from the unctuous and gracious way which the testimony she gave was commended to the conscience, and most of all the force and power with which several Scriptures have come to the mind. The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath "hope in his death." Prov. xiv. 32, have especially confirmed and established me in the belief that she is safely landed "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The Lord is not always pleased to gratify the fond wish of surviving friends in granting what is called "a triumphant death-bed." It is very blessed when bestowed, but we have no scriptural warrant to expect it. The blessed Jesus Himself said, "It is finished," bowed His head, and gave up the ghost. The Lord is the Hope of His people (Joel iii. 16), whether living or dying. "Blessed is the man whose hope the Lord is" (Jer. xvii. 7). "We sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; but if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (1 Thess. xiii. 14). Should it be our happy privilege to get to glory, we shall doubtlessly find many there we never expected to find there, and we shall find many absent who we expected to be present. Who knows how far a hypocrite may go and yet be a hypocrite? or how shallow the evidence of spiritual life in a child of God, and yet be a child of God? "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." "This people have I formed for myself, and they shall shew forth my praise." WALTER CURRY.

A REMARKABLE SERMON.—The Christian Book Society [22, King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.] have just issued a cheap reprint of a remarkable sermon preached nearly forty years ago at St. Thomas's Church, Bristol, by the Rev. T. F. Jennings, then curate of the parish, and till lately curate of Emmanuel Church, Weston-super-Mare, on the occasion of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill, in March, 1829, entitled "England's Last Effort." In an appendix are given some arguments by the late Sir R. Peel, written in reply to the sermon after the perusal of a copy of it presented to him by the late Richard Hart Davis, Esq., then M.P. for Bristol. The sermon turns out to have been almost *prophetical* of the future increase of Roman Catholicism.

THE DECEITFULNESS AND THE DANGER OF RICHES.

SOME time ago it was my mournful duty to be much with a gentleman (the second son of a wealthy baronet, and himself the possessor of large landed property) whose mind was to a considerable extent shaken. His distress of mind was so indescribably and dreadfully great that it was necessary to exercise the most careful and constant watch over him. In vain I endeavoured to point him to the sinner's Hope, the only Refuge for the guilty and lost. Every argument he would repel, admitting that God could indeed be gracious, but not to such a wretch as he felt himself to be. At times he would ask me to look out of his sitting-room window from which a most delightful prospect could be obtained, and ask if I did not think the trees and flowers looked blighted, and the sun itself gloomy and sad. I would then tell him of my own feelings with respect to the lovely objects which lay scattered before us, and say that it was being viewed through the medium of his own despairing mind that caused them to appear to him in such gloomy colours. His views of the so-called pleasures of society were most striking and solemn, and he would wonder how men could sport so heedlessly on the brink of ruin, with God unsought, the soul unsaved, and a dreadful though unheeded eternity before them. He would remark, "Hell is a reality, a dreadful and dreaded reality. I feel as if suspended over it by a hair, and apprehend the sword of God's vengeance ready at any moment to descend and cut that hair." Over his careless relations he mourned with a most bitter lamentation, for the ties of natural affection were strong, and, like the rich man in the Gospels, he feared lest they also should come into the same state of torment. Sometimes he would exclaim, "Oh, that I had been born a poor man! How shall I answer for misused wealth, abused influence, and for indulging my own accursed sinful inclinations, instead of devoting all to the glory of God, and (oh, horrid thought!) living entirely to self under the guise of a Christian name?" On one occasion, seeing a paragraph in a newspaper touching a visit which his nephew (a college friend of the Prince of Wales) had been invited to make to Windsor Castle, I took the paper to his room and read it to him, but instead of being gratified, as I supposed he might be, he called out "Sad! sad! sad! Poor boy! the notice of princes will only lift him above himself, and oh, awful thought! to rise to the heights of earthly glory and sink from thence into the depths of hell."

But to come to the last touching scene of my connexion with him. His friends had resolved to place him under the care of an eminent medical practitioner near London, in hopes that the change might prove beneficial to mind and body. He begged me to remain in the room with him until the arrangements for his removal were gone through, and showed great affection and gratitude for any little attention and sympathy which had been shown him. It was necessary that he should be examined by two medical men, and a certificate, touching the state of his mind, forwarded by them to the party under whose care he was to be placed. When the first medical man came, he simply answered the questions put to him, and allowed him to depart without making any particular observations; and then the second came, a young and interesting-looking gentleman. He was rather slow in answering his inquiries, and seemed to regard him with a look of mingled sternness and pity. On his moving towards the door to retire, the patient rose from his seat, and, fixing his bright piercing

eye on his examiner, he said, with an earnestness and an awe which the writer will never forget, "Dr. E——, do you really wish to know what ails me?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Then I will tell you;" and after a solemn pause, he added, "I have been all my life long building on a rotten foundation; God has swept it from under me, and here I am left in the horrors of misery and despair. And, Doctor E——," he continued, "I fear you also are building on a like false foundation; and, if so, be assured the time will come when God will sweep it from under you, as He has done to me." The Doctor looked astonished, said, "I hope not," and withdrew. In a few hours after the carriage that was to convey him to the railway-station drove up to the door. With a mournful heart I bade the sufferer farewell; and many a time since have I begged of the Lord, if it were His sovereign will, to break his mental and spiritual bonds, and bring him, like that favoured one of old, to His dear feet, clothed, and in his right mind.

RUTHERFORD'S LOVE FOR JESUS' COMING.

HEAR the soul-stirring breathings of Rutherford for the coming of Jesus; though dead, his words speak in life-inspiring tones to the saints now looking for, and so near the revelation of the "Just One."

"The Lord hath told you what ye should be doing until He comes; wait and hasten, said Peter, for the coming of your Lord; all is night here, in respect of ignorance and daily-ensuing troubles, one always making way to another, as the ninth wave of the sea to the tenth! Therefore, sigh and long for the dawning of that morning, and the breaking of that day of the coming of the Son of man, when the shadows shall flee away. Persuade yourselves that the King is coming; read His letter sent before Him (Rev. xxii. 20). 'Behold, I come quickly,' wait for the wearied night-watch, for the breaking of the eastern sky, and think that ye have not a morrow; as the wise father said, who, being invited against to-morrow to dine with some friends, answered, 'These many days I have had no morrow at all.'

"I half call His absence cruel, and the mask and veil on Christ's face a cruel covering that hideth such a fair face from a sin-sick soul. I dare not challenge Himself, but His absence is a mountain of iron upon my heavy heart. Oh, when shall we meet? Oh, how long to the dawning of the marriage-day! O sweet Lord Jesus, take wide steps! O my Lord, come over the mountain at one stride! O my Beloved, flee like a roe or a young hart, on the mountains of separation. Oh, that He would fold the heavens together like an old cloak, and shovel time and days out of the way, and make ready in haste the Lamb's wife for her Husband. Since He looked upon me my heart is not mine own; He hath run away to heaven with it.

"O day, dawn! O time, run fast! O Bridegroom, post, post away, that we may meet! O heavens, cleave in two, that that bright face and head may set itself through the clouds! Oh that the corn were ripe, and this world prepared for His sickle!

"The wife of youth, that wants her husband some years, and expects he shall return to her from overlands, is often on the sea-shore; every ship is her new joy; her heart loves the wind that shall bring him home. She

asks at every passenger news, 'Oh, saw ye my husband? When shall he come? Is he shipped for a return?' Every ship that carrieth not her husband is the breaking of her heart."

LIFE, LIGHT, AND LOVE; OR, VISITS TO AND FROM JESUS.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Having kept you so long waiting for a letter, I am almost ashamed to write now; but I know that you will not construe my silence into indifference. Even now, though I have resolved in my mind to write you an epistle in love of love, yet I do not feel that I shall be able to communicate anything that will either glorify the Lord or edify your spiritual mind. I would gladly obey the sacred command, and prophesy unto the wind to blow upon the Lord's garden that the spices thereof might flow out, but I find that without Him I can do nothing. The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak. Nevertheless, we read of the worthies and valiants of old, that out of weakness they were made strong, and I believe that it is just so now with the Lord's people, for "we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God," and "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us:" so that we have nothing of a spiritual nature but what we receive at the bountiful hands of our covenant God as a free-grace gift; and we well know that "Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning;" for "He is in our mind, and who can turn Him?" and "If God be for us, who can be against us?" All beings, things, and circumstances must work together for our temporal, spiritual, and eternal good: and

"Tis His delight to make us bless'd,
And live upon His love."

He will not let us live upon creatures or self, but will bring us to say experimentally with Paul, "To me to live is Christ: and to die is gain: and the life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." This was the climax of Paul's joy, the consummation of his delight—"Who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." It would have afforded the great apostle no joy, it would have caused him no delight, it would have yielded him neither comfort, consolation, nor satisfaction to have known that Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it, had he not have been able to say, "Who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." This is at once losing sight of all persons but the Lord, and of all creatures that are interested in His great love wherewith He loved us, but the individual *me*. The lines of Hart find a feeling echo in the minds of all God's children—

"Though God's election be a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
'Till I am told by God's own mouth
That He has chosen *me*."

Let the soul be once persuaded of this fact, convinced of this blessed reality, assured of this precious free-grace mercy, and how it will rise into the pure atmosphere of love, and inhale the air of heaven! It will then sit

and sing in heavenly places in Christ: "The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted." It will then see and acknowledge that the love of a Father's heart flows through the blood of a Saviour's veins; that the blessings of the eternal covenant are expressed from Jesse's Fruit, drawn from Sharon's Flower. The bloody sweat that poured from the sacred flesh of Jesus was a full and free expression of covenant love for a covenant people. He bore our sin, He carried our sorrow, He endured our stroke, He suffered our hell, He paid our debt, He delivered our soul, and all for the "great love wherewith He loved us." Love bled and conquered; Love died and triumphed.

"O Love, how high Thy glories swell,
How great, immutable, and free!
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are swallow'd up, O Love, in Thee."

"He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel;" and why? "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." We are unblameable, unreprieveable, unrebukeable in His sight, Israelites in whom there is no guile. Spotless and pure in Him we ever were; comely and upright in Him we ever shall remain. We are justified freely from all things in Him, through Him, and by Him, from which we could not possibly be by the fulfilment of the law of Moses; for "we conclude that a man is justified without the deeds of the law,"

"And righteousness without the law
Is righteousness without a flaw."

Christ has presented us to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. We are clothed in His purity and perfection, arrayed in His light and loveliness. The robe of day is our garment of light, the Son of God is our orb of righteousness, the Lamb slain from the foundation is our wedding garment. It is not creature-purity, creature-holiness, creature-righteousness, creature-perfection, creature-dignity, and creature-glory that we appear in and boast of. No; for all that we are, and all that we shall ever remain in our new-creatureship, dignity, and glory, we are in love-union and blood-relation to the Son of God, who is the express image of the Father's person, and the brightness of the Father's glory. "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual." The earthly image of the first man was destroyed on the cross, and the heavenly image of the second man was most gloriously revealed in the resurrection. Our old man was crucified with Christ, our new man was raised with Christ. The body of sin was destroyed on Calvary; the body of purity is indestructible. "There is a natural body [in union to Adam], and there is a spiritual body" [in union to Christ]. But "the body without the spirit is dead," and the Church without Christ is dead: and, experimentally, do we not feel death without Him, barren without Him, like the drought of summer without Him? To be sure we do. Where He is, there is life; where He is, there is fruitfulness; where He is, there are music and dancing; and where He is, we find a paradise of joy, an arbour of rest, a pavilion of safety, a shady tree of life, and a royal free-grace house of banquet. When He shines, we are light in the Lord; when He smiles, we are happy in the Lord; when He speaks, we are joyful in our God. Time-shadows then flee away, earth-shades recede from view, nature-ties are dissolved,

creature-bonds snap asunder, and all sublunary objects and subjects are superseded by the uncreated glories beaming forth from the all-fulness of our eternal Beloved. We then become satisfied with substance, being filled with the blessing of the Lord: we are content with such things as we have, and settle down in Jesus, clothed, and in our right mind. The pledge of warm love we hold in our bosom, the antepasts of bliss and blessedness rest sweetly in our heart, the first-fruits of eternal glory grow and luxuriantly hang upon our spiritual branch, and the well-spring of eternal life bubbles up in our soul: we are feelingly remote from the noise of archers, and experimentally removed from the strife of tongues. It is then that we can joyously sing—

“Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on His throne!”

But how often do we lose sight of Jesus! how frequently do we forget His love! Time-sorrows press heavily upon us; wilderness-cares nearly overwhelm us; the difficulties of the way almost overpower us; it is dark before, it is dark behind, it is dark within, it is dark without—in a word, it is all dark. Life seems dead, love seems quenched, faith appears to be gone, and all hope for the time being is cut off. Like one of old we are apt to exclaim, in deep sorrow, “My hope is perished from the Lord.” At such times, upon such occasions, we are tossed with tempest, and not comforted; it is now dark, and Jesus is not yet come, creation is clad in sackcloth of hair; we go mourning without the sun; all seems out of order; darkness is upon the face of the deep; the earth is without form and void. We then long to hear the voice of our Beloved saying, “Let there be light!” We pant and cry to hear Him whisper in sacred love-accent, “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee.” We listen for the coming of our precious Jesus, and hope to hear Him once more say, “Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.” When He thus speaks, when He so whispers, we are off quicker than the lightning's flash, we move more swiftly than the wings of the wind, we glide away more nimbly than the feet of hinds upon the mountain's summit; we near the full-orbed sun with that velocity peculiar to ransomed spirits; we approach the blest presence of our Beloved simultaneously with the word spoken in our heart. We are at once at home, we are with the Lord, we are like the Lord. He is then our everlasting light, our God, and our glory, and we say, in all that burning eloquence which inspires our inner heart, which ravishes our enraptured soul, “O Thou best of all beloved! Thou nearest of all friends! Thou dearest of all relations, whom have we in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that we desire beside Thee.” Thou hast killed us to all but Thyself; Thou hast spoilt us for all but Thyself; Thou hast weaned us from all but Thyself; Thou hast separated us from all but Thyself, and Thou hast lovingly taken us out of ourselves into Thyself; Thou hast begotten us in love; Thou hast watched over us in love; Thou hast led us and fed us in love; Thou hast supported and upheld us in love; Thou hast clothed us in love; and Thou hast inspired us in love to sing a song of love and to play upon an instrument of ten strings of love. Thou hast enabled us to go down in the dances of those that make merry in love, and Thou hast brought us to partake of the living fountains of love; Thou hast constrained us by

love to glide into the ocean of love, to drink of the river of love, and to bask in the sunshine of love. By Thy power of love we are changed into the same image of love, and we are lost in the glory of love. We can now rest in the harbour of love, we can banquet at the table of love, we can swim in the bottomless and boundless ocean of love, and we can cheerfully and joyfully bathe in the fountain of love. More than this, we can live in the embrace of Love, gaze upon the person of Love, and crown the brow of Love with immortal wreaths of glory. Whilst gazing ecstasically upon the Object of love, we become sweetly transfixed by love, so that we are pleasingly bewildered in love. Here we are brought feelingly to revel, whilst we lose sight of dull mortality and earth's changing elements. O our Beloved, what hast Thou not done for us? What hast Thou not become to us? What art Thou not in us and for us?

“O sweet Pavilion, here I hide,
Blest Refuge, here I flee;
And shelter in Thy bleeding side,
To all eternity!”

Thou hast separated me from myself to Thyself, that I might not live myself by myself, but that Thou Thyself mightest live the life of Thyself in me who comprises a part of Thyself. I now live in Thee my life, far remote from myself, so that I am now as far from myself in Thee Thyself as the east is from the west; and not until the two poles shall meet shall I find myself living in any but in Thee. Hence Thou, dear Jesus, art my love-life, my light-life, my grace-life, my glory-life. Thou art my undying life, my unchanging life, my unfading life, my undisturbed life, and my eternal life. Thou art life; I live in Thee, Thou art living in me, and we are living together in indissoluble oneness, in unequalled nearness, in unparalleled closeness. O sacred bond of love! O blessed tie of love! O hallowed friendship in love!

“O blessed Jesus, what a love is Thine,
An ocean deep it is—a drop is mine;
Be Thou Thyself my *love* as well as *life*,
And then I'll love Thee as Thou lov'st Thy wife.”

Most dearly-beloved, your last epistle was a most precious one, and I have no doubt resting upon my mind that the Spirit indited the good matter, and caused your pen to glide along without let or hindrance. We were both more than pleased with its blest contents. Thou art highly favoured! The King's heart is thy abode, His palace is thy dwelling, His person is thy all. To you He is—

“more glorious far
Than mortal language can express.”

We both have you in blest remembrance, and we should much like an hour or two together to talk of the things touching the King. But, though we are absent in body, we are present in spirit. Here we dwell together in closest unity.

Very affectionately yours,

JEDIDIAH.

What God inclines His people to, He enables them to fulfil, and when finished He accepts.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

NOTES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED BY THE REV. A. WALLINGER, IN PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON,
NOVEMBER 22ND, 1868.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—

LUKE xix. 10.

I PURPOSE, dear brethren, to talk to you a little upon the narrative of Zacchæus, which we have already read in the former part of this chapter, therefore to this I shall direct your attention. In the first verse we find, "And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho;" "And behold there was a man named Zacchæus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich" (verse 2). These publicans were very odious characters, for they were tax-gatherers. And what made them so odious? Why, because they lived by extortion; they levied the taxes, and then were at liberty to make what they could by them; so of course they made a vast deal by extortion and oppression; therefore they were very hateful persons, and were called extortioners. "And he was rich;" yes, rich with plunder, rich with extortion. "And he sought to see Jesus, who He was" (ver. 3). He sought to see Jesus. This is a good thing to be in search of: "he sought to see Jesus." What made him wish to see Jesus? Some think it was only through curiosity, but I think the Lord had begun with him beforehand; there was something done already. He did not quite like his riches, when he began to think how he came by them. There was a little conviction even then working in his soul; and this is the way in which the Lord begins, with a soul, you know; for the most part it is so, where the Lord works. "He sought to see Jesus." Have you ever seen Jesus? "No," say you, "He is not to be seen now surely, is He?" Oh, I trust some of you have seen Him; but it is in a way directly contrary to sense. How? Why, by the precious eye of faith. We are all stone-blind by nature; we are born into this world stone-blind, and remain so till the Lord opens our eyes to see. And what shall we see? What did Zacchæus see the first thing? Why, he saw what a wretch he was: and that is what you will be made to see too; your sinfulness and devilishness. And then you will go on, as he did, to see the sovereign remedy for all your devilishness; therefore the sovereign remedy is to see Christ, but you could not do that till the Holy Spirit manifests Him to you, as "He doth not unto the world," until He reveals Him to you; and this therefore is to be seen by the precious eye of faith. Have you seen a little of Christ?—enough to captivate your heart? Enough to cause the desire of your heart to be toward His name? Therefore it is perhaps why you have come wanting to see Him this morning. Do you want to *feel* Him too, as well as to see Him? Oh, He is One to touch the heart, and, if you get a sight of Him, your heart will be affected—and deeply affected too—with the view of His greatness, majesty, glory, and preciousness; affected also with your own sinfulness, wretchedness, ill-and-hell-deservedness. Therefore, you see, the Gospel lies in power: first, the power which convinces you of your sin, and then the power which constrains your heart to love Christ; for the Apostle Paul said, "Our Gospel is not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Well, then, my dear friends, those two lines which I quoted in prayer this morning suit some of you, for are you not a beggar? "Oh, I need to

be," say some of you, "for I am poor and wretched, needy and miserable, more or less; and often feel very much so." Well, then, these words of dear Berridge's will do for you.

"A beggar waiteth at Thy door,
And wants a sight of Thee."

Oh, did you come this morning hoping to see Jesus? "And he sought to see Jesus, who He was, and could not for the press; for he was little of stature." "No man," says the Lord, "can by taking thought add one cubit to his stature." "Oh, yes," say you, "I understand that: no one can add even one inch to his height." What stature would you like to be? "Why," say you, "I should like to be the fulness of stature in the Lord Jesus Christ; I should like to grow up more and more in the knowledge of Him; this is the stature I want." But you cannot do it, no more than any of us can add one inch or one hand's-breadth to our height literally; but the Lord goes on adding to the stature of His people, and therefore He causes them to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" so they increase their stature in Him. Now, what is your stature? Oh, some of you feel yourselves very low indeed, I dare say; but I believe the Lord makes all His people very low, in order to put the desire into their hearts, "Oh that I may be rooted and grounded in Christ Jesus, that I may grow up in Him, in more knowledge of Him, more communion with Him, more intercourse and fellowship, more nearness to Him; that I may have a deeper sense of His majesty, greatness, and glory, and more apprehensions also of my own debasedness, wickedness, and the vile abominations of my heart." Well, I suppose that is often a cry and prayer in your heart, if you are a child of God; unless you are an empty professor, a barren professor without any possession. Is not the desire of your heart toward His name? That you may grow up into the stature of the Lord Jesus Christ, that you may be, as it were, a little nearer to Him. Then in the 4th verse we read of Zacchæus, "that he ran before and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him, for He was to pass that way. And when Jesus came to the place, He looked up and saw him, and said unto him, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." Now you see Jesus was passing by that way, and He could not pass by poor Zacchæus; though He had passed by multitudes, you know; yet He could not pass him by. I once heard a minister in this town (of course I shall not say where) speaking of this case of Zacchæus and the Lord's passing by that way, "Oh," he said, "the Lord has been passing by you for many years, but you have never availed yourselves of the opportunity." "Well," say you, "where is the harm of that?" Do you not see the harm? Why, he was only exalting creature-work and creature-worth, creature-power, and creature-doing. You cannot avail yourselves of it; if the Lord passed by now, not one of you would care to avail yourselves of it unless the Lord revealed Himself to you, and picked you out from the multitude as He picked out Zacchæus. Oh, I hope He has picked some of you out from the multitude—picked you from off your dunghills and dustheaps, where you lay by nature filthy and polluted, "cast out to the loathing of thy person." Multitudes are, by nature, there still; but I hope you are able to feel and realize that you are singled out. "Oh, but," say you, "that is presumption." Is it? Then may the Lord give us more of such presumption that we may realize that we are

picked out, and shall not be lost, but are numbered with the blessed, and shall be brought to heaven at last as the fruits of sovereign grace and the riches of salvation. Sweet thought and sweet feeling! that we are redeemed—picked out from all the rubbish in which we once lay; and, if the time had rolled round, and we had still lain in that rubbish, we must have been swept away to hell, if death had found us in our lost, ruined, and undone state. Oh, I say, therefore may we realize that we are picked out; and, if we can realize that, we shall cry out with David, “‘Why me, Lord, why me?’ why show mercy to such a wretch as I?—such an ill-and-hell-deserving sinner as I?” This is a very sweet feeling: I cannot tell you how sweet; but some of you know it by experience; and may the Lord thus favour us this morning, and then we shall look to the Rock “‘from whence we were hewn,” and to the hole of the pit “‘from whence we were digged.” Oh, if you had been left to yourself, what poor work you would have made of it; for, suppose you had been able to have separated yourself, sawn yourself off from the Rock, when thus separated and sawn off, could you have weighed or lifted yourself out of the pit? Oh, what a mercy if you are not going down to the pit of everlasting damnation, which is even now preparing for the wicked; what a mercy for your soul, if you have heard this sweet word, “‘Deliver him from going down into the pit.” Why, what good is there in him? Why is he better than others? “‘Deliver him; for I have saved him, I have found a ransom for him;” and the poor soul may be ready to say, “‘Why did the Lord find a ransom for *me*? There are many better than I am.” The Lord will give no account of His matters, but will do just as it pleases Him, merely because it is His will so to do; not giving reasons, only He will have it so. “‘I have found a ransom.” Is not that a very sweet word to you—very blessed? “‘I have found a ransom;” and He will cause you to find the ransom too, for He has paid all with the price of His own precious blood—nothing less; and, if you are one of the sheep of His pasture and the flock of His fold, you have been told in, for not a hoof of the flock shall be left behind. No, the devil never could and never will be able to get one of the chosen flock to hell—not one; no, none but the reprobate goats; for all His sheep are chosen to life as the fruit of sovereign grace, the sovereignty of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in the salvation of the Church elect in Christ Jesus. Well, we find Jesus did not pass by Zacchæus. Has the Lord ever given you this experience? so that you can say, “‘The Lord could not pass by *me*; no, but He laid hold of me, and stopped me in my mad career, when I was determined to damn myself; for He well knew if left to myself I should do so, and be lost for ever; but He would not have it so.

“‘Determined to save,
He watched o’er my path.’”

As dear Newton says,

“‘When, Satan’s blind slave,
I sported with death.
“‘And can He have taught me
To trust in His name?
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame’?”

Ah! we have often said so, and felt so perhaps, because of our evil heart of unbelief, which makes sad work in our souls sometimes, so that we ques-

tion everything. "Can He have brought me thus far to leave me to perish?" And this we come to learn time after time. No! this be far from Him,

"This must not be so done in our country;"

though, if He rewarded us according to our deserts, according to what we have done, notwithstanding all the revelations He has been pleased to make of Himself; notwithstanding that we are standing in the favour of Heaven, you and I have done enough to forfeit all, and go to be for ever with the wicked and non-elect; but, though the Lord does not love the sin of His people, He loves their persons, and has promised never to leave, nor forsake them. What a mercy, then, to feel His presence, to hear the whispers of His love. When you see and apprehend this; then what a mercy to feel that He will never leave you because He has put His love into your heart; and then you know what it is to have your heart melted with His love, grace, and goodness; and, if such is the case, He will never gainsay it, never undo it. He will never leave you in point of fact, though He may often leave you in point of feeling; for He hath promised that He will never leave nor forsake you—that is, in point of fact; yet, I suppose, you often feel, with David, that He does leave you, making you to cry out, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies? Is His mercy clean gone for ever? Doth His promise fail for evermore?" Then I suppose you go on to say, "This is my infirmity; it is not true; the devil was practising upon my evil heart of unbelief, for I know whom the Lord loves in this world, He loves unto the end." He never ceases to love them; but then perhaps you say, "If He loves me, why am I so troubled with enemies, tribulations, and difficulties by the way—doubts and fears? Oh, by "these things men live." What, can it be by these things? Yes, by "these things men live"—without them there is death; if we have not got them, we are without the faith of God's elect—a faith which is constantly ebbing and flowing, coming and going. Even Abraham, "the Father of the faithful," could not always exercise faith. Faith is the work of God, not of man; therefore Abraham could not work faith, for it is the gift of God and the work of God; and, though Abraham lived by faith, he could not work it himself; for, when left to himself you know the result. There was nothing but unbelief; he could not even trust God with his wife, but feared the people of the land would slay him on her account; and this happened not once only, but twice, and was shown also in Isaac after him. There is not a believing soul but what is exercised in this way; for this faith, as I said before, is constantly ebbing and flowing, coming and going in the hearts of all God's people, as we see in the case of Peter. It was as if the Lord said, "Oh, poor Peter, you are going into the devil's sieve; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." But did it not fail when he denied his Lord and Master? And yet the Lord said it should not fail, therefore it did *not*. Your reason says that it did fail, but the Lord said it should not, and it did not fail. How was that? Why, it failed as to its working, but it did not fail as to its inbeing; and therefore we see faith sprang up again in Peter's heart. Well, then, we read, "When Jesus came to the place, He looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zacchæus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." What a blessed summons! how astonished Zacchæus must have been to hear his name thus called, for he had never seen the Lord before, and yet the Lord knew his name; yes, for "He is Lord over all, blessed for ever." He knows all, but He knows

His own with a special knowledge, and therefore He knew Zacchæus as one of His own elect, one of the flock of His fold, one whom God the Father chose before all worlds, and gave to Him the Son—one for whom He poured out His most precious blood, and one whom He ever liveth to bless. He knew him as a child of God, and a partaker of grace, one of the blood-bought family; and yet I say how astonished Zacchæus must have been, when the Lord thus picked him out, passing by all the rest of the people, leaving them still in their sins, but laying hold of Zacchæus; and this the Lord is doing still. Mark what I say, perhaps of those here present, the most part are Zacchæuses, picked out from the multitude when you were in the broad road of destruction, and with them going to hell as fast as you could, where you must have gone had He not stopped you, and made you to seek your peace and blessedness in Him, and in Him alone, and to say by faith, as I trust not a few of you do, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." "To whom else can I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." For you know something about these words, that they are important words, and, as the dear Lord Himself said, "They are spirit, and they are life;" as if He said, "I will make these precious words come home to your heart, bringing spirit and life with them, that you may know experimentally that they are not in word only, but also in power, and this is power." Oh, how sweet to receive such words from the Lord's own mouth, the Spirit giving testimony to the words of His grace in His dealings with your hearts! Oh, do we not like our hearts dealt with? I like it when I am a hearer; I like the word to touch my heart; and usually when it comes from the heart it goes to the heart. The Lord says, "My son, give me thine heart;" and, because you will not, He comes and takes it. I trust He has taken yours, taken it captive; "and thou becamest *mine*." Is not that true of some of you? As we read in Ezekiel, "When thou wert cast out to the loathing of thy person;" yet that was not enough to stop His love. "Behold, when I passed by thee, thy time was a time of love; I spread my skirt over thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, and sware unto thee;" and then He sweetly says, "Thou becamest *mine*." Now you are one, your heart was touched, and you dropped at His feet, exclaiming, "My Lord and my God." Oh, may the Lord give us each a taste of this love; and how? By the apprehension of a precious Christ, whereby we shall be melted down at His blessed feet, saying, "Lord, can it be?" And is it true that such a wretch as I, who am only fit to be burning in hell, should be thus numbered with the blessed, eternally saved.

"Saved in the Lord, for ever saved,
And in life's bundle bound."

How blessed, then, is the thought that the Lord has taken you in hand, and has given you a sweet experience of these things—sweet tastes of His love and grace! This is what I used to long for, and to have when I was a hearer, and went from time to time to hear that dear servant of the Lord, Watts Wilkinson, and was favoured, under him, to have the Gospel preached to my soul. Dear old Wilkinson! Ah! there is not such a man in London now, or out of it, I believe, for simplicity. Oh, what times of refreshing the Lord gave me under that dear man! and what, you may ask, was the character of his preaching? A union of two things—simplicity, the utmost simplicity, and the most powerful unction—just what we want as hearers.

(To be continued.)

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM xxxvi. 37.

A "WISE SON," WHO MADE A "GLAD FATHER."

BRING FRUIT UNTO GOD GATHERED FROM

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOSIAH COWELL, JUN.

BY "JOSIAH," SEN.

To lose a son is a common occurrence among men, but the loss of such a son as the above, especially as an *only son*, it is not the privilege of every bereaved parent to record. Nor would the writer, who desires not to make *his* son a hero, a martyr, or an idol, dare to bring his case before the readers of a Gospel Magazine, but for the fact that a whole Gospel of grace-blessings was wrapt up in his life, and made abundantly manifest in his death.

Like his namesake of Scripture chronicle, this young "Josiah" began early to fear the Lord, as was evidenced by his declining neither to the right-hand nor to the left. Thus, when youthful passions were strong, and worldly temptations great, he never once deviated from the path of outward rectitude, and would neither "walk in the counsel of the ungodly" nor "stand in the way of sinners." Moreover, the half-yearly school reports of his conduct were always accompanied with the commendation "good," "excellent," or, "all that can be desired," &c.

Nevertheless he was a sinner in the sight of God, and also of himself, outward morality being not the safe or only evidence of inward life, though there is no manifest proof of grace in the heart, where there is not the outward consistent walk. But my son seemed to make his calling and election more sure, by not being ashamed of the reproach which the actings of one under a sense of their sinnership entails. Thus he would never deny the profession of his belief in Christ before men: and, though surrounded by everything that was inviting and alluring in the varied and exciting "places of worship" (so called), none could persuade young Josiah to stray from the meeting-house least esteemed in the town. Indeed, his seat at the chapel was never once vacated for the popular "Lo-here's, or Lo-there's," of our day: whilst the preaching of "truth," the "whole truth," and *Christ only* as the truth, seemed alone to satisfy his inmost desires.

Whilst abroad in the world, and in the full vigour of youth, he chose for his pursuits those special recreative pleasures that enabled him to be much alone. Thus he would spend hours with his boat and fowling-piece on the river, in furtherance of his studies on Natural History; whilst the pleasing occupations of bird-preserving, painting, and the performance of sacred music formed the staple of his indoor pursuits.

'Tis true he was placed in an architect's office, but with no thought he would live to follow out that profession; it was always felt that his days were numbered on the earth. Indeed, the "sentence of death" in him became incipiently developed before he was fourteen years of age; by which time he was nearly six feet high. And ah! how many an anxious glance has been cast upon his fine stalwart frame, as he has strode with such a wide and manly step across the fields; and with what inward grief have we

seen in him "*the glory of man*" in his strength. Full play there would no doubt have been for parental pride, but for the consciousness that the *consumption decreed* was at work.

But in the meantime this common foe to our human race invaded the family circle in another and unsuspected form. Being down at Lowestoft in the autumn of 1863, a sweet and amiable daughter was seized with this disease, when, as the physician of that place surmised, in her twentieth year, she died. Thus this happy pair were parted for life, and the place of their father's sepulchre has now reunited them in death. And here I will pause in my narrative to make a remark on the subject of prayer, leaving it with some of the Lord's family, who may have been exercised in the same way, to give us the benefit of their experience therein.

As this deadly disease progressed in my fair, sweet, lively girl, I cried mightily unto God to spare her valued life. Indeed, I have recorded it at the time, that "never before did I so earnestly and constantly pray for any earthly thing, as for the restoration of my daughter's health." It was my practice to inwardly cry unto God all the day long, audibly every night at "family prayer," again by myself after all had retired to rest, and lastly on the stairs when myself was on the way thereto. But, in the face of all this, she grew worse and died. Now, tell me, dear reader, was I right or wrong? If you say I was right in asking it, do not you infer that God was wrong in not granting it? If you say I was wrong in my petition, what will you say of my duty as a parent? Qualified as my prayer always was by subjection to the will of God, as expressed in words, it is evident that His will and mine were not one in this matter.

Seeing, then, that the Lord, though He heard my cry, did not answer my prayer, how could I pursue the same course with my son? I felt that I could not—that I durst not, and therefore I did not, but left it with the Lord, asking neither for life nor death, but, saying, "Let Him do as seemeth good in *His* sight." And yet what so natural, and seemingly so desirable, as to pray for the life of those we most love? Ah, my dear friend, it is the very fact of its being so natural that seems to me to give it more of personality than spirituality. We ask amiss when we pray wholly for ourselves. Real prayer to God is in the spirit, and not in the flesh. The flesh must be crucified in its *affections* as well as in its lusts, and both alike laid at the foot of the cross. God in all things can only be glorified through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Thus a true believer is right only in the exercise of faith's obedience; and faith always says to our heavenly Father, "Thy will be done." But to return. From the "scholar of the school" (as Josiah was called) he grew to be a young man and a great favourite with all who knew him. His urbanity of manners and kindness of disposition won upon the hearts of all those who had expansion enough in themselves to appreciate "things that are excellent" in others. But beyond all this it was observed how very peculiar and unusual was his own choice in the matter of companions, and especially of visitors to the house; the aged, afflicted, and infirm, if spiritually wise, however humble and poor—these would he welcome the most, and feel it an honour to serve the best. Indeed, he would always put aside his own occupations, to listen to, and learn something from, their more profitable conversation.

On the other hand it was observed what an union of spirit subsisted in the hearts of such towards him. One aged minister has written to me thus: "Dear lad! I felt hopefully pleased with him and his manner,

though he said but little; but true godliness, or the fear of God in the heart, is not always found in great talkers; it is a still small voice within; 'The kingdom of God is within you;' and it is the living soul that tastes the hidden manna. I have found in many during my forty years' ministry that the talk of their lips hath tended to penury, but the quickened quiet soul lives on the unsearchable riches of Christ, whether it eats little or much."

These pleasing signs we have always viewed as outward evidences of inward life; and, coupled as they were with a marked preference for the people of God, being reciprocated also by them towards him, as a proof that his heart was quite right with God.

But as to the particular time when my son was 'born again,' I am not able to say. Like the wind that bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, so it was with my son as "born of the Spirit." Nevertheless as the wind marks its advent by its effects, so does grace in the heart by its fruits. But fruit takes time to ripen, and in its earlier stages seems nothing worth. So the life of God in the soul is made manifest both by negatives and positives. There is what a child of God will not do, which is, to follow after evil; and there is what he will do, which is, to follow after righteousness. That Josiah was one of those who secretly sought the Lord, I am sure, though he would never make an open professional show; he shone in private and was like a fragrant, though tender plant in the shade. Even whilst in the world he never seemed of it, but lived in retirement and distinction therefrom. And it was astonishing how fast he latterly grew in things both of nature and grace. But, when laid aside, 'twas as if ripeness (though it had its season) came on all at once. Even in his ordinary life occupations, whatever he took up with, in that he excelled; while his judgment on the things of God, like the child who dies a "hundred years old," received maturity as in a moment. These rapid strides in faith and power the "fire in Zion" afterwards tried, and the "furnace in Jerusalem" proved, when God so heavily laid affliction upon his loins.

But it was certainly astonishing to see how gifted he was in the judgment of things divine, whilst so in order did God set the truth in his heart, that he was quick to detect any word spoken wrong. Thus, when a man of God was preaching from this text, "Let us lay aside every weight," &c., and had described the many and varied (secondary) things that are weights to the children of God, my listening son in the pew said to himself, "But you have left out the principal weight after all, namely, the *weight of sin*;" when, at that very moment (as God would have it), the preacher emphatically said, "Ah, I have forgotten the principal weight after all; *but you have anticipated me, namely, the weight of sin.*" This was that kind of corroborating testimony that helped to teach and confirm my dear son in the truth.

Again, that Christ was to him the "chief among ten thousand" may be seen from another Sunday circumstance, as follows. A minister supplying the chapel took for his subject, "Christ the Shepherd of the sheep." "But," said he, "we won't say anything about the Great Shepherd this morning, only the sheep; the Shepherd in the evening." Oh, how indignant young Josiah felt at this! To think it possible that any man of God could postpone the consideration of Christ for the creature, and thus not in all things (especially in the preaching of the word) to give Christ the

pre-eminence. However, my son went again, full of hope and anticipation, in the evening, but the Shepherd was still in the background. It may be that as the Lord Jesus was *put out of sight* in the morning, He *kept out of sight* in the evening.

In like manner when another minister called at our house, and it was observed to him that "he did not sufficiently exalt the Lord Jesus Christ," he replied, that "he could not plead guilty to that." "Oh," said my son, "how can any man, sensible of his own poverty and nothingness, think it possible for him to sufficiently exalt the Lord Jesus Christ!" Indeed, no; man's fullest effort falls far short, and feeble is his best attempt to speak the honours of Immanuel's name. "For," as the psalmist says, "Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? Who can shew forth all His praise?"

These were little incidents that happened on the calm lake of life before my son came into the great sea of soul-trouble; but they serve to show the exercise of his mind, and that he had a zeal and jealousy for the honour and glory of God.

But he was now fast nearing the waters of judgment, and the "coming events cast their shadows before them." Thus, from a certain coldness stealing over his spirit, and a worldliness pervading his mind, he imbibed an impression that some terrible trial awaited him. Indeed, he afterwards said, "I felt that I must go through something before I could be delivered from the state I was then in; I could not bear to hear the things of religion named, nor to read my Bible, or do anything that was good."

Ah, if a man is "*let alone*" by God, where will he not go, and what will he not do? It is our mercy to know that God takes advantage of the wandering propensities of His people in departing from Him, by showing the strength of His arm in bringing them back. As it was in His love and in His pity He redeemed them, so it is in His compassion and His faithfulness that He is moved towards them. My son had become like a backsliding heifer, and with the spirit of Ephraim was "joined to idols." To use his own words, "I had made an idol of my great natural strength;" and strong, indeed, in muscle he was, for he could lift three half-hundred-weights with one hand, and he even broke by sheer force a steel poker in twain. "I was proud of all this," said he, "till my conscience smote me, that, like Herod, I had not given the glory to God, and therefore felt fit only to be consumed of worms."

But he was now to read out in his experience the solemn teaching that is contained in that Scripture, "He weakeneth my strength in the way, He shorteneth my days" (Psalm cii. 23), and the first step that he took in this path of tribulation was brought about thus: Having once been to Germany by way of Harwich and Rotterdam, and also a sea voyage in a schooner to the north, an additional impulse was given to his long-cherished desire to go abroad. Our annual practice of visiting some "watering-place" for the benefit of change and sea-air, seemed favourable to the carrying out his long and secret plans; and, in the summer of 1867, he had made up his mind to embrace that opportunity of arranging with some captain of a ship for the consummation of his wishes. But it was now evident that the fear of God in his heart put a check upon his inward ambition, and which made him pause in his preparatory arrangements; indeed, he felt that the will of God must be consulted, and this prevented him from taking any further steps in the matter. It was quite inexplicable to us at the time that he would not make ready for the

journey. But we afterwards learnt that he was laying the whole subject before the Lord, and waiting to know His will. Indeed, he prayed that if "it was according to God's will, He would make it plain," and if not, that He would take some decided steps to prevent it. But, ah! how little did he think of the way God would take in granting such a righteous request! That very night he was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, which at once put a stop to all our proceedings, and effectually prevented him from ever after entertaining the idea of going abroad.

To a schoolfellow and partner in this project (now in Bombay), he afterwards wrote—"I believe it was wisely ordered that we should not go abroad together, for, independently of illness, I think that with our wild natures and adventurous spirits we should have come to some trouble, perhaps worse than sickness."

Recovering from this attack, we spent a few days in London, but none of the public places of excitement had any attraction for him. The Zoological Gardens, containing so many fine specimens of God's living creation, were visited with a view to improvement in his studies, and here it was observed, such was his sense of filial reverence towards God, that when he sat down to dinner, although the long room was filled with people, he silently *asked a blessing before them all*; and whenever we sought out the assemblies of the Lord's poor, and mingled with the humble followers of the Lamb, Josiah, when able, was *always* there. On one occasion the Lord met him, and spoke by his ministering servant (Mr. S——), to his heart. This was at Great Yarmouth, from the text in Job, "Will He plead against me with His great power? No, but He will put strength in me." And the bread thus cast upon the waters was found *when it was needed*, after many days from that time.

The year 1868 opened with all that was gloomy in prospect before us, for it was evident that disease of the lungs was making rapid and deadly progress in my son. At the onset of this final but lingering illness, my dear wife, faint and full of anxious surmise, was more favoured than myself. She entered the cloud with this suitable promise to her soul, "*Thy God shall command thy strength.*" Nevertheless, I also seemed to lay hold of the word, as did Elisha of Elijah's cloak, for with the same mantle my hand of faith smote also the waters of affliction, so that they parted hither and thither before me. But my son, my only son! the joy of my heart and delight of my eyes, was fast fading away, and not all the skill of man could prevent it. Like the sheltering "gourd" that God prepared Jonah, and of which he was "exceeding glad," so was my son Josiah unto me, and it was no small trial to see the "worm at the root" destroying him. Indeed, nothing but the persuasion that the same wise hand that provided this pleasing "*gourd*" had prepared also the "*worm*," prevented me from exercising Jonah's anger at its loss. But 'tis the "*gourd*" and the "*worm*" with all the pleasant things of time!

(To be continued.)

Let every Christian beware how he casts away a dear-bought experience. The enemy has at all times a most wonderful skill in raising a cloud in a Christian's mind. But let it be remembered, God saith, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "Cast not away your confidence." Take not flesh and blood into your counsel.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—As I am at present from home, and of course pretty fully occupied, you will hardly expect much from me this month; yet I feel as if I must say something to you. These are days in which the iron needs the sharpening process spoken of by Solomon (Prov. xxvii. 17), and in which it is treason to the King of kings, baneful to our own souls, and injurious to the Church of God, to disown, or be ashamed of the distinctive colours of the Protestant Reformation. I am persuaded you would have rejoiced had you been with me yesterday, at St. James's Hall, to hear the delivery of that masterly lecture by the Rev. John Richardson, of Bury St. Edmunds: "Ritualism too late and too soon," &c. I understand it will be given in full in the *Rock*, of Friday, the 19th, and I hope it will find its way through the length and breadth of the land.

I have lately read two valuable books by the Rev. John Ryle: "The Christian Leaders of the Last Century," and "Bishops and Clergy of Former Times." Without indorsing every sentence, my impression was, on concluding the perusal of the former volume, if I were a millionaire I would send a copy to every minister in Great Britain. I am fully convinced that nothing will make head against the prevailing errors of the day, whether within or without the pale of the Church of England, but the pure preaching of Christ's holy Gospel.

Men may swear, may offer opposition, like Tobiah and Sanballat of old, and we may have to build with the trowel and fight with the sword, but the temple will so be built. Others may clear away the rubbish, but "he that hath my word let him speak my word, saith the Lord of Hosts." It is this feeling which prompts me, when I might fairly claim a little more ease and rest, to embrace if possible every opportunity offered me of giving my testimony to the love and grace and power of the triune Jehovah, shining forth in the person and work of our most blessed Jesus.

Excuse this desultory note, and believe me

Ever yours in Him,

London, Feb. 17, 1869.

ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.

LIFE AND THE COMFORTS OF LIFE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I have sometimes listened with a smile to a fellow-pilgrim in his or her relation of that which they have conceived to be the very day and hour of their new birth, or regeneration; and seldom have I interrupted them in the relation, the mistake not being one of any great magnitude, though I have felt it to be not strictly correct; and here I venture to offer a few thoughts upon the subject, if you will be good enough to give them a place in your Magazine. I can, of course, well understand the meaning of my friends, and take it in the way they intend, and glad am I at all times to meet with those who seem ready to give an answer to things of this kind. I once knew an aged believer who had for many years been in the habit of commemorating, in company with

few of the Lord's people, what he was pleased to designate his "spiritual birthday," and as such it passed off from time to time, and I doubt not but they had far more real enjoyment in the thing than thousands know anything of when commemorating their birthdays in nature, amidst all the folly and vanity of carnal delights. I would also just say, that I am well acquainted with one who lost the galling burden of unpardoned sin from the conscience, under which he had previously groaned hard, and which daily became more and more intolerable to be borne, until the set time of release came (not regeneration) to let the prisoner go free, and this happened on a Saturday (the date of which could be given). *Then* did the crushing load give way, sweetly rolling from off the shoulders of the poor burdened one, while the sweetest peace ensued. John Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim," describes the sensation as one that caused him to give three leaps for joy; and, if the good man had said "three times three," I question if he would have been very far from the mark. But what I was going to observe here more particularly was, that on the *following* Saturday to the one alluded to, this individual said to his then dear wife, "I am just a week old to-day, M——." Subsequent years, however, showed him his mistake in this matter, and in what it consisted, namely, that of confusing, or not rightly distinguishing, between life itself and the *comforts* of life; and, no doubt, thousands have done and still do the same thing, not discerning the fact that divine life had *already* entered into the soul, and that too antecedently to all those distressing, agonizing feelings caused by the conviction of sin and the burden of guilt entailed upon the awakened conscience, and which, to the sinner's own view at the time, seemed to be fast sinking him into hell, while he (I do not say that all are brought exactly here) is left without a word to plead in arrest of judgment, beyond the cry of the publican—"God, be merciful to me, a sinner;" and, depend upon it, that at this time these are not words without meaning. "Mercy is the total sum." The Holy Ghost in His new-creation work comes upon the elect sinner at a time when the sinner himself is wholly passive, yea, altogether "dead in trespasses and sins"—(see Eph. ii. 1)—and then follows conviction as the *effect* of the life imparted. (All that ever goes before this is no more than mere natural convictions, which a person may have and perish with them.) Now just remember, reader, that sighing and crying are as truly indicative of life as any rejoicings can possibly be, though the sensations themselves so widely differ. I will conclude by just observing that there can be no intermediate state whatever between spiritual death and spiritual life. Some say, "Light and feeling first, and life afterwards." I think they will find it difficult to make it so appear. I may at some future time, perhaps, resume the subject, but for the present I leave it.

Yours faithfully,
H. H.

Fletching.

Seasons in which we experience darkness of mind and depression of soul are necessary: they form the analogy between us and those who through tribulation are gone to heaven; they render us fit subjects for the illuminating and refreshing grace of Christ: they add a higher relish to the renewed enjoyment, to the light and liberty of the Gospel: and they seem to prepare us for that world where "the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and our God our glory."

The Protestant Beacon.

FATHER HYACINTHE ON THE DUTY OF READING THE BIBLE.

OFTEN as the walls of the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, in Paris, have reverberated with the brilliant and burning words of the most eloquent Roman preacher of modern times, never perhaps did his transcendent talents shine with a more surpassing lustre than when he recently startled and surprised his audience by enforcing, in powerful and positive terms, the duty of reading the word of God. All honour to M. Hyacinthe for his noble words on so momentous a duty; but, invidious as the task may seem, we feel constrained to ask—Do M. Hyacinthe's words actually represent or adequately convey the mind of the Roman Church, or do they at all belong to the dominant ideas that are current in that system?

One of this orator's assertions in particular we Protestants cannot accept without reserve. He tells us that it is a calumny on the Roman Church to say that she interdicts the reading of the Bible. Now we do not, of course, mean to affirm that either Popes or Councils have ever dared to promulgate an absolute prohibition against the word of God: But, while the Reformers bestowed special honour on the reading of the word of God, and their descendants at this day rival or even outstrip these holy men in disseminating that word, is it not a patent and palpable fact that tridentine Rome has always exhibited a morbid dread lest the reading of the Scriptures should influence the religious opinions and life of her people? Fragments of the Bible carefully selected and expurgated of all that might damage the authority of the Pope, or infringe upon certain of her practices—yes, Rome will allow this; it is even to be found in her books of law or devotion—a strange medley indeed. The Bible in Latin!—yes, of course she recommends that; but the whole of the Bible or even of the New Testament in the language of the people, when and under what form has that Church authoritatively permitted or encouraged such reading in Roman Catholic countries, although, *in partibus infidelium*, she has been shamed more or less into the show of a permission? Has she not continually pointed the finger of reproach at the reading of the Scriptures as a pernicious act? Is, we would ask, the Pope himself at all at one with his eloquent *curé* of Paris? On the contrary, we challenge contradiction, when we affirm that the very centre of Popery, Rome itself, is the city of all others in visible Christendom where the sale of the Bible is seldom or never witnessed. Is it not, alas! a matter of public notoriety, that no one is suffered to read the Bible in the vulgar tongue? And what was the opprobrious title given by the Pope's Syllabus to the Bible Societies? It pronounced them public nuisances. But to come only to last month. The very journal that published the eloquent sermon of M. Hyacinthe furnishes at once the most striking proof how the case stands with the Roman Catholic religious world as to the reading of the Bible. The *Semaine Religieuse* of January 2nd, the very number that gives the sermon of M. Hyacinthe on the duty of reading the Bible, devotes a dozen pages to advertising religious books and New Year's presents. Here, then, we find everything else, books of offices (of prayer), lives of saints, books against Protestantism, religious romances, statues, images, chaplets, medals, &c., &c., but not a single advertisement of the Bible, nor of any book that would promote or pro-

duce in any way the study of God's Word. Now let any one take up the *Rock*, and the contrast is striking indeed.

Rome may not, perhaps, have forbidden in so many words the reading of Holy Scripture, but she has never favoured, she has never fostered that paramount of Christian duties; on the contrary, she has destroyed the taste for the Bible in her dread of seeing her people using the Bible. In fact, nothing in the world would be more astonishing than to see Roman Catholics habitually reading the Bible, and still remaining Roman Catholics.

A WORD TO THE PROTESTANTS OF ENGLAND.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

O ZION, mourn, let tears bedew thy cheek;
 Let sorrow rend thy heart, let anguish speak
 Thy deep contrition for thy people's sins (Joel ii. 15—17),
 Ere judgment at the House of God begins (1 Peter iv. 17).
 For though in love He long restrain His wrath,
 Yet with a curse, for sin, He'll smite the earth (Mal. iv. 6);
 Unless to Him, in penitence we turn,
 Humbly confess our sins, forsake and mourn (1 John i. 9).
 For who can tell but that He may withhold
 His indignation, as in days of old,
 When Nineveh, repenting, turned again (Jonah iii. 9, 10)
 To Him 'gainst whom they'd sinned, nor turn'd in vain?
 So, Christians, let the warning voice be heard,
 Give heed in time to God's most holy word;
 Mix faith with it, and test your ev'ry thought
 By *that unerring Rule*, and not as taught
 By human tradition, insisted on (Col. ii. 8)
 By Romish Prelates, who make bold to own
 Succession from th' Apostles, but *teach not*
 The doctrines which they taught; nor have they got
 The faith which they possess'd; it works by love;
 A gift freely and divinely given, prove (Eph. ii. 8)
 Its origin from God, whose Spirit taught
 The truths reveal'd and effectually wrought (Acts xiv. 3)
 Within their hearts, and thence upon their lives
 A holy influence which none derives
 From Popish error, or from Priestly pow'r,
 Which seeks to gain admission in this our
 Once enlighten'd but now beclouded land.
 For dimly burns our light, on ev'ry hand
 Error and infidelity abound (1 Tim. iv. 1).
 Alas! in Protestant England is found
 The spirit of alliance with that foe,
 Which seeks our nation's final overthrow,
 Already works that subtle, lying fiend,
 Though in false colours, which better serves the end
 Rome has in view; with her, *the Church* is all
 Outside *her pale*, anathemas must fall
 On ev'ry soul who dares maintain the right
 •Of conscience to self-judge, as in God's sight,
 And that according to His word of truth.
 The Bible's *not the people's Book*, forsooth.
 Saith Rome, How can unlearned man presume
 T' interpret Scripture? which the priests assume
 Only to themselves, rightly to divide.

Thus by these means the Lamp of Life's denied
 To all Rome's followers, who pin their faith
 To Romish doctrines, or what her priests saith.
 O ye who bear the name of Protestant,
Are ye prepared your doctrines to recant?
 And to forego your much-prized liberty,
 To succumb to Rome, whose emissary
 Is the Ritualism of the present day,
 Which now within th' Established Church bears sway?
 The heaven works, and soon it will appear
 That Protestants a foreign yoke must wear;
 Whether the Church be severed from the State
 Or not, her downfall hastens, and how great
 The fall will be! Oh, woe to England then!
 For hierarchy in confusion will reign
 While Rome exerts her pow'r within this realm,
 And Antichrist, usurping, guides the helm.
 But not for long; another pow'r will rise (Rev. xvii. 10)
 To subdue the pow'r of the Beast; surprise (Rev. xiii. 3)
 Will seize the wicked then, who dream of peace,
 Will find too late their troubles fast increase.
 The foolish virgins, too, will look about (Matt. xxv. 8)
 For oil to trim their lamps, their light gone out
 Will fill them with confusion and dismay;
 Then will they know that they have miss'd their way.
 But, O ye saints of God! 'tis *not for you*
 To take your ease, as mere professors do (Luke xxi. 36).
 Arise, and trim your lamps, go forth in faith,
 In readiness to meet your Lord, who saith,
 "Behold, I quickly come!" The time draws near (Jas. v. 9);
 Are ye prepared before Him to appear (Matt. xxv. 32),
 When He shall come to gather in His own,
 Faultless to stand before the Father's throne (Rev. vii. 15)?
 Portentous are the signs; they loudly call
 For watchfulness and pray'r, to Christians all.
 Oh, then, ye saints, betake you to your tow'r (Hab. ii. 1);
 In secret wait, till the decisive hour (Isa. xxvi. 20),
 When God shall arise, and make bare His arm,
 To defend His own from the direful storm
 Which threatens now to overspread the land (Luke xxi. 28);
 And none but those its fury shall withstand,
 Who are safely hid in Christ the smitten Rock.
 Secure are they 'gainst ev'ry earthly shock (Gal. iii. 3);
 For Christ is theirs, and they are ever His,
 Their Strength, and Shield, and Hiding-place He is (Isa. xxxii. 2),
 In whose loved presence they shall ever dwell (Rev. xxi. 3),
 With whom in time and evermore 'tis well.
 Oh, then, "be faithful even unto death (Rev. ii. 10),
 And I will give a crown of life," He saith.
 "A little while," and He will surely come (Heb. x. 37),
 To claim His Bride, to be with Him at home,
 To share His glory, and be like Him too (1 John iii. 2),
 Clad in a garment which is ever new (Isa. lxi. 10),
 With Him to reign, to sit upon His Throne (Rev. iii. 21),
 When He the kingdoms of this world shall own (Rev. xi. 15).
 What eye can picture, or what heart conceive (1 Cor. ii. 9),
 The glory that awaits those who believe (1 John v. 1)!
Believing love, and loving much adore,
 Though now unseen, SHALL see Him evermore (1 Pet. i. 8).

Englishman.

E. B.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE threatened war between Greece and Turkey has, we are thankful to say, been averted, the governments of both countries having accepted the terms proposed to them by the Conference.

Spain has been greatly excited by a cruel murder committed at Burgos. The governor of the city went into the cathedral to take an inventory of the treasures which it contained, and whilst there was attacked by a furious mob—at the instigation, it is said, of the Roman Catholic priests—and barbarously murdered. The people also are very indignant because the Papal Court has refused to recognize the Spanish envoy. A monster indignation meeting was held in Madrid, and an immense crowd assembled before the palace of the Nuncio. They tore down and burnt the Papal arms, and afterwards went to the official residence of the Minister of Public Worship and demanded the immediate removal of the Nuncio. The Under-Secretary of the Ministry appeared, and declared that the Government had already suppressed the salary paid by Spain to the Papal Nuncio, and withdrawn the powers granted to him by former Governments. An event also, unprecedented in the history of Spain, has taken place at Madrid. A Protestant temple has been inaugurated there by the celebration for religious service in public. The ceremony, we are told, passed off in the most orderly manner, and no kind of insult was offered. The priests and their followers are, of course, excessively angry, and a protest against the progress of religious liberty has been signed by 15,000 ladies; but such opposition will probably have little effect; Rome is evidently losing her hold over Spain. May the glorious Gospel and undefiled religion take her place!

We have had sad tidings lately from New Zealand. The Maories have risen again, and massacred thirty-five persons, men, women, and children indiscriminately, together with several friendly natives. The settlers were living in their scattered homesteads in peace, without the slightest apprehension of danger; they believed that the rebels were miles away, and on retiring to rest they spoke hopefully of their plans for the morrow. Without the slightest warning the rebels came upon them, massacred them, destroyed their flocks and herds, burned their dwellings, and entirely devastated one of the finest districts in the country. But this sad affair will not end here; a terrible retribution will in all probability be inflicted, and we already hear of the rebels being attacked and defeated in two engagements with severe loss, and of other means taken for their chastisement. Thus many innocent beings, as well as the guilty, will have to suffer. But are we not, as a nation, verily guilty respecting these things? We very much fear that we are. We fear that we have not treated these poor savages with the kindness and consideration that become a professedly Christian people; hence the trouble which they have given us, and this shedding of innocent blood.

An extraordinary exposure of the doings in modern convent life has just taken place. Miss Saurin, a nun belonging to a convent in Hull, has brought an action, in the Court of Queen's Bench, against the Lady Superioress for alleged ill-treatment. If her story is to be believed—and there seems little reason for doubting it—the treatment she received was

shameful. She had to be up at three in the morning, and immediately adjust her movements by a minute "distribution," which, besides the usual services, meditations, teachings, and so forth, included sweeping the schools and passages on her knees with a hand-brush. The violations of discipline incident to such a course appear to have been innumerable. If the poor lady complained that the broom was worn out, or filthy with scullery use, that was a sin to be confessed and atoned for. So, also, if she sat down, or rested her knees on a bench during a long, weary schooling—if she could not eat mutton, especially when fat or lukewarm—if she did not relish the broth or swallow the mouldy bread—if a biscuit was found in her drawer—if she cut up one "tunic" to mend the rest of the half-dozen—if she used a pennyworth of calico lying about, and, for the occasion, a pair of scissors within reach—if she exchanged a single word with a passing sister during the hours of silence—if she read something too fast, or rang a bell three minutes too late—if she wrote to her brother, mother, father, or uncle, or only wanted to do so—if she wished to hear from them, or to open their letters when they came—if she wished, in a word, to have a thought of her own, a friend, or a moment's liberty of action—it was sin, sin pardonable if public amends were made with suitable acts of contrition, such as licking the floor—sin unpardonable if not covered by these penances. According to her narrative, she was subjected for some months to miseries such as one expects only to find in the treatment of some idiot by his unnatural parents—or some other victim of uneducated brutishness. The correspondence of her friends, who could not account for her long silence, and were full of dire misgivings, was intercepted, hidden, or destroyed; so she avers she found out. When she carried her point so as to write a slip of intelligence, she was made to insult her brother in the address of the letter. She had to pass winter weeks in a bath-room without fire, or in a garret, also without fire, never allowed to leave the latter for any purpose whatever. She had to lie on a board, the mattress being taken away. Broken scraps of food were thrown to her, with the comment that in eating them she was robbing the poor. Her religious habit that she had worn for two years was taken away while she was asleep, and she was compelled to resume a secular dress. She was not allowed to change her under-garment more than twice or thrice in a whole winter; and, finally, she was reduced to a skeleton suit, fitting her body close, and made in the convent for the purpose. "Indeed," as a leading paper observes, "feminine ingenuity seemed almost to exhaust itself in devices for doing that which a Nero or a Tiberius would have done more terribly, but yet in a day." We hope that this case may have a salutary effect upon those deluded persons who imagine that Popish institutions are not nearly so objectionable now as they were in days gone by. The tendency of such institutions is the same as it always was, because human nature is the same; and, wherever men or women are shut up in an unnatural state, there we may expect the same consequences will ensue—the indulgence of evil passions, the display of cruelty, indolence, and vice.

The Ritualists have sustained another defeat. In December last they fought a hard battle with the Evangelical members of the Christian Knowledge Society in the endeavour to get a portion of its funds diverted to the furtherance of the particular objects of their party. They were defeated, although they used most strenuous efforts to gain their point. Since then they have attacked the Society in another way. Seeing the advantage

they would gain if they could obtain some part in the management of the Society, they put forward five of their number as candidates at the election of the Standing Committee; but their effort has failed; all their candidates were rejected and Evangelical members elected instead. There is, however, little doubt that they will renew the attack at some future time, and consequently it behoves all the friends of this old and valuable Society to be on the alert.

Parliament has re-assembled, pledged to the accomplishment of no light tasks. The government have already, we regret to say, commenced their career with the usual popular tampering with Popery. When a late Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Eglinton, was invited to a banquet by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, at which he was informed the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Wiseman, was to be present officially, he refused to go. But the present Viceroy, appointed by Mr. Gladstone's government, not only attended a similar banquet, where the Pope's representative, Cardinal Cullen, occupied the next place in rank to him, and where he was actually addressed by the Lord Mayor as "an illustrious *Prince* of the Catholic Church, his eminence Cardinal Cullen," "the Cardinal Archbishop;" but the Viceroy said in his speech that it "gave him great pleasure" to meet him. No wonder that his speech was characterized by one of the succeeding speakers as such a speech as they had "never heard before from a Viceroy in that room." At that same banquet the Cardinal Archbishop thus spoke of his master the Pope, and his approaching oecumenical council: "So little did he fear the enmity of Mazzini or Garibaldi and others that at the present moment he was preparing to celebrate a meeting of all the bishops of the world. That council of bishops was for the restoration of discipline and the promotion of salvation. Such a spectacle was worthy not only of men, but of God Himself."

The government have given notice of their intention immediately to renew their attack upon the Irish Church; but, when applied to by the Irish bishops for permission to meet together in convocation for the purpose of considering what had better be the Church's course under these circumstances, they sternly refused to grant the request. In other words, the government violently attack the Church for the purpose of pleasing her foes, but they deny her liberty of action, lest she should endeavour to defend herself! Surely their cause must be a poor and an unjust one, when they have recourse to such expedients to further it.

The Scottish Reformation Society has forwarded a memorial to Lord Clarendon, in the case of Mr. James Cassells, who has been banished the country in consequence of teaching Protestantism in Oporto. The memorial sets forth as follows: "That your memorialists are informed that Mr. James Cassells, merchant in Oporto, and a British subject, has been tried by the local courts for teaching Protestant doctrines to the inhabitants of that town, and has been banished from Portugal for a period of six years. That your memorialists are also informed that the said sentence has been appealed against to a higher court. Your memorialists therefore pray that your lordship may be pleased to cause the representatives of Her Majesty's Government in Oporto to watch over this case, and to take whatever steps may be deemed judicious and necessary, to secure religious toleration in Portugal as is afforded to Roman Catholics in this country."

Lieutenant Warren is continuing his excavations at Jerusalem with equal zeal and labour. He has discovered that the foundation wall of

the platform of Mount Moriah, upon which stands the Mosque of Omar, as once stood the Temple of Solomon, was originally 1,000 ft. long and 150 ft. high, nearly the length and height of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He traced the enormous masses of stone which are still visible at the southern end, to a depth of 45 ft. below the present surface. Behind this wall there are the remains of vast tunnels, arches, and chambers, which Lieutenant Warren refers to the old Jewish Jerusalem, before the time of Herod. A survey also of Mount Sinai is being proceeded with; and it is expected that in a short time an accurate map of that portion of the Arabian peninsula will be constructed. We may hope that our knowledge of Bible lands will soon be rendered much more perfect than it is at present.

Amongst the many wonderful undertakings of our time will probably be reckoned an attempt to girdle the broad Pacific from California to China with an electric cable. The Pacific at that parallel is about seven thousand miles across and bottomless for many miles of its middle depth. The scheme has advanced so far that a bill providing for a loan of eight million dollars on its behalf has been introduced into the American Senate. California is no longer contented with the monthly service of the Pacific mail steamers; her communications with China are becoming so important, that she must have instantaneous news of the tea market and the opportunity of putting her agents at Hong Kong or Shanghai in possession of the latest gold quotations of Wall-street and San Francisco. San Francisco is itself so far west of New York, that the telegrams from the Atlantic coast precedes the sun by half-a-dozen hours, and the Californian merchants, when they go down to their offices in the morning, are already aware what the price of gold is going to be that day at four. Considering that China is seven or eight thousand miles west of the Golden State, the recipients of telegraphic news in that country would be so much further "ahead of time," and a startling thought suggests itself here. What if Eastern telegraphic lines should be extended to China simultaneously with the Pacific cable, and the girdle should be put completely round the earth? Hong Kong would know what New York was doing about twelve hours before the things were done, and New York would know what Hong Kong was doing (through the Atlantic Cable and the Indian lines) twelve hours in advance of that. The Americans, therefore, by getting their news from the eastward, and forwarding it on to the westward, would be able to inform their correspondents how they were to-morrow!

Reviews and Notices of Books.

"Lifted up." *The Life of Walter Douglas.* London: Morgan and Chase, Ludgate Hill.

WE pity the man who could read this wonderful narrative without tears. The simple facts are these. Some years ago (to use the words of her then infidel husband when speaking of his dying wife), "she lay fading away, her face beamed like the face of an angel. I was an infidel; and, as I looked into the cold grave, my heart was filled with despair, and I said wherever her spirit was gone, I would soon follow her and seek it out." She died in the Southern States of America. Her husband then took to

drinking, ran through the large property he had accumulated, returned to England, was robbed at Liverpool of a fifty-guinea watch and its appendages, and was reduced to street beggary and absolute pauperism. Shattered in health, and all but naked and bare, he became in turn an object of dread or commiseration. "In the month of June, last year, I was sitting in Hyde Park," says the poor man whose history this precious little book furnishes, "with my back against a tree, feeling very ill, and said to myself, 'DOUGLAS, what have you come to?' I thought of my loved wife, of home, when she used to play the piano and sing (for she was an accomplished lady); and sometimes I sang too—sometimes could only sit and listen, loving her too much to sing. But I was a dark, dark infidel, and no ray of hope or joy lit up my painful recollection. Two nurses passed whilst I was waiting there. After they had passed I heard one say, 'I should be afraid to go near him.' I knew they were talking about me, and I felt angry, though even in Whitechapel my strange appearance frightened the women. The other nurse, however, said, 'I am not afraid of the poor man; he is not going to hurt us.'" She approached him in consequence, and spoke such words of sympathy and kindness as induced him to tell her his whole history. "The first tears," he says, "I remember to have shed for years were under the soothing, searching words of that dear Christian nurse. 'Ah, sir,' she said, 'God wants you for some special work. I believe He will raise you up from this sad condition, and make you know better days than you have ever thought of.' She put a shilling into my hand and left me. I have never seen her since, and I suppose I never shall till we meet in glory. Think what God has wrought! I was a fool because of my iniquity. I said there was no God, and God was breaking me to pieces, and bursting the bonds of my infidelity, to prove to me that there was a God of love." Reader, what a lesson does this set before us as to how we ought to deal with strangers, and to treat our poor fallen fellow-creatures. Mark the blessed effects of that dear Christian nurse's conduct. The work further states, that "a few evenings later it happened, in the course of providence, that this same poor man, after wandering about aimlessly during the day, turned into Gosset Street, Bethnal Green, and stopped before a blacksmith's shop. It was a dingy wooden shed, with a small square window, in which might be seen a number of Scripture texts:—

"ALL HAVE SINNED AND COME SHORT OF THE GLORY OF GOD."

"THE SOUL THAT SINNETH, IT SHALL DIE."

"THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING, AND WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTION, THAT CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS."

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST, HIS SON, CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN."

"Inside the shop, at that moment, the blacksmith was on his knees in prayer, and the burden of his petition was the salvation of the people among whom he lived. On rising, he looked through the window, and caught sight of the dejected countenance of the poor wanderer." Alluding, we presume, to this circumstance, in another part of the narrative, we read again the man's own words: "A short time after this I was passing through Bethnal Green; I saw a notice in a shop-window, which I stopped to look at. It was a bill inviting soldiers to Christ. This thought came into my mind, '*I wonder if Christ would have anything to do with me!*' Some one tapped at the window, the door was opened, and out walked a man, who took me in, and spoke to me of Christ. I felt

here was a man who cared for me. This melted me down, and I wept, and told him all. He said, 'God can raise you up, and He will, if you trust in Jesus.' He asked me to meet him the next evening at a prayer-meeting. I went, and it was not words merely, it was real prayer."

Space forbids our dwelling at any great length upon this deeply interesting narrative; suffice it to say, that, after a short time, pardon and peace were brought home to the poor wanderer's heart and conscience; and then, as a blessed fruit and consequence, he had an intense desire to go to New Zealand, there to

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour he had found;
To point to His redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

In the good providence of God, this he was able very speedily after to accomplish. Means were promptly supplied; his passage was taken on board an emigrant ship; he was made eminently useful on his outward voyage among his fellow-passengers, in reading the word, and the simple proclamation of the Gospel of the grace of God. Speaking of his reaching his destination, in his first letter after his arrival, he says:—

"I scarcely know how to commence, but this I shall state, that, when our ship dropped her anchor, on Saturday, Sept. 10th, about half-past two p.m., poor DOUGLAS was in his cabin, asking the Lord, 'Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?' In a few minutes He answered, by sending the steward of the ship with a message, 'A young gentleman is asking for Mr. WALTER DOUGLAS,' who answered, 'Here I am.' Upon meeting him on the ship's deck, 'Are you Mr. WALTER DOUGLAS?' 'I am, sir.' 'You don't know me, Mr. DOUGLAS, but I know the Lord; and, having providentially got a copy of *The Revival*, in which you were spoken of, I have been looking out for some weeks for the *Mary Warren*; and, fearing you might not have any acquaintance in Auckland, I came off to invite you to partake of my uncle and aunt's hospitality until Monday, when we shall try to find you a quiet home after your long voyage.' I said, 'Walk into my cabin for a short time, brother in Christ.' And, on the very same spot where you asked the Lord to guide me, on the very same spot did that precious young brother pour out his heart in prayer and praise to Him who had safely conducted me."

The work then goes on to narrate the wonderful way in which the Lord blessed the labours of this once infidel to the spiritual and eternal welfare of multitudes of precious souls. We cannot but add, that the book is a God-glorifying testimony. We contemplate with adoring wonder the precious details it contains. Although we might not be able to endorse every sentiment expressed by WALTER DOUGLAS in a doctrinal point of view, yet, as observers and admirers of the Lord's gracious and providential dealings, we cannot but stand with adoring wonder as we contemplate this remarkable man—as first accumulating large wealth as an infidel; then sitting by the bedside of a Christian woman with whom he had passed twelve years in matrimonial bliss, who, he says, "he never heard speak an unkind word, and whose face I never saw ruffled with an angry look." [What a pattern for wives and mothers!] Next we see him drinking ardently to drown reflection, and again and again upon the very verge of self-destruction! "Soon after this," he says, "I came to London, and wandered about without shirt or shoe. Strange to say that, though at Liverpool and on my way to London I had often walked all night, having nowhere to lay my head, after I arrived here God always sent me enough

to pay threepence for a bed. For eight weeks I never ate but as a bird, picking up a crust off your streets, and getting a drink of water. Without friends or food, my favourite resort was Hyde Park, with its green carpet and blue ceiling. Yet I was never more proud than then. The thieves in Whitechapel hated me because I would not steal, nor condescend to associate with them." Next we see him (as already stated) befriended by the Christian nurse, whilst sitting in pensive musing; then glancing at sundry Scriptural texts in a blacksmith's lowly window; then mingling with various Christian brothers at a humble prayer-meeting; then, with a heart brimful of zeal and overflowing with holy joy and gratitude, bidding farewell to Christian brethren, and entering upon his long sea-voyage; then ministering to the spiritual necessities of his fellow-voyagers; and at length travelling, both on foot and horse, through the length and breadth of foreign climes, "preaching the faith which he once destroyed." We ask what praying father, what wrestling mother, but must acknowledge and admire the good hand of a kind and gracious God in all these matters, and add, "Oh, that in like manner our Ishmaels may live before Thee!"

RECEIVED—This Day Month. By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A. (Macintosh)—Peace with God; or, The Sinner's Refuge (Penny)—Going Home; or, A Brief Memoir of Edith E. By her Father (Christian Book Society)—The Anti-Ritualists and Protestants' Defender (Macintosh, Paternoster Row)—The Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine (Christian Book Society, Strand)—The Gospel Watchmen (Yapp and Hawkins)—We spend our Years as a Tale that is told (Macintosh)—The Voice upon the Mountains (S. W. Partridge and Co.)—Babylonianism (Morgan and Chase)—The Revelation: How is it to be Interpreted? (Morgan and Chase)—Jesus in the Midst of Us (Macintosh)—The Mother's Friend (Hodder and Stoughton)—The British Juvenile (Hall and Co.)—Grace's Dream. By Isa Bell (Morgan and Chase)—Topics for Teachers. By James Cowper Gray, Halifax (Elliot Stock)—Letter to a Sailor (Jarrold and Sons)—The Cross, but no Crown; or, Cross Breaking, not Cross Bearing (W. Yapp & Co., Welbeck Street)—Dying in the Lord. A Sermon by Rev. Rowley Hill, M.A. (H. T. Cook)—Daily Trials, and How to Bear Them (The Book Society)—Called at Even. By Isa Bell (Morgan and Chase)—Like Jesus. By C. L. J. (Macintosh)—Dixon's Spiritual Miser (Williams and Norgate)—The Three Great Cities. By Elizabeth Lancaster Parkyn (Houlston and Wright)—Commentary on the New Testament. By James Morison, D.D. (Hamilton, Adams and Co.)—Feed My Lambs (R. T. White, Printer, 45, Fleet-street, Dublin)—Is Thine Heart Right? By a Layman (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London)—The Friend. By Rev. W. Andrews, Kilkenny (William Hunt and Co., Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London)—The Banner of Love. By Rev. W. C. Purton, B.A., Rector of Coombe, Author of "Trust in Trial," &c. (Hatchards)—The New Leaf: What will You Write on It (The Book Society, Paternoster Row)—Millicent (Morgan and Chase)—A Great Multitude which no Man could Number (W. Macintosh)—Who can Forgive Sins (S. W. Partridge)—A Happy New Year to You (English Monthly Tract Society)—Who is your Priest? A Question for the Times (S. W. Partridge)—Will Christ return to reign upon the Earth (Elliot Stock)—The Life-Boat; or, Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution—The British Juvenile (Elliot Stock)—The Wiltshire Protestant Beacon. Are You a Real Christian?—Pentecost; or, The Revival of the Work of God (Morgan and Chase)—The Question of the Day: The Irish Church (Seeley)—Tracts on the Irish Church Question. By Rev. S. A. Walker (Macintosh)—Ride and Read (Brown and Co., Salisbury)—The Watchmen of Ephraim. By John Wilson (Macintosh)—The Voice of Truth; or, Baptist Record (Elliot Stock)—The Gospel Advocate (Houlston and Wright)—A Witness for Jesus (Morgan and Chase)—It is Time to Seek the Lord. By Author of "I will Help Thee," &c. (Macintosh)—The Eighth Together. By Charles G. Robson (Partridge and Co.)—Your Election. A Tract for the Times. By Rev. J. C. Ryle, B.A. (William Hunt and Co.)—He Came to Save; or, The Mission of Jesus. By H. J. W. (Macintosh)—Thy Future. By H. J. W. (Macintosh)—The Mother's Treasury (The Book Society)—Personal Religion. A Letter to Sound Young Friends. By the late Jane Taylor, of Ongar (Hodder and Stoughton)—The Little Gleaner (Houlston and Wright)—Getting the Better of it (Partridge and Co.)—The Sower (Houlston and Wright)—Protestantism: What is it, and What should it be. By Author of "The Straight Road" (Macintosh)—Sacerdotalism. By Rev. Aubrey Charles Price, B.A. (James Nisbet)—Building from the Top. By Rev. W. Haslam, M.A. (Partridge and Co.)

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 40,
NEW SERIES. }

APRIL, 1869.

{ No: 1,240,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

A BIRTH-DAY MEDITATION.—MARCH 8, 1869.

"I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—PSALM xl. 17.

THE day dawns. It is Monday morning. The Sabbath, with its sacred engagements, has passed into eternity. It was an anxious day. "Heart and flesh failed." My labours commenced with the solemn duty of committing a poor departed fellow-creature to the silent grave. As I entered the neighbouring cemetery, I was struck with the special stillness that reigned around. I felt I should like to have lingered in calm and uninterrupted contemplation of the scene then presented to my view. Many of the names upon the grave-stones were most familiar. The sacred dust of some of the occupants of those graves I had committed to their last resting-place "in sure and certain hope of *their* resurrection to eternal life."

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears."

But they had "fought the good fight, had finished their course, had kept the faith;" and of late the fact with regard to the *glorified* having *passed the Jordan* has to me, as far as *they* are concerned, been such a grateful contemplation. There is no denying it, I personally shrink from the article of death. For most part, for many, many years, I was delivered from it; but, for the last eighteen months, it has been far otherwise with me. I look with astonishment now upon my former experience and arguments in this respect. The Lord may have some gracious purpose in it that I cannot at present see. Perhaps it may be, that I should more think of, pray for, and specially minister to those "who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." I heard last week of a dear and very aged disciple who for many years had shrunk from pain and suffering.

When at length she was told she was "rapidly sinking," she said, in a holy ecstasy, "What, blessed Lord, *dying*, and no pain? Oh, I shall soon be over the river." And, with a heart filled with gratitude and adoring wonder, she quietly passed away. Another disciple remarked, that "some die a thousand deaths before they are really called to die." And, where there is a liability, constitutionally, to *faint* or *faintness* literally, there surely are the symptoms of actual death. But, as in these cases, dying strength is not absolutely needed, so neither is it given. This does not, however, in the least degree militate against the promise, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be." Generally speaking, those who have had most fear *prospectively* have least in *reality*; or, in other words, when they come to die, they are astonished at their perfect fearlessness and heavenly placidity. "Is *this* death?" I once heard a dearly-loved one say, some twenty minutes before she calmly bade me a long "good-bye;" as much as to say, "Is this *all*? Is death nothing more than *this*?" The same loved one had remarked to a friend who, some short time before, was taking her for a drive, "In all probability the next time I come this road I shall be in my coffin." She, at the same time, remarked, that, although she had been the subject of the fear of death all her life long, yet now that fear was completely removed. How well may such facts as these cheer the hearts of the Lord's doubting and fearing ones, especially when two things are considered; first, the innumerable instances and examples in which the Lord is graciously pleased to dispel the doubts and subdue the fears of His dear people when they come into the swellings of Jordan; and, secondly, the blessedness of the declaration, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same: that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil: and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii. 14, 15).

From the graveyard I went yesterday to the house of God, once again to attempt to minister in the Lord's name. The subject upon which I had been meditating, and which I brought before the people, was the Lord's meeting with the woman of Samaria, and His saying unto her, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 13, 14). The truth which had so preciousy pressed itself upon my mind in connexion with these words was the abiding character of the blessing; that wherever the Lord had been pleased graciously and sovereignly to bestow His covenant grace and love, there it should remain; that nought should extinguish the vital spark of divine life, nor aught stop the flow of those living waters which Jehovah-Jesus had imparted. It might appear again and again, in regard to feeling and apprehension, as though the life of God in the soul (if ever

divine life had been there) had died out. The insensibility and the deathliness and the total lack of feeling after God and the things of God would seem to bespeak an utter void—a total blank—a positive absence of anything denoting that Christ was, in very deed, formed in the heart the hope of glory. Yet, notwithstanding, the promise of Jesus stands good, and can never be disannulled: "The water that I shall give him shall be *in him* a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Although in nature, in seasons of drought, the spring may seem to have subsided, yet, when again the precious rain of heaven watereth the thirsty earth, the spring opens afresh; so it is in grace, there comes a reviving and a renewing, and, under the precious power of the Holy Ghost, the heart sends forth new aspirations, holy longings, and ardent desires after Jesus and salvation. Ere the soul is aware, there is, in consequence of His own imperceptible but almighty and irresistible drawing, a looking and a longing Christward and heavenward; a precious craving, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions?" (Song i. 7.) Or, as it is rendered in the margin of the 45th Psalm, "My heart boileth or bubbleth up." Ah, no, the life is not extinct, because it comes from an eternal Source, is an eternal gift, and of an eternal nature. It must "spring up into everlasting life."

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids us still seek."

But I must not forget that this is a birth-day meditation; and I can but very feebly express what were my first thoughts when I awoke at early dawn this morning, with the recollection that I had this day completed my fifty-eighth year's sojourn in this vale of tears. The fact seemed to astound me that I had so long been a wanderer in the wilderness, and that, although of necessity I must be approaching yet nearer and nearer the house appointed for all living, I was still so much tied to earth and earthly things. I cannot help adopting that expression, "we are tied and bound with the chain of our sins." Then, with these my first reflections, I thought, "Well, now, what portion best suits me? What most fully expresses my present condition? Oh, it is that, 'I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me.'" Then there was a twin passage of the psalmist, "I am this day weak, though anointed king." Hence I saw at once, that whatever promotion there may be among men, or let the Lord, in His all-wise and inscrutable Providence, place His servants where or how He may, He knows how to keep them humble and dependent, in connexion with increased weight and care and responsibility. Therefore it is the very height of folly for any to imagine that they can be placed in any position wherein they can do without the Lord, or in the leastwise be independent of Him. Oh, no, let him move them hither or thither as He may, it will only be a change of trial, an "emptying them from vessel to vessel." It will only be shifting

the cross from one shoulder to the other; and it is far more than likely that that shifting and changing will be with an increased weight, which will more gall and try the shoulder. Hence it is better for the dear children to be "content with such things as they have," and leave themselves and all appertaining to them in a wise and loving Father's hands. Well may they give heed to that godly admonition, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

Moreover, among my earliest thoughts on this my birthday was the memorable answer of the patriarch to the king of Egypt's inquiry, "How old art thou?" "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage" (Gen. xlvii. 9). I read last night, as our first lesson in the public services, the exulting exclamation of the dear old tried servant of the Lord, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die;" and, as I read, I said within myself, with an inward emotion that almost deprived me of the power of utterance, "Shall ever *I* be privileged to say so too? Can it be possible that all my present trials, temptations, and complication of circumstances shall at last issue in the blessed exclamation, "It is enough!" "He hath done *all* things well!" What! and can it be that the fears I now have, the dreads I now have, the apprehensions I now have, shall at last settle down into a blessed, uninterrupted, unruffled, God-bestowed and God-maintained calm? Shall *I* ever be able to say, as did the psalmist, concerning this, that, and the other thing which I would fain have so different, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me,"—yes, with me, **EVEN ME**—"an everlasting covenant, ordered in *all* things and sure; and this is all my salvation and all my desire, although He make it not to grow?" Oh, the very thought that such might be the case led me to feel and mentally to acknowledge, "Then I shall be the greatest miracle of mercy—the greatest trophy of grace—the most marvellous instance of Divine love and goodness and power the world ever witnessed."

But, in connexion with the first passage that was presented to the mind, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me," I felt how great the mercy that, although this poverty and need so aptly and so correctly described one's condition—for never did one feel one's self *so* poor and *so* needy—so powerless, so helpless, so much needing the wisdom and the grace and the strength that cometh down from on high—that still so sweet was the consideration, "Yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Now, when one thought *who* the Lord is, *what* He is, *where* He is, and *what* He has promised to be and to do, one seemed lost in wonder and astonishment. Then there was another feeling with regard to the Lord's thoughts, and that in connexion with the language, "I know the thoughts which I think towards thee, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to

give thee an expected end." As much as to say, "I know thy fears and thy misgivings; I know what Satan suggests, and what construction thine own evil, unbelieving heart puts upon my words and ways; but, notwithstanding, I know my thoughts towards thee (although thou art ignorant of them and suspicious about them); they are thoughts of *peace*; they are not (as Satan intimates and thine own heart imagines) thoughts of evil; and, moreover, my thoughts are to give thee an *expected* end." "The *expectation* of the poor shall not be cut off;" yea, "the *expectation* of the poor shall not perish for ever."

Then with these thoughts came another with respect to one's poor and imperfect labours; it was the words of Jesus, "So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do" (Luke xvii. 10). Oh, how often have I blessed God for that word *unprofitable*. It just seems to intimate that there may be hope for even such a poor and unprofitable sinner and servant as one feels one's-self to be. I thought it not a little remarkable that that very chapter (the 17th of St. Luke) fell in the regular course of our family readings for this day.

When I left my bed, had dressed, and was leaving my chamber, glancing at the dear old Book of books, I thought, "Oh that the Lord would give me a portion from His own dear word, that should meet my case this morning. Would that the Lord would vouchsafe me a birthday gift from His own blessed book." I opened my Bible for the purpose of complying with the wish expressed in the foot-note of this page,* and my eye instantly fell upon Isaiah lvii. 15: "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Oh, it was a blessed portion! Do mark, my soul, how sweetly it chimes in with the testimony of the psalmist, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Now sweet and blessed as it is to have a belief that such is the case, how additionally sweet and blessed it is for the Lord Himself to assure the soul of the fact; and this He does in this precious portion, for here the Lord Himself is the Speaker, and how unspeakably blessed is the testimony: mark, my soul, the *permanency* and *abiding character*. "I dwell," says Jehovah. Here is His abode. Here he remains eternally. Observe, moreover, the wondrous distinction, yet marvellous disparity; who could for one moment entertain such a declaration, had not the Lord Himself made it? "In the high and holy place, with him also that is of a

* Among my letters of kindly birth-day greeting was one from my long and greatly-beloved correspondent E. B. M., of Birmingham, containing a book-marker, on which were inscribed the words, "Peace be with thee," accompanied with this simpler equest: "Please, dear brother, to place this in your Bible, as a bit of E. B. M.'s work at 71. May the Lord fulfil this short petition in your soul's experience from day to day! chase away all the mists and fogs, and bring you into the enjoyment of His abiding love and peace."

contrite and humble spirit." Hence there is the presupposition—most clearly so—of sin and transgression; otherwise why and whence the contrition? Then follows the humility, from a sense of sin and iniquity. Oh, what ground is there here for a sinner's hope! What poor sensible sinner need despair with such a gracious declaration from a kind and loving and merciful Jehovah in and through the person and work of Jesus, the sinner's Friend and Advocate, Daysman and Redeemer? Further, there is a gracious intention here expressed—for what end and object the Lord declares He will dwell with the "contrite and humble spirit," namely, in order to "*revive* the spirit of the humble, and to *revive* the heart of the contrite ones." How explicit, as well as how condescending, the Lord is. And how suitable, as well as how precious, is the assurance. How the need of *reviving* and *renewing* runs as a vein throughout the blessed Scriptures. There is so much in the daily experience of the Lord's living family to cause them to be cast down, on account of what they see and feel in themselves, as well as the difficulties they meet with in their pathway, that they stand in continual need of reassurance from the Lord Himself. They saw so little and knew so little and felt so little at first, that each fresh opening and every new discovery of both what they are and where they are, subjects them to doubt and fear and gloomy apprehension; hence the need of the Lord's *renewings* and *revivings*. How large a proportion of the Psalms of David and the experience of Job and the Lamentations of Jeremiah are identified with this looking for and longing after the Lord—a condition of waiting and watching and wrestling for fresh visits and renewed manifestations of the grace and favour of the Lord. And how was this very line of things confirmed by the Lord Himself, where He so graciously says, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

Dearest Lord, then do Thou be mindful of Thy word, and come down, I pray Thee, in love and power and precious manifestation. Let there be a holy bedewing—a sweet anointing—so that, under the divine power of the Holy Comforter, there may be a calm, holy, and blessed venturing upon Thine own covenant and adorable Self, with a "Do as Thou hast said," "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused us to hope." Amen and amen.

I think I can with truth say, that the longer I live, the more dreadful does the sin of unbelief appear. By unbelief I mean, not that want of confidence in God's revelation which is a distinguishing feature in the unregenerate, but the unbelief of God's own dear children; their lack of a holy reliance in, and a childlike dependence upon, Him, after the ten thousand times ten thousand mercies so conspicuously received at His hands. This is the accursed, God-dishonouring unbelief to which I refer; and I do regard it as among the greatest of sins and the most heinous of transgressions. To doubt and fear and call in question His continued goodness and lovingkindness, in the face of such love and such mercy and such

tenderness and such all-bountiful provision; oh, it is awful, and would compel any but the God with whom we, poor vile sinners, have to do, to send them at once to the nethermost hell. Now I have spoken of my fear of the article of death, and of how for years and years it was for most part removed, believing that, as *dying* strength was not needed in a *living* hour, so, according to the promise, "As thy days thy strength shall be," when death really came there should verily be strength to meet it. But now my present unbelief appears to be the more marked and flagrant, because I have, in a certain sense, *proved* the truth of the fulfilment of this most gracious promise of daily strength for daily needs. Thus it was: for a time there came over me a feeling as though death itself could not deliver me from the complicated trials and anxieties under which I was then bowed down; I verily felt as if I must of necessity carry certain weights and cares with me into eternity. I know the idea in the estimation of others must appear absurd and ridiculous. Granted; such, however, was the feeling. At length the Lord saw fit to lay me upon a bed of affliction; and, for a season, I had not a doubt but my time was come. I felt assured, that the Lord was indeed saying to me, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." The world seemed to recede from my view. I felt as though I had done with it for ever. But now here was the striking contrast to what I had so recently been subjected. So far from carrying weight and anxiety with me, I felt not to have a single care or the veriest solicitude about those from whom I thought I was about to be separated. I could leave wife and children, relatives and friends, in the Lord's hands, without any doubt or question whatever as to His taking ample care of them. I had not a thought or wish to express. I could leave all and everything with the Lord. Hence, I repeat, that with this experience—this test—this proof, in addition to the kind and gracious and most suitable promises of our God, that unbelief which now leads one to doubt and fear and say, "How will it be with me in the swellings of Jordan?" is sad, sad indeed. And yet such is the unbelief of my poor, thankless, forgetful heart. Oh, how a consciousness of this my state leads me to bless and praise the Lord for that marvellous saying, 'O fools, and slow of heart to believe.' " Ah, Lord, this is in very deed my condition. Pity, I pray Thee, and pardon Thy poor unbelieving dust and ashes.

Since writing the foregoing, the following lines have come with much sweetness to my heart:—

"Did ever trouble thee befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And hath He not His promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?"

"When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be."

St. Luke's, Bedminster.

THE EDITOR.

"NO NIGHT THERE."

REV. xxi. 25.

WHERE the golden city lieth,
 In its light of beauty rare,
 By the jasper wall environed,
 There's "no night there."
 No more night of spirit-darkness,
 No more night of doubt and sin,
 When the star of hope gleams faintly,
 Ere the midnight closes in.

Where the gemmed foundations glitter
 In the clear unshadowed air;
 And the street of pure gold stretcheth—
 There's "no night there."
 No more night of partial knowledge,
 Bright, but never bright as day;
 No more night of soulless slumber;
 No more time to sleep away.

Where the gates of pearl stand open,
 With their guardian angels fair;
 Where the crystal river floweth—
 There's "no night there."
 No more night of care and mourning;
 No more watching all in vain;
 No more death and no more parting;
 No more weariness and pain.

Where the tree of life is blooming
 That will never cease to bear;
 Where the emerald rainbow shineth—
 There's "no night there."
 No more night of black temptation;
 No more enemies to dread;
 No more wrong to do or suffer;
 No more bitter tears to shed.

Where the God of glory reigneth;
 Where the choral harps resound;
 Where the white-robed saints are walking
 With their radiant circlets crowned;
 Where, amid the thousands gathered
 In the bridal courts above,
 Are the voices we are missing—
 Are the faces that we love:
 By the throne of the Redeemer—
 'Midst the joys His angels share,
 Shines the day that never darkens—
 There's "no night there."

H. E. HUNTER.

When the nervous system is weakened no one should be discouraged by dark clouds for a season overshadowing the best things. This is our infirmity that we often see, as through the medium of this frail tabernacle.

Wayside Notes.

THE TYPES AND THE TRUTH.

“*A shadow of good things to come.*”—HEB. x. 1.

BLESSED Lord, we take up the pen once more to point Thy dear people to Thyself; precious Thou art to them. Oh, let that preciousness be seen and felt by them more and more; and now sanctify the writer's heart, that the flowings forth may be Thine own; so that blood-bought souls may be profited, and our dear Redeemer glorified in all.

Beloved, you see felt need drives us to prayer ere we can pen anything that will portray the perfections of Jesus. The subject laid upon our hearts at this time is the types as they preshadowed Him who is *the Truth*—the Alpha and Omega of the word of God—the sum and substance of the Bible—“Jesus.”

Now, it was part of the divine plan laid down in the council-chamber of the eternal Three before the world was made, that, four thousand years before our Lord should take upon Himself our nature to accomplish the salvation of His people, this glorious and gracious fact should be conveyed to His servants by means of types and shadows.

And what grace and mercy there is in this ordering of things; for how could the finite comprehend aught concerning the infinite mind of God unless represented to him by figures, which his littleness could grasp, and which the Spirit of God would put together for him, that he might understand the truth that is veiled in the type? Thus, from the very creation of the world, Jehovah began by type to talk to the creature man he had formed. Adam, our first parent, fell, and that fall and its attendant circumstances set forth the hopelessness of trusting to human nature, and the deep necessity for a Saviour; for, since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. “For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all [that is, all that are in Him] be made alive.” Thus the fall preached death by Adam, and life, yea, eternal life, by Jesus, the Second Adam; while our first parent's union with Eve, who was taken from the wounded side of the first man, preshadowed the union that should take place between Christ and His Church, His bride, who should be taken from the wounded side of the Second Adam, to be a partaker with Him of His joys and sorrows. Then in Cain and Abel we have the distinction of seed—the seed of the serpent, and the Seed of the woman, concerning which the prophecy was; “And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her Seed; it [He] shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel;” a prophecy which was fulfilled in Christ, who, though bruised in the back parts by Satan, yet rose triumphant, and effectually crushed his headship or seat of power. While further, in Abel's accepted offering of the firstling of the flock, we have shadowed forth the accepted Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

In Abel we see a sinner saved by grace, pointing to Christ as the atoning Sacrifice; in Cain, the germ of antichrist, which in after-ages should develop itself in various forms, as in the sons of Belial, in Edom, Babylon, and Rome, all having the same object in view—the dethronement and dishonouring of a precious Christ.

But, to go a step further, in Noah and his family, saved in the ark, from

P

the swellings of the waters, we have a type of Jesus and His people, safe in Him, their spiritual Ark and Refuge; and we are told the Lord called his name Noah (that is, rest or comfort), saying, "This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands," preshadowing Jesus as the source of rest and comfort to His people. As the apostle Paul says, "For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."

Then, again, *Abraham* comes forth as a type of the Church of Christ. He forsook kindred and country at the command of God, and became a stranger and pilgrim on earth, while there was promised to him an everlasting possession. This is just the position and character of the Church of God: called at His command to forsake all for Christ, His people, like the worthies who have gone before, have to confess that "they are strangers and pilgrims on earth," their consolation being that they desire "a better country, that is an heavenly." Blessed Lord, Thy children are increasingly feeling that this is their position and character. Grant them Thy supporting grace, under every wilderness care, and keep their eyes fixed upon the heavenly possession they are longing to gain!

In *Melchisedek* we have a remarkably clear type of our Lord, he being, as declared, a priest of the most high God, who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, and blessed him, to whom Abraham gave the tenth part of all, first being, by interpretation, king of righteousness, and after that also king of Salem, which is, king of peace, without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but who was made like unto the Son of God, abiding a priest continually. Oh, what a clear foreshadowing is here of our blessed Redeemer's office now sustained for His people! O Thou blessed and glorious High Priest, keep, we beseech Thee, Thy true worshippers looking up unto Thee! How obnoxious and dishonouring to Thy name and work must the assumption of an earthly priesthood be, a poor mortal daring to stand between Thee and the sinner, leading off the gaze from the Lord to the creature! Away with such! away with them! We want only Thee; Thou art our great High Priest for ever.

Then in Jacob also we have a setting forth of Jesus; for the Lord Jehovah said concerning him, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." And has not Jesus power with the Father and with men to prevail? He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them; He is our all-prevailing Jacob. Blessed Lord, continue to intercede with the Father for us! Our prayers are such poor, broken utterances, we are ashamed of them. But forget the poverty of our words, and perfume the spirit of them in Thine own blood, and gain for us the blessings Thou knowest are best for us, O Thou all-prevailing Jacob!

In Joseph we have a striking type of the Lord Jesus Christ; indeed, it seems to us that in every movement in life he typified Jesus. He was the beloved of his father, the bearer of the truth, and hated by his brethren in consequence. He was tried and tempted, and yet became the triumphant one before whom every knee should bow, and eventually the source of succour and support to his brethren, forgiving them all their past sins against him, and desiring that they might live near him the rest of their days. In these and in many more particulars Joseph stood forth one of the clearest types of our Lord.

In *Moses* we have a representative of Him who was to be the true king in Jeshurun, "a leader and commander to the people," and who, in the last day of great gathering, shall go at the head of His people, and, presenting them unto the Father, will say, "Here am I and the children Thou hast given me!" Oh, beloved, shall we be among that happy throng? May the Lord strengthen our assurance upon this point!

And then in *Aaron* we have a type of the Great High Priest who has gone within the veil, "appearing in the presence of God for us." Meanwhile His Church is waiting for Him to come forth again to bless her, as Aaron came forth and blessed the assembled thousands of Israel. Eighteen hundred years and more He has been within the veil, and the Church expects ere long to behold Him as she puts up the cry, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Joshua was the appointed leader of the children of Israel through Jordan to the promised land. Jesus will bring all His elect people home to glory. "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me, that they may behold my glory." Shall I be there? shall you, dear reader? Our spiritual Joshua will not leave a hoof behind; not a little one shall be left on the wilderness side of Jordan to perish. He has pledged His word to bring them all home safely. "Lord, we believe!" why should we not?

In *Samuel* we have a striking type of Jesus, for he had in his own person to fulfil the threefold office of prophet, priest, and king.

David stands forth as a type of the Lord in the various offices he sustained, such as the "man of war," breaking his enemies to pieces, and ruling over Israel as their shepherd and king. "And David, my servant, shall be king over them, and they shall have one shepherd." And, again, "My servant David shall be their prince for ever"—surely foreshadowing our spiritual David, whom God highly exalted to be Shepherd, King, and Prince over His people for ever and ever.

While *Solomon* also presents a remarkable foreshadowing of Jesus—in his wisdom, in his peacefulness, in the extent of his kingdom, and in his building the Temple.

In *Elijah's* desert wanderings and austere fare, we have the life of our Lord depicted, but in his being taken away in a chariot of fire, and not tasting death, we have a wonderful foreshadowing of the position of His saints on the earth at His second advent, who, it is said, shall be caught up to meet Him in the air. And as Elijah's mantle fell upon *Elisha*, so it would seem that this second prophet was to stand forth in many ways as a type of Jesus. For instance, in his feeding with a few ears of corn the hungry multitude, in cleansing the Syrian leper, in multiplying the oil for the widow of the sons of the prophet, saying, "Go sell the oil, and pay the debt." And then in that remarkable result of the dead man being thrust into Elisha's tomb, who, when on touching the prophet's bones, rises and stands upon his feet, we have a mysterious foreshadowing of the rising again of those who touch by the faith the person of our glorious Redeemer. Again,

In *Eliakim*, upon whose shoulders the Lord Jehovah said He would lay the key of the house of David, so he should open and none should shut, and he should shut and none shall open, was the foreshadowing of Him whom John saw in revelation, "He that is true, He that is holy, He that hath the keys of David, He that openeth and no man shutteth, and He that shutteth and no man openeth." O Thou gracious Eliakim, hast

Thou not opened the reader's and the writer's heart, and can no man shut it again? God be praised! The work is Thine own, therefore the powers of darkness shall not prevail against it. The King of glory has entered in and will reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet.

And then *Zerubbabel*, in his being the chosen one of the Lord of hosts, springing from the lineage of David, and bringing the Jews out of captivity, was a type of Him who was "chosen of God, and precious." While lastly (though many more might be mentioned),

Jonah's burial in the depths of the sea, when he declared "he went down to the bottoms of the mountains, the earth with her bars was about me for ever, yet hast Thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord, my God," foreshadowed the burial and resurrection of our dear Lord, as it is written: "For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

Precious Lord, and hast Thou been down into the grave before me? Why should my timid heart shudder at the thought of having to go down there too? Open out to me and other tremblers the power of Thy resurrection, and enable us to look from earth to heaven, and from the grave to glory.

Thus in all these and many more faith sees the Son of Man mysteriously veiled. Faith looks

Through Adam, and beholds Jesus as the only Saviour.

Through Abel, as the atoning Sacrifice.

Through Noah, as the Refuge of His Church.

Through Abraham, the Church in the wilderness pressing on to an heavenly inheritance.

Through Melchisedec, as the King of righteousness and the King of peace.

Through Jacob, as the all-prevailing Intercessor.

Through Joseph, as the Supporter of His brethren.

Through Moses, as the Head and Guide of His spiritual Israel.

Through Aaron, as the Great High Priest within the veil.

Through Joshua, as the Leader of His people through Jordan.

Through David, as the Shepherd-King.

Through Solomon, as the all-wise Potentate, whose dominion spreadeth to the ends of the world.

Through Elijah, as the ascended One, who shall come again in great glory.

Through Elisha, as the risen Head of His Church.

Through Eliakim, as He who carries the keys of heaven.

Through Zerubbabel, as the chosen and precious One.

And through Jonah, as the risen Saviour.

Thus from first to last all Holy Scripture is full of Christ. He is ever appearing in the sacred pages. The perpetual presence of this dear and precious One appears to him who reads and meditates upon the Bible, under the divine influence of the Holy Ghost. But, beloved, there would be nothing like completeness in this subject, if we failed to direct your attention, not merely to the persons whom God raised up to typify Christ, but also some of the materials which He ordained should set forth the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. For instance—

"*The tree of life*" that was in the midst of the garden of paradise foreshadowed the tree of life which John, in Revelation, saw as "bearing twelve manner of fruits, the leaves of which were for the healing of

the nations." Then there was "*the paschal lamb*," which was to be "without blemish," betokening "Christ our Passover, who was slain for us," and who, when He was slain, wicked hands were not suffered to touch Him, in fulfilment of the prophecy, "A bone of Him shall not be broken." Again, "*the manna*," that small, round, white, sweet thing, called "manna" or "angels' food," which supported the children of Israel for forty years in the wilderness, was a type of Jesus, who was "the true Bread from heaven, which giveth life." So also "*the rock of Horeb*," which when smitten afforded water for the people of God, set forth that spiritually-smitten Rock, from which all true believers drink throughout their pilgrimage, and that Rock is Christ. Then "*the first-fruits*," which were presented in the temple, foreshadowed Him who should rise from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept—the first gathered of the golden harvest, not a grain of which should be lost. Further, "*the golden candlestick*," with its many branches, pointed to Him who declared when He came, "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." So also "*the ark of the covenant*," in all its various characteristics, was an apt illustration of Jesus, as well as in its very construction and contents.

The morning and evening sacrifices were remembrances "of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," and who John the Baptist pointed to, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" as well as "*the scape-goat*," upon the head of which were placed the iniquities of the children of Israel; and the goat sent away into the wilderness set forth Him who should be "numbered with the transgressors, and bare the sins of many," while "*the red heifer*," upon which never came yoke, and which was brought forth and slain "without the camp," typified Him who offered Himself without spot to God, for the sins of His people, and suffered "without the camp;" while, lastly, the uplifting of "*the brazen serpent*" in the wilderness, and the ordering of God that those who looked upon it lived, foreshadowed the lifting up of the Son of Man upon the cross, that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

But all these types, whether of persons or materials, failed to set forth the perfection of Christ, and after all were only the *shadow* of good things to come. Hence Adam fell under temptation, but the Lord Jesus Christ never did. He triumphed, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Moses murmured against God at the dispensation of His providence, and displeased Him greatly; our dear Lord was passive under all suffering and deprivation, yea, was obedient unto death, and never displeased His eternal Father. David fell through giving way to the lusts of the flesh; "Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin" (or without sinning). And so with all the rest; failures betokened that after all they were but men, and could not fully set forth the perfection of the God-man Christ Jesus.

Surely, beloved, this is a most interesting and important subject, and one that brings out much Bible truth. It is a contemplation that may show us,

1. *The oneness of Christ's family in all ages*.—As God was from everlasting to everlasting, so was His Church. "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary;" so that, beloved, it is cheering to think that we worship and meet where Moses and Joseph and all the

worthies met, even at the high throne from the beginning; and not merely worship there, but have the same facts concerning our salvation conveyed to us by the Spirit of God as they had—they by types looking forward, we by revelation looking backward, all ending in seeing Jesus as He is, and living for ever with Him. Oh, when we think of this oneness of the Lord's people practically, and of the eternal destiny of His people, *what a pity it seems that brethren should fall out by the way* on account of some minor differences. Think ye in the last day of account that the plea with the brethren will be, "Lord, we have used much water," or, "Lord, we have used little water?" Oh, no. Non-essentials will be sunk in the ocean of Jesus' love—one in Christ will be the foot-hold upon the Rock of Ages. It reminds us

2. *That Jesus was touched with the feelings of the infirmities of Old Testament saints the same as He is with ours*, and so conveyed His mind and will to them by types and shadows, while when He left this earth He promised to send us the Comforter, who shall lead us into all truth. Oh, to be ever on the look out for His unfoldings! We may spend our lives in acquiring a deeper insight into the character and perfections of Jesus, and richly shall we be repaid for the search, but to see Him as He is is a future realization—the climax of the Spirit's unfoldings.

And this subject shows us—

3. *The unbroken character of the Scriptures, the whole a perfect reflection of the divine mind.*—Perfection is stamped upon all our God has done—whether it be the tiniest leaf or the greatest works of His creation: so His word is like His works. It is perfect; if we cannot understand parts of it, it is because of our ignorance. It is an unbroken whole, dovetailing wonderfully, and there is no commentary of the Bible like the Bible itself; we may apply the words to it—

"God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

And lastly this subject brings out,—

4. *The wickedness of returning to the former state of types and figures when they are all fulfilled in Christ.*—There can be no need of material types when they have been realized in their spiritual fulfilment; hence ritual forms and observances are an absurdity; putting lighted candles on the altar, and wearing certain vestments; all this is child's play—nay, more, is Christ-dishonouring.

And now, beloved, in conclusion with all that we can write or say about our precious Jesus, who can truly estimate His worth? We must join the ransomed throng above to comprehend Him, for,

"His person, grace, and might,
His offices and love,
Are sources of delight
To ransomed souls above."

We can only catch glimpses of Him here below, and add,—

"In their loud songs I'll bear a part,
For Christ is precious to my heart."

And now, dearest Lord, we have been endeavouring, as far as we can, once more to point to Thee with the desire of bringing out Thy preciousness and perfection, that Thy people may admire Thee more and more. All our springs are in Thee. May every fresh view we gain of Thy person draw us away from the trifles and vanities of time, and en-

dear Thee more than ever to our souls. Soon "every eye shall see Thee." Oh, give us grace to live absorbed in the things connected with our salvation, until we join the happy throng who will gaze upon Thy perfections throughout the countless ages of eternity!

This is our prayer for you and for one's self, beloved, while we remain,
Yours in this hope,

Ilford.

G. C.

Pilgrim Papers.

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 627.)

O LORD JESUS, how undeniable is that truth, "*He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,*" and under His watchful eye and protecting care safely keep them both night and day; and whether they are in the valley or on the mount, in sickness or in health, or in withering age, He is a nurse to them in their infirmities, and numbers their last days in paradisiacal repose. Thou hast made the path for the ransomed of Thy blood all through the wilderness, that the tribes of redemption may pass to the Canaan of heavenly rest; and, though they are sorely let and hindered, and oft-times fear by reason of the way, Thou art before them, saying, "Follow me; walk in my steps," while their cry is, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not;" while mortality is laid before us in every step we take, and Thou, precious Jesus, hast overcome sin, death, and hell for us. Forty days and forty nights Thou didst endure hunger for us, and temptation's severest thorn did pierce Thy pure body, and wild beasts that never were in creation howled their fury against Thee. Lead us, O Jesus, to follow Thee through tribulation, the way to our eternal home. How expressive that mercy that is from everlasting to everlasting, and never could be diminished nor fail, and the powers of darkness must flee before the same. Mercy never mistakes nor forsakes; for the vessels of mercy are all afflicted, and oft-times both in body and mind. The human mind can bear but little, and, let the affliction be whatever it may, nature sinks under it, and the wild beasts prey upon it; but Thou, dear Jesus, art the Refuge and Hiding-place for Thy needy family every moment, and their Covert when tempestuous troubles lay adversity at their tent-door, and when the wild beasts of their nature transform, flatter, or howl against them, and at His presence must trembling flee away. He that met the wild beast of our nature forty days and forty nights could tread the winepress alone, and build a temple again in three days. Dear Jesus, there is no uncertainty with Thee, for Thou art "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," the divine fulness for Thy needy children, and to be their present help that cannot fail, for Thy pure fountain yields a sure supply, and none but the needy are guests, and none but hungry souls are fed at Thy table. Here the cripples are healed and the wounded made whole, the fainting cheered, and the feeble divinely confirmed. O Jesus, how great is Thy condescension to fallen man, that Thou shouldst ever permit him to approach unto Thee, and with greater interest in Thy personal excellency,

than he could have freedom with the shepherd in his humble tent, and to take up Thy abode where the kings of the earth would scoff with contempt, and take the path of the priest and the Levite, and pass by on the other side.

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"—ROM. viii. 31.

O my soul, meditate upon thy sure standing and completeness in Christ Jesus in covenant love. Zion's creed was made in heaven, and handed down to her in an incarnate wonder by the hand of the King of kings, travelling in eternal greatness, and proclaimed the Lord our righteousness, holding His court of law and justice on mount Calvary, riding upon His chariot of salvation, the four winds of heaven spreading their skirts, with the inscription of Zion's creed written upon it, reaching from earth to heaven. The foreknowledge of God plaited the crown of thorns—"He shall bear the sin and curse of His people;" predestination putting Him to grief, drawing out his life and His blood in the destruction of death and hell, and to finish the work predestination could carry out with honour and say, "It is finished." Called as our High Priest to offer up Himself as the atoning Lamb, laid in the tomb until death had lost both its sting and its power, rose again for our justification, and the refulgence of eternal glory is opened by Him for His elect. What shall we say to these things, sin, death, and hell, O believer, with all thy doubts, trials and afflictions, "more than conqueror through Him who has loved us?"

"Thou shalt increase my greatness and comfort me on every side."

PSALM lxxi. 21.

O my soul, ask this question of divine promise; 'tis Jesus that speaks. "Does He mean me? if so, I am a stranger, or at a loss to understand it, for I am poor and needy and helpless, and nothing in and of myself. I am less than nothing." Art thou a sinner saved, a believer in Jesus? Then this is thy greatness. This devils never knew, and millions of men never knew, and this of thyself thou never knew and never could have known. "Thou hast this treasure in earthen vessels, this excellency is of God," and thy oneness with Christ an increase of knowledge, and the spiritual application of the blood and righteousness of Christ Jesus as meritorious and glorious in all the acts of redemption and salvation, as the free gifts of covenant love, and securely defending the Church from all the inroads of fleshly merit, and the chanting ignorance of justification by works, and the deeds of the law to be their enrolment as a make-weight substitute for their fleshly perfection and creature-holiness. Christ's blood and righteousness are streams of comfort that will never run dry, and are comforts on every side, no trouble but what is out-weighted. When heart and flesh and means and frames all fail, this, O believer, is thy royal chant, thy glory and thy all.

"Then said He unto His disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come: but woe unto him through whom they come."—LUKE xvii. 1.

Oh, the security of endless love, that secures the Church and binds on spiritual armour for the day of battle, so that she makes through the fiery troops with undaunted zeal, and the spoil is taken from the mighty, and the lawful captives are delivered. Has the offence of the cross

ceased? O believer, thou shalt find out this riddle. Keep thy head from Delilah's lap, lest thou be shorn of thy strength, and the offended Philistines make head against thee, and thou grind in darkness. There is no offence in the love of Christ, neither can it give offence. "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." The love of Christ is not a task-master, and love works no ill to his neighbour, but carries treasures of delight, and perfumes her own works, and never wearies the feeble nor discourages the faint, but makes the widow's heart dance for joy, and the tongue of the dumb to sing. Love garnishes the heavens with beautiful subjects, and fills all the water-pots of Caanan, gives wine to all the marriages in Zion, and brings the top-stone of grace with exulting shouts of, "Grace, grace unto it. Amen."

"And He spake this parable unto them that trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others."—LUKE xviii. 9.

To be the subject of grace, and to trust to self would be to secure two impossibilities out of nothing; to be the subject of grace and to trust to self is inconsistency. It is the very life of a gracious soul to think others better than themselves, and to wash the feet of the feeblest saint, and to be a nursing father and a nursing mother to Zion's babes. How oft, my soul, hast thou listened if thou couldst hear a word from the lip of any of thy relations, or from thy bitterest enemies, that thou couldst hope was of grace! How did thy soul leap with desire, look and long, and travail in pain that Christ might be formed in them, in newness of life, that thou mightest rejoice over them as a Pearl of great price in the Father's hand, and a trophy of honour through the blood of the Lamb.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. xxxi. 3.

Oh, the chorus of angels and the glory of the militant and glorified Church! O sweet companion of untired delights that fills every cup for thirsty souls, and the odours perfume every place, and spread frankincense at their feet; no unclean thing can sully thy beauty; nor craft nor moth nor Ichabod even be known. O my soul, may I speak of Jesus as my only Friend! May I speak of Him, and with Him! May my converse be higher than angels' to speak of redemption, and less than nothing in myself in matters of salvation! May I rejoice in Jesus, who bore my sins in His own body upon the tree! May I die daily to self, and live by the Holy Spirit in conformity to His divine image! Christ put on in newness of life; and, though our groaning tabernacles are pitched on earth, may our treasure be in heaven, and our hope and our home be Christ, all and in all, through His righteousness and blood.

"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."—PSALM cxix. 117.

The weakest child of Zion shall hold on his way, shall run without weariness, and walk and not faint. "Thou shalt run through a troop, or leap over a wall;" this is a legacy to Zion's children, and a daily portion to the heirs of grace. "By Thee have I been holden up from the womb." O my soul, all creation is too weak to hold thee up. Upheld by thy Christ thou art safe, and thy comfort shall be as great as thy assurance; over every trial Christ will hold thee up in victory, and lead thee off more than conqueror. O my soul, a short journey and a sure guide! Pain oft-times dies in its birth, and afflictions are too short-lived to enter heaven, and thy Christ will never leave thee until He has placed thee where He will never hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep again, nor know a falling

tear. He saith, "Even to hoar hairs have I carried thee." O my soul, what voice is this I hear? It is the voice of my Beloved. Listen, O my soul! It is true, my Jesus; I can say amen to this—Thou hast "brought me out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay" of my own self-righteous digging, and set my feet upon the rock of Thy endless love, even Thy own self, and put a new song into my mouth—"Salvation to our God through His righteousness and blood." O my Christ, it is true that I have not been able to go a step in of myself, neither in a smooth path nor a rough one, neither to carry the lightest burden nor meet the slightest trouble, nor to think for myself aright, forgetful of Thee, my Christ; a monster of the ugliest shape, and ungratefulness of the basest kind is mine. Look, my soul, at thy Ebenezer and the God of thy help, how they shine! Every hoary hair of thy head is a receipt drawn up by mercy, and signed by grace: to carry thee above thy treacherous self is as great, yea, greater, than to carry thee through hell to the region of bliss.

"Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering."—COL. iii. 12.

A soldier without armour differs nothing from a common man. The living troops of Zion were nominated before time, and enrolled on the lists of eternal grace, to stand in their ranks in the field of battle. O my soul, angels admire thy coat of arms, and the sovereign inscription engraved upon thy armour—"Elect of God, holy and beloved." Satan hates thy armour, and the inscription upon it makes him tremble. Flesh-troops, headed by Satan, attempt to storm the citadel with his mighty hosts, but never can face the armour and the inscription that is upon it. O ye armies of the living God, victory is yours; march boldly over redemption's field. No enemy shall invade it, nor wound thy breast with their polluted arrows. Keep the munition, watch the way, hold the elect now in the arm of divine strength; fix the arrow of divine love upon the string, and wait for the word of command to let it fly to pick out the lambs that have strayed amongst the goats; let thy bowels yearn with mercy and compassion to pick up the strayed lambs of Jesus upon the dark mountain of error; let the soft hand of mercy lead them to redemption's field. Gideon had three hundred lappers for his army, just able to carry the pitcher at midnight with balls of fire to fill the Midianites with terror, and turn their bursting bravery under their feet. O thou wondrous army of Jesus, garrisoned by Divine order, here one and there one, a bruised reed in one place, a blind man in another, another upon a sick bed and a dying pillow. All are arrayed in armour, and the arrow is upon the bow of Divine strength. There are some of the redeemed army who cannot walk a yard, who have shot arrows from east to west, that have wounded many; and some, after they have laid their arms down, by a goose's quill and a little black water, in the power of the Spirit have wounded many; and carried consolation to as many more, and have driven the enemy from his stronghold. O ye armies of Zion, though faint yet pursuing, your armour will be proof for you; "no evil shall befall thee, nor any plague come nigh thy dwelling." It is the love and joy of angels to be with thee; greater company they desire not, and to watch over your tents is their ceaseless employ, and their delight to glory in your victory through the blood of the Lamb.

Crosses and sufferings fit good men for special service in God's vineyard.

THE REV. JOHN BROWN, OF HADDINGTON.

Among the Scotch ministers of the last century who were rich in Biblical knowledge, historical research, and general reading, was the above-named remarkable man, whose lexicon of the Bible alone would render his name and fame undying. It is a work which no Bible student should be without; for, with its store of learning, truth and spirituality are richly blended. Mr. Brown had acquired a thorough mastery over the dead languages, and also the oriental. England can boast of John Gill, Scotland of John Brown; and there was a striking similarity of circumstances between the lives of those two great men. Both came from humble parentage, both evinced an early thirst for knowledge, which each (especially Brown) acquired by self-application and instruction. Gill was the senior by twenty-five years, so that, when the young Scotchman first began his ministry, the great English commentator was enriching for future generations the libraries of the lovers of free grace. There was a difference of thirteen years between the dates of their deaths, but whether two so congenial ever met in the flesh we are not told: but that they have met together among the spirits of the just made perfect, we need not assert.

In an autobiography we are sure not to find what in a memoir is as sure to be found, *flattery*. A Christian man who writes of himself tells us what he really is; but, when man writes of man, we have only the bright side of the picture. Brown left an account of his life, in which he does not spare himself, but paints his own colours, not with the softness of a biographer's brush, but the dark hues of self-loathing, as of one who knew what a sinner he had been. Thus he writes, "There would not have been more grace shown in the redemption of the chief of devils than in saving me. The same price would have ransomed them. Men may talk against the sovereignty of redeeming love as they will, but had it not been sovereign, infinitely sovereign, I should as certainly have been damned as if I were in hell already. Were it not that God foresaw my provocations from eternity, He never would have continued His love toward me, the great transgressor, the arrant rebel." Though all was dark around him, John Brown had been early trained in the ways of godliness, and taught by his father, who had never received any instruction, even in reading. At eight years old, a clever, inquiring child, always seeking something new, he pushed his way one Sabbath-day into the church of Abernethy. It was Sacrament Sunday, and only communicants were allowed to be present; so he was sent out. But says he, "Before I was excluded, I heard one or two tables served by a minister, who spake much to the commendation of Christ. This, in a sweet and delightful manner, captivated my young affections." This circumstance made a deep impression on his memory, and possibly was the commencement of the divine life in his soul. At eleven years old he lost both parents, and thus was thrown upon the providence of God. Fifty years after, he said, "It might be written on my coffin, 'Here lies one of the cares of Providence, who early lost both father and mother, and yet never missed them.'"

About his thirteenth year the orphan boy began to feel himself a sinner, Allen's "Alarm to the Unconverted" having aroused his conscience; but, he says, "Some of his hints, made worse by my corrupt mind, occasioned my legal covenanting with God." Several repeated attacks of severe illness sifted and tried him, yet his legality continued, followed by

extreme formality. Of secret prayer at this time he says, "When it was not regularly performed, I pleased myself by making up the number in one day in which I had been deficient in another." At the age of nineteen, Mr. Brown, by sovereign grace, was admitted into the liberty of the Gospel. A sermon he heard from John vi. 64, "Seemed directed," he says, "to none but me, and it made me conclude myself one of the greatest unbelievers in the world. My soul was thrown into a sort of agony, and I was made to look on all my former experiences as effects of the common operations of the Holy Ghost." But next day he heard another sermon from Isaiah liii. 4, and adds, "I was made, as a poor lost sinner, as the chief of sinners, to essay appropriating the Lord Jesus, as having done all for me, and as wholly made over to me, in the Gospel, as the free gift of God, and as my all-sufficient Saviour, answerable to all my folly, ignorance, guilt, filth, slavery, and misery." And now he applied himself indefatigably to study (though all the help he got was from one month's instruction by a master), and desirous to use his talents for the glory of God. His knowledge of the Bible was remarkable; it was said of him, "seldom was a text quoted but he could accurately repeat it, explain its meaning, and state its connexion." Perhaps the great thirst for knowledge which Mr. Brown possessed became his snare; for through it a severe discipline arose, which continued for five years. It was whispered by those who were envious of his rising fame, that he had got his learning by sinful means, and the calumny spread far and wide, and was a great sorrow to his spirit; but, he says, "The Lord by this reproach, which was cast upon me, led me out to ponder my own heart and way, and made me to see myself before Him as a devil, and much worse. This excited me to submit to my lot, and kept me from exposing my slanderers. I could not but remark, too, that the sting which I had found in my learning tended to keep me humble under what I had attained; and the false reproaches which I then met with have made me less credulous of what I have heard charged upon others." In 1750 Mr. Brown was licensed to preach, and for forty years was permitted to declare the whole counsel of God. Of his ministry he says, "Any little knowledge which I have had of my uncommonly wicked heart, and of the Lord's dealings with my own soul, hath helped me much in my sermons; and I have observed that I have been apt to deliver that which I had experienced in a more feeling and earnest manner than other matters. I cannot but remark it also as a kindness in Providence, that though, when I commenced a preacher, my imagination sometimes led me to use flighty expressions in my sermons, the Lord made me ashamed of this, as a real robbery from Him, to sacrifice to my own accursed pride. Since that time, notwithstanding all my eager hunting after all the lawful learning which is known among the sons of men, God hath made me generally to preach as if I had never read another book but the Bible. I have assayed to preach scriptural truth in scriptural language."

He was a man of prayer, and his ministry, both among his own people and wherever he visited, was greatly owned by the Head of the Church. His equanimity of mind was remarkable. We are told "he was never much transported with joy or depressed with sorrow, and, except for the salvation of sinners, was never seen to weep." Once, during a loud peal of thunder, he said with much serenity, "That's the love-whisper of my God." It was his habit to give the tenth of all he possessed to the poor, though he and his numerous family were not among the rich.

Like his Master, he was a man of sorrows, and writes: "I think the early death of my father and mother, the death of a beloved wife and children, wrought in a remarkable way for my good. I could not but notice that when God took them away, He always supplied their room with Himself. Of some who reviled his views of the doctrines of grace from the press he says, "Whatever they wish me, my heart's desire is, that they may obtain redemption through the blood of Christ; even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace. Whatever they call me, may Jehovah call them 'the redeemed of the Lord,' sought out, and not forsaken." In 1787 the labours of this devoted minister were brought to a close, and it is considered that the end was hastened by his laborious studies, constant preaching, and pastoral visits. In vain his friends urged him to desist from his work; his reply was, "How can a dying man spend his last breath better than in preaching Christ?" His last sermons were from Luke ii. 26, and Acts xiii. 16. During his illness, the expression which fell from the lips of this dying saint could only have been surpassed in grace of expression, depth of experience, and the full assurance of faith, by one who had long preceded him to glory, by a century, Samuel Rutherford, whose letters he looked upon as a treasure to Scotland. His favourite authors besides, were Hervey (cotemporary with himself), Owen, Erskine, and the very unpopular, but highly scriptural "Cole on God's Sovereignty." His literary taste shows what his doctrinal views were. But to return to the death-bed of Mr. Brown, and the gracious words that fell from his expiring lips at this time. "How astonishing," said he, as he was taking a little wine, "that God's Son should be obliged to take gall and vinegar when His thirst was great, and I have wine when my thirst is by no means excessive! How I long to drink of the new wine of my Father's kingdom, which will hurt neither head nor heart! Oh, that I had all the world around me, that I might tell them of Christ! Had I ten thousand tongues and ten thousand hearts, and were employing them all in the commendation of Christ, I could not do for His honour what He hath deserved, considering His kindness to me."

"I am weak, but it is delightful to find oneself weak in everlasting arms. My memory is much failed, but, were death once over, I shall remember God's keeping of mercies, and my multiplied provocations, and sing thanksgivings to God for ever."

"I find reading tires me, walking tires me, riding tires me; but, were I once with Jesus above, fellowship with Him will never tire: 'so shall we be for ever with the Lord.' If doubting, disputing, trampling on His kindness, could have made Him change His love, it would never have been continued to me. Though I have never been left to commit gross crimes, yet He knows the outrageous wickedness of my heart; such wickedness as would have provoked any but a God of infinite love to cast me into hell. Yet, lo, instead of casting me thither, He takes me to His bosom and says, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Oh, what must Christ be in Himself when He sweetens heaven, sweetens Scripture, sweetens ordinances, sweetens earth, and even sweetens trials! I need not go farther than myself to see that God is love; for even in my trouble He treats me as a mother does her sick child. I have no more dependence on my labours than on my sins.

"How strange a kind of debt is the debt of grace! Were I even now two or three hundred pounds in debt to any man, it would considerably

distress me; but my views of my debt to free grace greatly refresh my heart.

"The command is, 'Owe no man anything.' What a mercy it is there is no such precept as this, Owe a Saviour nothing; or even this, Study to owe Him as little as possible! I confess that I should not like to stand at the market-cross with a paper on my breast, declaring I was a bankrupt to men; but, oh, I think I should love to stand in the most public place in all heaven, having all the redeemed pointing to me as the greatest sinner that ever was saved.

"When my heart enters properly into these words, 'For ever with the Lord,' the leaving of my family diminishes into a very small point; and, although my natural affection for them be as strong as ever, I hope that when I am away Christ will far more than supply my room to them, and then we shall be better on all hands." We are told that 'the solid joy of God's salvation and the peace that passeth all understanding, continued with him to the last.' "The Lord is my strength and my song, and He is become my salvation. God is an everlasting rock," he said as he was dying; but his two last words were, "My Christ!" C.

THE PROPHET'S "WOE!"—THE SERAPHIM'S "LO!"

In the sixth chapter of Isaiah, an account is given of a vision which the prophet had of Christ's glory. See John xii. 41. He saw Him, and then spake of Him. Nothing is so well calculated to fit a redeemed sinner to speak of Christ as a revelation of Him made to the soul and in the soul. Those who are favoured to see Christ believingly will speak of Him lovingly.

In what position did the people see Him? "Sitting upon a throne," &c. What a King is Christ! What a perfect knowledge He has of all His subjects—of who they are, where they are, and what they are! It is the Saviour's will that all those given Him by His Father should be with Him, that they may behold His glory (John xvii. 24). How little of Christ's glory is seen by the Lord's people here below! "We now see through a glass darkly, then face to face." Yes, "they shall see His face." How is it that death is so much feared by those who have a good hope, through grace, that for them "to die would be gain?" A man may fear death, and yet gain by dying, while, on the other hand, a person may not fear it, and yet be quite unprepared for it?

No doubt, some have died in fear who have, notwithstanding, died "in the Lord." It is, indeed, a solemn question, How will it be with our precious soul in the swellings of Jordan?

What the prophet saw led him to speak lowly of himself, "Woe is me! for I am undone." A spiritual and believing view of the Lord Jesus will prevent a man saying, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." When the Lord Jesus is seen in His true light by the child of God, he then sees himself in his true character. It is not very common to hear a man say of Himself, "Woe is me!" but, when the Lord's servant used these words, he was brought into an uncommon place, saw uncommon things, felt in an uncommon way. A person may be in God's favour who feels in himself undone. The presence of sin in the heart, and a sense thereof in the conscience, do not prevent the Lord from revealing Him-

self to His people. "Mine eyes have seen the King." Reader, your eyes will see Him (Rev. i. 7).

"Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar." Those who, like the prophet, feel undone, will not be sent to hell, but will have a message sent them from heaven. Heavenly things have life in them, but they are things *brought*, not *bought*. A live coal, if brought into contact with a person asleep, would be likely to awake him, or, if cold, to warm him. There is heat in a live coal. A person can tell, if in a living and healthy state, when fire touches him. To know that these live coals are on the altar will not satisfy a living soul; he wants one brought therefrom. It kept alive in the seraphim's hand, and, when he laid it upon the Isaiah's mouth, he said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged."

When a live coal is brought to a regenerated believer, something encouraging is spoken to his soul.

Christ is the Christian's altar, and what is brought to Him from the altar removes guilt, enlivens the soul, warms the heart, makes him attentive to His voice, and willing to obey the Lord.

There are great encouragements in store for those who feel in themselves undone. A bitter sense of sin precedes a sweet sense of pardon.

A true sight of ourselves will prevent us saying anything in our own favour. Persons who in a Gospel sense are blameless in the Lord's sight are very blameable in their own; hence they are often led to confess their sins. Gracious characters who are tormented *with* sin in this life will not be tormented *for* their sins in the life to come. In this life the child of God has a mortal body and a sinful soul, but in the life to come he will have an incorruptible body and a sinless soul, being without spot or blemish or any such thing. What efficacy in Christ's blood to remove *all* sins from the souls of his people!

Health of soul.—The soul of a child of God can only be kept in a healthy state by eating and drinking—spiritually and believingly—Christ's flesh and blood. Such a soul can never die.

The wonderful Saviour.—What a wonderful being is Christ! There is no creature in heaven but loves Him most ardently. Some love Him in heaven who hated Him (when dead in their sins) on earth. There is that in Christ which will keep alive the interest of redeemed multitudes throughout eternity, without in the least degree flagging; but, on the contrary, their interest in Him and His will increase. The fulness there is in Him is but little known on earth. Millions of redeemed souls will be filled with His fulness, and yet it will be inexhaustible. O glorious Saviour! O blessed fountain of bliss! O Thou chiefest among thousands, shall I be with Thee? Eternal and Holy Spirit, assure my heart and satisfy my soul that I am bought with His blood, and that I shall be with Him and like Him for ever, to join in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. What a song! What singers! All their voices will be in tune, and will never get out of tune. Some who never could sing on earth will be able to sing there. What a place to sing in heaven!

Effects of pardon.—A sense of pardon will not harden; quite the contrary, "It dissolves the heart of stone." When a sense of pardon enters a sinner's soul, a sense of guilt goes out. Nothing but this can remove it.

Questions and answers.—How grand were the questions the Lord put to Job! How little they made him feel! Man may ask questions he

cannot answer; not so with God. "In Him dwelleth all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." The Saviour had many questions put to Him while on earth; some of which He did not answer, as in Herod's case: others He most graciously answered. What an answer that was He gave to Peter's question, "How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him, until seven times? I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven." Who but He who is ready to pardon would have given such an answer? Note also the question put by the men whose eyes Jesus had opened: "Lord, who is He, that I might believe on Him?" Jesus said, "It is He that talketh with thee." What a great privilege to be allowed to ask questions of the Saviour!

How readily Jesus answered all those questions put to Him by those who felt their need of instruction, help, healing, pardon, and salvation! It is written in the Bible, "Every man shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer." How many questions are presented to the Lord Jesus in prayer by His people every day and hour! Who but the all-wise Saviour could answer them? What relief an answer from Him brings to the soul! How great the advantage of having a correspondence between Him and our souls!

Why leave out election? Some professing Christians believe in God's direction, instruction, and protection, but not in His election. The Lord's people are elected, protected, and directed. They are sought, bought, taught, and brought. All who by the Holy Spirit feel their need of God's protection and direction most certainly belong to "the election of grace."

Sin and grace.—It is a great mercy to be kept by God's power from the dominion of indwelling sin. A man who is active in the practice of sin outwardly, cannot at the same time be under the reigning power of divine grace inwardly. King Grace and King Sin do not sit and reign at the same time upon the same throne. King Sin likes to occupy the throne of the heart; but King Grace can upset him, and keep him down, although he does not like to be disturbed from his seat. He never shows himself in his true character till he gets upset by King Grace. This sets him fretting and fuming, raging and raving for awhile, till he gets a blow from the hand of King Grace which stuns him for a time.

King Grace *sets up* those who often lament being *upset* by King Sin. With some of God's people this upsetting and setting up work have been going on for many years. The last upset is at hand. There will be none of them in glory. The Lord make us more like Christ, who in every respect when here below was what He professed to be (not like some of His professed followers); and whose thoughts, words, and ways agreed with each other. F. F.

Spiritual sorrow and joy are inseparable companions in this life.

Nervousness reminds thee where thy strength is; Jacob's thigh must be put out of joint, that he might know that he overcomes not in the flesh, but in the Lord. Nervousness is frequently made the furnace for purification, and imparting of the Spirit of Christ. *It is a severe discipline.* Oh, what agony of mind tried souls pass through! Oh, what is trial—what are afflictions, compared to this heart-gloom, this failure of the animal spirits? Many of God's choice servants have been martyrs to these sensations. Who but a God can deliver?

BEFORE AND AFTER.

WILLIAM HENRY KRAUSE, a name dear to many of God's called and chosen people, previous to his entering the ministry, obtained, in the year 1826, the appointment of moral agent to Lord Farnham, in the County Cavan, his office being to visit schools, make himself acquainted with the tenantry, and superintend everything connected with their moral improvement—his area of labour being about 30,000 acres of land, over which were distributed the farms and schools which came under his inspection. In a small memoir of Mr. Krause, by Dr. Stanford, published in 1853, we have some valuable letters, written during this time, which afford much information about the state of Ireland, prior to the Act of Catholic Emancipation, which will aptly meet the objection so often raised now, that a Protestant church and people have had no beneficial influence in the country.

In 1826 Mr. Krause thus writes: "The state of Ireland is at this moment peculiarly interesting. The strongholds of Popery have been boldly and openly attacked by zealous advocates of truth and faithful servants of the Lord Jesus, and a spirit of inquiry has been excited among the people from one end of Ireland to the other, which all the subtlety and authority of the priests will not put a stop to. A most powerful engine now at work is the Irish Society, by means of which men, capable of speaking the Irish language, are sent throughout the country as readers and distributors of the Scriptures in that much-loved language; and they have been listened to with attention, and received a hearty welcome where English readers and the English version of the Scriptures were not tolerated."

In the December of the same year (1826), he thus writes: "Lord Farnham is doing everything to diffuse light amongst the Roman Catholics in this country, and to induce them to free themselves from the temporal and spiritual bondage under which they have so long laboured, through the wickedness of a covetous and ungodly priesthood. You may have seen the account in some of the papers of the recantation of three hundred Roman Catholics within the last nine weeks, in this country. Of all these we cannot be certain; most of them, I believe, are sincere." In 1827 Mr. Krause thus writes: "In Ireland there is a 'shaking of the dry bones,' and a stir throughout the country, such as never was known. Popery is attacked fearlessly and unceasingly with spiritual weapons. The people are beginning to inquire and discuss; the word of God is read, and the priests are trembling for their empire. They do not hesitate to publish the most barefaced falsehoods, and to use the most barbarous and unchristian means to maintain their dominion over the people's minds. Bold champions of truth, holy men of God, are everywhere crying to the deluded Roman Catholics, 'Come out of her, my people;' and, blessed be God, the cry has been effectual in many parts. Upwards of five hundred have conformed to the Protestant religion in the county of Cavan within the last four months."

In another letter he thus writes: "At this moment Ireland assumes a wonderfully-interesting appearance. In one part of it a wonderful stir has been among the Roman Catholics. For the last five weeks several, every Sunday, have renounced publicly the errors of Popery. Last Sunday there were twenty; to-morrow there will be nearly forty—making,

within a few weeks, in all ninety-one. Of this number many may not be converted persons, but I firmly believe they are all sick of Popery and the tricks of the priests."

From Hereford, in 1824, he writes thus: "Since I have returned to England, I have been induced to think that Ireland is blessed in a much greater degree than England. I have made inquiries with regard to the religious state of things in England since I have been here, and, from what I can collect, the progress towards evangelization is by no means so rapid here as in Ireland. Preachers of the Gospel are not so plentiful, and the schools are not so numerous in proportion. However, I trust the Lord's work is going on in both countries."

In 1826, again Mr. Krause writes from Farnham: "A meeting was held in Cavan on Wednesday last for the Hibernian School Society. Two thousand were present, nearly half Roman Catholics; the speeches were excellent. Last night the subject was 'Purgatory;' there were more than two thousand present. *Fifty-seven* read their recantation yesterday, and *sixty-one* the Sunday before. The anathemas of the priests have been pronounced abundantly; but still their flocks are inquiring. On every side there is a thirst for instruction, and we are doing everything to supply it, through the liberality of Lord Farnham. There have been several remarkable instances of converts, who had formerly been ungodly characters, becoming quite changed since their recantation. This shows that even when true conversion cannot be counted on, the very coming into the Protestant Church, and having the Bible put into their hands, has a powerful moral influence over their minds."

Again Mr. Krause writes: "Mr. Pope preached last night to an immense multitude in the court-house. To-morrow night he is to preach again. You have no idea of the state of the people's mind in this country. An inquiring spirit has been excited, which I confidently expect will not be suppressed in a hurry. Some, of course, are exceedingly bitter; but the majority, who have discovered that it is no easy matter to bribe three hundred people, are beginning to shake in their opinions. Some have even said they believe the prophecy is about to be fulfilled, that 'there shall be one fold,' and that must be the Reformed Church. Yesterday, under the very nose of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, *forty-eight* recanted, and by far the best informed I have met with. Hundreds, I am quite sure, only want protection to induce them to come forward."

Facts are stubborn things, and the foregoing extracts carry a truthful conviction to the mind that Protestant principles, under the enlightening power of the Spirit of God, diffused their blessed results in Ireland; and these facts meet, better than any argument, the assertion that a Protestant Church has done nothing for Ireland. We must now reverse the picture, and show from the same pen the blighting influence of the Liberal policy, which lifted up the head of Popery in Ireland, and by little and little crushed Protestantism, and fettered its operation in every possible way.

In 1831 (two years after the Act of Catholic Emancipation) Mr. Krause thus writes: "Since I last saw you matters generally have been growing worse and worse, and the Government seem to be rushing headlong into the most desperate measures. They have placed themselves evidently under the protection of Popish priests, and the suggestions of these men seem to be the rule of their conduct. With respect to a national system

of education, I am sure we are agreed that nothing could have been proposed more monstrous than the plan sent forth by the Board of Commissioners. It betrays not only a total abandonment of all principle, but also a lamentable ignorance of that abominable system, whose priests they are so anxious to conciliate." In 1832 Mr. Krause thus writes: "Popery, cherished and encouraged by the rulers of the land, seems to be holding up its head. The Protestants are emigrating in hundreds, feeling that they have no protection from Government." In 1833 Mr. Krause writes: "Protestants are emigrating to America, and on every side we find a disposition to cringe and truckle to Popery. I see nothing to prevent the full establishment of Popery in Ireland but the Lord's interference. The strides it is making towards this consummation are great and rapid, yet the people of England are blind to the fact; they have shorn themselves of their strength in renouncing their Protestant character, and before long the Philistines will be upon them."

We need not occupy further space in proving to our readers a fact so palpable that Popery, defended as it is by Ritualism on the one hand and infidelity on the other, is rearing its head in our once Protestant land.

"The Lord reigneth" is the believer's watchword; and the day is not far distant when the doom predicted in the word of God upon the *MOTHER OF HARLOTS* shall be fulfilled: "And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all."

NOTES ON THE APOCALYPSE.

"BLESSED is the man that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy" (chap. i. 3).—So speaks the words of the Most High of this book of St. John; and yet how little is it read, and therefore how little is it understood. Sabbath after Sabbath lessons from the Scriptures are read in the congregations of our people, but this book is never read, with one or two solitary exceptions.

We may well ponder this in our minds, and ask, Wherefore is this portion of the word of God treated with such contempt? It testifies of the Lord Jesus, and of His great appearing. It begins with a blessing to the readers and the hearers of it. It tells of the judgments which shall be poured out upon Babylon and an impenitent world, and of the mercies laid up in store for the Israel of God. And yet it is cast aside as too ambiguous in its character to be profitable to the souls of the people. Words of comfort for the Church of God are not to be drawn from this book, and words of warning to the unbelieving world are not to be addressed from it. And why is this, when "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for instruction," &c.?

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches" (chap. ii. 7).—Christ says, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;" and elsewhere we read, "The hearing ear He hath made it." And what is the news to be heard? What is the gracious message proclaimed? "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." That tree of which the first Adam was not allowed to eat, but of which every one of His redeemed family shall eat and be satisfied. Believer, hast thou been called upon to suffer for Christ? Take courage,

then, He knows "thy works and tribulation and poverty." All thy concerns are known to Him, and He encourages thee with very gracious words: "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, and ye shall have tribulation ten days:" but the Lord knows it all, and He will deliver thee out of all; and, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And shall not this be consolation to the child of God at this present time? We look around the world, and there is wickedness in high places; the enemy is coming in like a flood: there is Popery and Infidelity and Ritualism raving and rampant, and is there any looking forward to peaceful times for the Church of God? No, surely; the enemy "shall cast some of you into prison, and you shall have tribulation;" there shall be "fightings without and fears within," but Jesus knows all. Hear Him: "I know thy works and thy labour and thy patience; how for my name's sake thou hast laboured, and hast not fainted." Yes, trials and tribulations may come upon Christ's Church, and they shall come; but the great Head of the Church knows all, and has fixed the time. The "government is upon His shoulders," and "All things shall work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to His purpose." Therefore, let foes, spiritual and temporal, do their worst; let the people of the Lord have "trials of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments: let them be wanderers in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth;" yea, let them be treated as the offscouring of the earth, and be trampled under the feet of their foes, yet there is consolation for every one of them. Let their bodies be stretched on the rack, let their tongues be plucked out by the roots, let them be consumed at the fiery stake; yet their voices shall be heard before the throne of God; for the fifth seal must be opened, and "under the altar was seen the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held;" they are seen and they are heard, as with a loud voice they cry, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood?" "And white robes were given to every one of them, and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren should be killed as they were."

"One woe is past, and, behold, there come two woes more hereafter" (chap. viii. 12). We will not look at the prophetic phase of this passage, but rather draw from it encouraging proofs of the love of Jehovah towards His suffering people. "One woe is past." Yes, and *many* woes are past, but this people still hold on; they have been tempted and tried, but they have held on, and continue until this day. Their words have often been, "Thou hast delivered our souls from death; wilt Thou not preserve our feet from falling?" "Thou hast preserved us in this trial, and in those which are yet to come Thou wilt not be wanting to us." "One woe is past, and gone for ever, but others follow in its steps . . . to try our faith, and to prove to the Church and to the world that we have been loved with an everlasting love." Believer, dost thou fear, as thou lookest forward to those things which are coming upon the world? There are men's hearts failing them for fear, but thou needest not fear, for great is the Lord God that keepeth thee, and He saith to thee, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer." He found thee in the desert land of ignorance, in the waste howling

wilderness of sin: He revealed Himself to thee as thy God: He made Himself known to thee, as to His people,—and why? When He looked upon thee in the wilderness,—aye, and we must go further back than that,—when He looked upon thee in the brick-fields of Pharaoh,—was thy outward demeanour more sanctified than that of the Egyptians who oppressed thee? Thou wast no better than others,—but the Lord loved thee, and, because thou wast a son, He sent the Spirit of His Son into thine heart, and taught thee to say, “Abba, Father;” and now the “one woe” and many woes are past, and thou hast been brought near by the blood of the everlasting covenant, near to God and near to Christ; “and then come two woes more hereafter.” Dost thou fear them? Dost thou tremble in the anticipation of the trials which are before thee? Thou hast no cause to be alarmed; say, with one of old, “What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee,” and then say,

“His love in times past forbids me to think
He’ll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.”

Yet it is sometimes glorious to take a distant view, to look beyond time to those eternal glories “which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,”—but which God hath revealed to His people by His Spirit. This distant view is often a very refreshing one,—but to look forward to the morrow,—to the next day, or the next week, or the next month, or the next year, and see troubles, not looming in the distance, but hanging as a black cloud over our heads, and ready to burst upon us, oh, then it is pleasant to look back, and see that “one woe is past.” How did we get over it? How did we live through it? And, if we have been delivered in the “one woe,” let us have faith to believe that the coming *two* will not utterly overwhelm us. That one woe! Could we have endured it in our own strength? And the two coming ones. Surely, in all things “we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us,” who will never leave, who will never forsake us.

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works . . . And they were judged every man according to their works . . . And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire” (chap. xx. 12, 15).

There are books here spoken of—the books, and the book, “the book of life,” and the whole of mankind are to be judged out of the things written in the books, “according to their works.” The word of God teaches us that these books are the book of God’s law and the book of the sinner’s conscience, and out of them, according to their works, every individual of the human family is to be judged. The sea shall give up the dead which are in it; death and the grave shall deliver up the dead which are in them; and all the dead, small and great, shall stand before God: and this great multitude shall be “judged out of the things written in *the books*, according to their works.” So that, we see grace—free sovereign grace—has no part in this terrible judgment. The judgment shall be according to their works, as it was long ago written, “The soul that sinneth it shall die;” and again, “Do this, and thou shalt live;” “He that doeth righteousness shall live by it;” and “Cursed is every one that continueth not

in all things written in the book of the law to do them." We will speak first of "the sinner's conscience." That book is laid wide open, and from it shall every one be judged, according to his or her works. We read that "Where there is no law there is no transgression;" that is, there is no transgression of the law; but, where the law of Moses has never been heard of—where the moral law has never been spoken of—there is "the law of the sinner's conscience;" and by that law every individual must be condemned, for who has not offended against his conscience? (Rom. ii. 14, 15.) The poor degraded aborigine, in the wilds of Australia, has done wrong hundreds and thousands of times; his conscience has again and again reproved him, and again and again condemned him; he has needed no written law, for his conscience has ever been at work, "accusing or excusing" him. The poor benighted papist—the willing and superstitious slave of the priest, obeying his behests, even to violence, incendiarism, and murder, who has been persuaded and has persuaded himself that the priest is responsible for him, and that the keeping of his soul is in the hands of the priest—he may think thus to escape from the law, but his conscience has again and again convicted him of sin, and *that book* will be opened, and by his works will he be condemned. Where can one be found among the sons and daughters of Adam who has not sinned against his conscience? and who can hope for mercy when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and the book of conscience shall be opened? Judged by that book, every soul must be condemned, for the worldling and the believer will be found alike guilty before God; so that here there can be no hope of salvation for even the most upright and conscientious of the family of mankind.

And the other book, out of which "the dead, small and great," are to be judged, is the book of the law, written by the finger of God, and given by Him to Moses and the people of Israel at the Mount Sinai, amidst "thunderings and voices and an earthquake." And this book of the law, of the ten commandments, is binding upon all who are brought under the sound of it, down to the very end of time; for the Lord has declared that "not one jot or tittle shall pass away till all be fulfilled." And He declared of that law, that by it an angry thought was murder, a lustful look was adultery, and that the covetous man was an idolater. We need not say more; for who shall hope to stand in that day when this book shall be opened, and the dead shall be judged out of it according to their works? Yes, the whole world of mankind shall be "judged out of the things written in these books according to their works." Yes, according to their works. GRACE has no part in this judgment; that word is not written in these books. The book of God's holy law, and the book of the sinner's conscience, know nothing of sovereign grace, of predestinating mercy, of electing love. Every work will be found recorded, and every sinful word and thought will be proclaimed, before assembled worlds! "Judged according to their works!" According to the light and privilege which they have received, some shall be punished with many and some with few stripes; but the sentence pronounced by these books upon every individual of the human race will be eternal banishment from the presence of God, and from the throne of His glory. What dost thou say to this, thou proud caviller against the sovereign decrees of God? Surely here is strict justice, expressed in as awful terms as thou couldst desire to hear it! Thou hast scoffed at predestinating love; thou hast murmured at sovereign grace; thou hast said that God could not be a just God in electing some to eternal

life; but thou hast thine answer here. It is not God's predestination which will condemn thee to perdition; it is not sovereign grace of which thou wilt complain; electing love has never treated thee unjustly; but "they were judged every man according to their *works*," and out of these books saint and sinner will be alike condemned. The book of the law and the book of the sinner's conscience have done their work, and every soul is condemned by *them* to everlasting destruction. But the apostle speaks of another book, and of that other book we too will speak; and well may we call it "the book of life."

Do you see yon gloomy building?—its heavy iron gates?—its massive walls? It is a prison, and there are many prisoners there, and all are under sentence of death: they have been fairly tried, and for their evil works they have been condemned to death. Must they all die? Will our gracious Queen act unjustly in saving them *all*? Will she act unjustly in saving only some of them? They all deserve to die, but, for reasons which she may choose not to submit even to her councillors, she determines to pardon some of them; does she injure the others by doing so? See, the sheriff is at the prison gates; he has a list in his hand, sent him by the Queen; truly it is "a book of Life," and every one whose name is recorded on that paper finds that his pardon is sealed, and that he may go free. This is but an imperfect analogy. The Queen's "book of Life" gives only pardon; but "the book of Life" of the Lord Jesus Christ gives justification as well as pardon; delivers from the guilt as well as from the punishment of sin. Do not tremble, then, poor faint-hearted believer, in the contemplation of thy sins and iniquities being all published in the last great day before assembled worlds. Such a record will not dismay thy happy spirit in that eventful hour. It will but exalt the name of thy glorious Surety; it will but magnify the grace of covenant love. Thou canst sing now to the praise of the glory of His grace; and even thou wouldst gladly tell then with thine own lips of thy many misdeeds, and of Jesus' saving grace! Yes, thou wilt not want to hide one of thy sins in that day, nor dost thou want to hide one of them even in this day; for hast thou not heard those blessed words, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death," &c.

Another book is opened, and oh, what a blessed light is now thrown upon the scene in the opening of this "book of life." There are works recorded here, too, but they are the works of the Lord Jesus on behalf of the members of His mystic body. This book is a register, not of crimes but of names; there is the name of Jesus as the Head of His family, and there are the names of all on whose behalf He wrought out a full, free, and perfect salvation; there are the names of all who were given to Him by His Father, and who in their time-state were brought by His Spirit into union and communion with Him. Yes, there is first written "that name which is above every name," even the name of Jesus; and how blessed is that record of Him, "Yea, He loved the people: all Thy saints are in His hand;" He made Himself responsible for them; He stood as their Substitute, and endured the wrath of God, which otherwise they must have borne, and their names are all in that "book of life." They were given to Him by number and name, and "they shall again pass under the hand of Him that telleth them." Saith the Lord Jesus Christ, "I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou

gavest me out of the world: Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me; and they have kept Thy word;" and, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Here, then, is the secret of all, **ETERNAL LIFE**, which Christ hath given them! Condemned by the law, but saved by free, sovereign grace; one with Christ, and their life hid with God in Him. Christ hath given to them the same life "which was manifested in Himself," and none can separate them from the love of God.

Chap. xxii. 1.—Again we hear of the living waters, and again do we bless God that we do so hear. We have gone through the records of divine truth, and, as those who have tasted that the Lord is good, as those who in the sandy deserts have found a fountain of springing waters, so would we cry aloud to poor perishing sinners, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." The people of the Lord now are, as they have ever been, travelling through the wilderness. The children of Israel went that way, and they with their children and their cattle were like to have perished for lack of water, but there was a *rock* found, and Paul tells us "that Rock was Christ." And Moses struck the rock, and water flowed forth and became a river, which followed them in their wanderings through the desert, till at length they entered Canaan, "the land of promise" promised unto Abraham and his seed. Yes, "they drank of that spiritual Rock which followed them, and that Rock was Christ." And the law struck Christ, the living Rock, for "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities." And see the people of Israel in the wilderness: the rock has been smitten, but the multitude know not of it, till soon a trumpet-voice proclaims, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." And who are the "ye?" The whole host of Israel! Yes, all the host had been brought into that great wilderness—into that land of burning drought—and all thirsted for water. The flocks and the herds, the old men and the little children, all thirsted, and all were called to come and drink. And so it ever has been with the spiritual Israel, and so it is now. The literal Israel did not thirst when they were in Egypt; for, even in the midst of their bondage, they had the comforts of life, and so enjoyed those comforts, the cucumbers and the onions, that they even proposed to leave Moses, to choose another captain, and return to their creature-comforts and their hard bondage. But so it could not be; the cry of the people of Israel had come up unto God; He had seen their affliction; He had known their sorrows; He had destroyed their enemies, and He would not suffer them to return into Egypt. And the spiritual Israel are made to feel that the service of the world is a hard service; they are brought to listen to the words of the law, even as Israel in Egypt hearkened unto Moses, and the law leads them from Egypt, and through the Red Sea; and, when they see their enemies dead upon the sea-shore, then are they glad, and think their trials and their sorrows are over. But every child of God must go through the desert; and what terrible enemies are there! But the Lord Himself will lead them through that great and terrible wilderness, and, when trials and sorrows surround them—when friends despise and forsake them—when they are brought unto their wits' end, and their soul faints because of the way—then, oh, how cheering to hear the trumpet-voice, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Has there ever been any one of the spiritual Israel who did not thirst? Methinks I hear some downcast one say, "I do not thirst. Oh that I could thirst! I have drunk in times past

of those living waters, and my heart has been cheered, but now my spirit is cold and dead; the 'hearing ear' seems to be gone; the understanding heart to be far away; and I am often ready to exclaim, 'The Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me'!" Poor doubting soul! is not this thirst? Say then with David, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" Poor anxious one, look upwards, and see "the pure river of the water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Wouldest not thou drink there? Hast thou not borne thy sins and thy sorrows long enough? Is not thine unbelief hateful to thee? Dost not thou loathe thyself on account of it? Drink then, for "the Spirit and the bride say, COME." Yes, and the Holy Ghost says, "COME;" and the Church says, "COME;" and thy fellow-believer, who has heard these blessed words, he also says, "COME." "Let every one that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

But we must look again at this blessed subject. The Lord says, "Behold, I come quickly." "I am the Root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning Star" (Ver. 12 and 16).—"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come, and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Jesus says, "I come quickly," and the Spirit takes up the happy theme, and cries, "Yes, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and the bride [the Church] echoes the words of the Spirit, and says, "Yes, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and surely we, who by faith hear the voice of the Spirit, and listen to the earnest entreaties of the Church; who by faith have heard the words spoken by the Father unto Christ, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power;" surely we too shall say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and we shall call to the thirsty to come; and, with hearts warmed with a Saviour's love, we shall say to every desponding soul, "Whosoever WILL, let him come and take the water of life freely."

Kennett.

J. F. P.

COVENANT VERITIES IN AND FROM THE COVENANT HEAD.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Once more, "out of season," I take up my pen to address you in the name of the Lord whom we love, the God whom we worship, and the Beloved whom we adore, hoping that whatever I may write, the Holy Ghost may indite; so that both writer and reader may have real cause to rejoice together in Him "who is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." We shall then rejoice in the Lord, be joyful in our God, and "have no confidence in the flesh," knowing that "in our flesh dwelleth no good thing." Our flesh we prove to be a very troublesome neighbour, and we acknowledge that our Brother, even though experimentally far off, is better than that vexing and perplexing neighbour so nigh. Could we at all times live above the flesh *feelingly*, how delightful would it be! But, alas! to this living state of experimental perfection we do not attain. When we would do good in the spirit, evil is present with us in the flesh; and we find the words of Kent to be most truthful:—

"Communion with our God, how sweet!

But oh, the hours, how few,
When we can sit at Jesu's feet,
And foxes not pursue."

We are often cast down by sin, Satan, the world, and the flesh, but we are not destroyed, for "our life is hid with Christ in God." Our spiritual life in Him is indestructible. He lives in us as our life, we live in Him above death; He lives in us our purity, we live in Him above sin; He lives in us in Spirit, we live in Him above the flesh; He lives in us our grace and glory kingdom, we live in Him above the world. We live, by the faith of Him, the life of love and purity. The faith of God's elect works by love and in love, and it enables us to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible," "whom having not seen, we love:" and "we love Him because He first loved us." When we look at our love to Christ to evidence His love towards us, we are generally doomed to disappointment; but, when we are enabled to look at His love to us, how it produces love to Him. To live upon the cause of love, is to live upon an unchanging and an unvarying reality, but to seek comfort and satisfaction in the effect of love, is to "seek the living among the dead." One of our poets sings:—

"The cause of love was in Himself,
And in Him we'll rejoice."

The Lord will not allow His children to long draw satisfaction from their comforts, for their sweet and pleasant feelings shall wither before the cold and chilling winds of adversity. But cold and chilling winds touch not our life, although they destroy our warmth. Here we make great mistakes. We seek our evidences of spiritual standing and acceptance in our love to the Lord, instead of looking for them in His love toward us. The channel of communication at all times opens in the ocean: the streamlet always takes its rise at the fountain-head. Now, if we constantly keep our eye within expecting to perpetually behold the stream there, we shall again and again meet with disappointment, and be troubled because we see not our signs of life and tokens of love; but, if we be enabled by faith to go out of self and live upon Himself, our unchanging Beloved, we shall find Him to be in us "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." All our satisfaction should be drawn from the never-failing source of His love to us, and never, upon any consideration, should we be so led away from the simplicity of Christ as to derive the least comfort from our ever-varying love to Him. "We love Him, *because* He first loved us;" so that if He had never have loved us, we should never have loved Him: and, whenever we are left to be satisfied with our love to the Lord, we despise the fountain of living waters, and "hew out to ourselves cisterns that can hold no water." When, however, by the ministration of the blessed Spirit of Christ, we are privileged by faith to go out of self, and fix upon the ever-steadfast Rock of Ages, to leave the creature, and centre in the ever-shining Sun of Righteousness, "our peace flows as a river," and our light shines as the morning. Christ is our unchanging ocean of love, our unalterable fountain of life, and our unvarying Sun of righteousness; for He is Jesus Christ, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

"He never loves by fits and starts,
But loves us all our journey through."

From the very bottom of His bleeding heart of love He says to each and to all His children, "I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed:" and, when He speaks so glorious a portion into the heart, when He seals so precious a word upon the spiritual mind, the recipient

of favour so full, the partaker of grace so free, the subject of mercy so abundant, so boundless, so bottomless, and so blissful, breaks forth in holy ecstasy, "It is the voice of my Beloved." "His word is with power." Who can doubt it? Who can question it? Not the living child who has been favoured again and again to hear it and to feel it. No; for how often has he been privileged to sit at His dear feet, and to wonder at the gracious words which have proceeded out of His mouth! And what has been the blessed effect: what the glorious result? The ecstatic exclamation, "His mouth is most sweet: yea, He is altogether lovely. This is *my* Beloved, and this is *my* Friend, O daughter of Jerusalem." His voice vibrates and revibrates in the living heart; it echoes and re-echoes in the new-born soul. Speak of electricity, it is not half so swift, not nearly so spontaneous, as the voice of our Beloved, and the felt power of His burning, loving words of grace and glory! How truthful are the following verses: and what an echo will they find in every grace-affected heart, in every love-fired soul!

"No other voice can calm my breast,
Or still the raging sea;
But when He whispers, 'in the rest,'
I'm lost in Deity.

"Oh, how His voice draws out my
heart,
In burning hot desire;
And oh, such love He doth impart,
My soul is all on fire.

"I burn with love intensely warm,
And feel a heaven below;
I'm not afraid of wind or storm,
When He His face doth show.

"And if His voice be now so sweet,
Whilst in this mortal vale;
What will it be when we all meet,
And nought but love inhale?"

Love is a short word, but it is a shining one; it is a small word, but it is a mighty one; it is a simple word, but it is a mysterious one; it is a plain word, but it is a precious one; it is a common word, but it is a glorious one. It embraces a volume of blessedness, it contains a fountain of sweetness, it comprehends an eternity of preciousness, and it opens an immensity of delight and glory. Love, who can fathom thy depth? Who can scan thy height? Who can explore thy length and thy breadth? Who can measure thy fulness? Who can express thy greatness? Who can estimate thy worthiness? Who can reveal thy hidden glories? Who can behold all thy beauty? Who can discover the millionth part of thine excellencies? Love, thou art God. God, Thou art love. Christ, Thou art both; Thou art all. Thou art love personified; Thou art love revealed; Thou art love sealed home upon the spiritual mind; Thou art love communicated to the spiritual heart of the living child. Thou art hidden love, secret love, matchless love, boundless love, mercy-love, life-love, grace-love, and glory-love. Thou art the fountain of love, the river of love, the sea of love, and the ocean of love. Thou art my love; I am thy love. Thou art the Author of love, the Source of love, and the cause of love. Thou art the God of love, and the love of God. Not a drop of love have I in my heart that Thou art not. Not a ray of light have I upon my spiritual mind that Thou art not. Not a spark of spiritual fire have I in my soul that Thou art not. Not a breath of real life have I in my new man that Thou art not. Indeed, dear Lord, Thou art all. But, though Thou Thyself art love, uncreated love, underived love; and, though Thou hast loved my soul with the boundless ocean of Thy love, yet Thy love would have never reached me, but through the channel of Thy precious blood. The spring of love must

be expressed from the Fruit of Jesse in streams of blood; the rose of Sharon must bloom in Thy wounded side, and emit its sacred fragrance from the precious pores of Thy body. Fellowship with Thee in Thy sufferings imparts to my fainting soul the sweet odour of the lily of the valley. Thou, dear Jesus, art both Rose and Lily. Thou art red in blood and white in purity: and, hadst Thou not have been the rose, my soul never could have been the lily; hadst Thou not have atoned my sin, I never could have been a partaker of Thy holiness; hadst Thou, precious Jesus, not have redeemed me unto God by Thy blood, I never could have enjoyed freedom of access into that grace wherein I stand. The ocean of Thy love would never have found its way into my gladdened heart but through the river of Thy blood. But Thy precious blood underbottomed, overtopped, and entirely swept away the mountain of obstruction which my sins formed to love, light, and life, so that Thy love, Thy ancient love, Thy boundless love, can find no impediment to its incessant free-flowings since the blood of Thy heart of love has been shed. Hence the shedding of Thy blood was the flowing of Thy love; the cry of Thine agonizing soul in the depth of Thy deep humiliation was the expression of Thy bleeding heart of love to me, the unworthy subject of Thy grace. It is the thought of this, the contemplation of this, that so endears Thy glorious and gracious Person to my heart; for I am so lost in Adam, and so defiled in myself, that nothing but Thy blood can save me, nothing but Thy blood can wash away my guilt and pollution. Say to my soul, O my Beloved, again and again, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins. Return unto me; for I have redeemed Thee."

"I have raiment to attire thee,
I have blood to make thee
clean:
Without blemish I admire thee,
Fair without and fair within;
Now I'll give thee
One sure pledge of heav'n below.

"When thy warfare is completed,
And thy times of sorrow o'er,
All my love that I've related
Thou shalt prove, yea, ten times
more,
When I feast thee
With the fulness of my joy."

Beloved, it seems long since I wrote to you last; but you know quite well that I have you in my new heart, and that we live together in Jesus, and we love each other in the Lamb of God. Though we are absent from each other in body, we ever dwell together in Spirit. We are mutual partakers, through the word of life, of love, and of power, of the divine nature. It is in the life of this nature we live, in the love of this nature we rejoice, in the light of this nature we shine, in the faith of this nature we walk, upon the food of this nature we feed, upon the rock of this nature we build, of the wine of this nature we drink, and in the beauty and dignity, excellency and glory of this nature we appear as the "King's daughter with clothing of wrought gold." To us our Beloved says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Not a stain of sin can be seen upon us, not a spot of defilement can blemish us, and not a trace of the Adam-transgression can be found about us. We are clean throughout. How sweetly the lines of Hart now flow into my mind.

"We'll tell the Father in that day,
And Thou shalt witness what we say,
We're clean just God, we're clean!"

But are we clean in ourselves? are we blemish void in ourselves? are we "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" in ourselves? Contrariwise; "in our flesh there dwelleth no good thing." This we freely acknowledge, this we frankly confess; and yet we are "the perfection of beauty" and "a crown of glory" in Him our Beloved. Why should we wish to be better than we are in ourselves? What real reason have we for desiring to be anything but sinners in union to Adam the first? Were we anything but hell-deserving sinners in the flesh, we could not possibly experience the preciousness of the name of Jesus. "His name shall be called Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins:" not only from the sin of their vice, but from the sin of their virtue; not only from the sin of their unrighteousness, but from the sin of their righteousness; not only from the sin of their worldliness, but from the sin of their seriousness. Righteous self must be rejected as well as unrighteous self. Indeed, we must "hate the garment spotted by the flesh." The work of the Holy Ghost tends to lead us entirely out of self in all its phases, and to settle us wholly and for ever in Jesus. In Him alone are we the perfection of beauty. He who was made our sin delights to see us made the righteousness of God in Himself. He has "presented us to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing;" and, when we shall arrive in glory, when we shall reach the other house, the upper home which is "eternal in the heavens," we shall not be more suitable and acceptable to our God than we are now. Before time the Father loved us, before time the Son undertook to do and to suffer for us all the Father's righteous will, and before time the Eternal Spirit deeply engraved our names on the loving heart of our unchanging Friend, wrote them in the Lamb's book of life before the foundation of the world.

"O love of unexampled kind,
That leaves all thoughts so far behind."

From my heart of hearts I can now say, in living experience, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of HIM that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!"

But time and space tell me to stop, although eternity and immensity say, Continue. I feel now, in closing this letter of love to you, a child of love, that I have hardly said a word of Him who is our God of love; but may a few drops of love, beams of light, and gleams of glory accompany the hurried epistle, and then our rest-labour will not be in vain in the Lord.

Beloved, farewell! With our united best love,
Believe me to remain, as ever,
Yours very affectionately in Him,
JEDEDIAH.

LETTER OF THE LATE REV. W. HUNTINGTON TO MR. J—, TROWBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter, and have considered the contents of it, and I must confess that I differ in opinion from some divinity writers respecting the work of regeneration; but at the same time I aver, that neither their opinion nor mine are of any value unless supported by the word of God. God is a free Agent, and has an indisputable right to do as He pleases with His own. It is clear that all sinners are not of an

equal size ; all debtors are not in equal arrears ; some owe ten thousand talents, some five hundred pence, some fifty ; but by the law ALL are insolvent. Every mouth must be stopped, and all the world must become guilty before God. As there are different sizes of sinners among God's elect, so there are different measures of fatherly chastisements used at conversion. All do not sink so deep in the horrible pit as David, nor do all feel the arrows of wrath like Job, the terrors of the law like Paul, or the plague of heart like Asaph.

God works all things after the counsel of His own will ; we are not to draw lines for Him, nor to limit the Holy One of Israel ; yet we are to enforce and abide by the lines He has drawn. And by these I confess I do not know what some divines mean by God's drawing sinners with the cords of love, for, although I have experienced a comfortable measure of the love of God, yet they treat of a drawing by love that I do not understand. That God sometimes begins a work on a sinner's heart by a promise, and sometimes by a threatening or terrible sentence, sometimes by allurements, and sometimes by terrors, I readily grant. But to be drawn by the cords of love so as to feel no sting of guilt, no remorse of conscience, no bitter reflections on past folly, no sense of God's displeasure against sin, no rebellion nor evil motions of corruption, no opposition from unbelief, no doubts about our state, no fear of future reckoning, no tempter opposing a work of grace, no repentance or godly sorrow—this is such a drawing as I do not understand, and it is a drawing the Bible knows nothing of. To be begotten but never quickened ; born again without travail or labour ; healed before they are wounded ; saved before they are lost ; banqueted before they hungered ; refreshed before they thirsted ; at rest in Christ but never weary ; in the path to heaven and no spiritual tribulation ; a follower of Christ but no Cross ; a law in the mind but none in the members—such an one must needs walk boldly, for against him there is none rising up.

That God draws souls with the cords of love as with the bands of a man is true ; but God's love to my soul does not screen my back from stripes, for he that spareth the rod hateth his son, but "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." I have been intimately acquainted with several persons who informed me they were drawn by love, without either rebukes, chastisements, or terrors ; and I must confess they continued under their drawing for many years, and were drawn a great way, some of them to eminent gifts, and to cut no despicable figure in the ministry, and others to build chapels and contribute largely to support them. I have lived to see them all, except two, drawn into the world again, into sin, into bondage ; and no wonder, when they were unacquainted with the plague of the heart, a contrite spirit, godly sorrow, and repentance unto life.

"Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure . . . The Lord knoweth them that are His ;" and it appears to me that God hath begun His good work in you, and He will carry it on to the day of Christ Jesus. It is no small part of a work of grace to bring a man off from trust in his own heart and reliance on his own arm. When thy strength is gone, and thy righteousness appears to be nothing but dross, God will appear, for "He giveth power to the faint, and them that have no might He increaseth strength." If thou lovest His children and His ways, thou must love the Father that begat these children. These cannot deserve to be put amongst the children ; to be guided and directed, to submit to His will, and to be

saved in His own way, to seek with sincerity, and pray day and night, are things that either go before or else accompany salvation; they neither spring out of the soil of nature, nor do they come by chance. Therefore patiently wait, and quietly hope for salvation; nor pray either for trials or terrors, but pray for grace, mercy, and peace through Jesus Christ; and depend upon it that thou wilt feel and find, soon or late, as much corruption and bondage, accusation and temptation, doubts and fears, conviction, dejection, and distraction, as thy heart will be able to bear up under, let thy faith be what it may. So I predict, and so thou wilt confess, or thou wilt greatly disappoint

Thy affectionate friend,

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S.

SALVATION:

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE xix. 10.

OH, sinner, rejoice that the Saviour came down,
To seek, not the righteous, the noble, the great—
To save, not the children of fame and renown—
But the lost and the helpless, of lowly estate!

He chose not the learned; He came not to kings;
But stoop'd to the dunghill His jewels to find:
A thief and a harlot—poor castaway things!—
To such were His thoughts of compassion inclined.

Oh, was it not strange that His pity and love
For rebels, and refuse so wretched and base,
Should lure Him to leave His bright mansion above,
To make them His trophies of mercy and grace?

Poor sinner, He came not to *offer*, but save;
And He finished the work when He died on the tree:
He bore the dread curse, and arose from the grave,
To purchase eternal salvation for thee!

Oh, souls heavy-laden, condemned, and undone,
You stand in your Surety as pure as can be!
The Father beholds you complete in His Son,
And your sins are all lost in the depths of the sea!

Then shout, Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!
For the guilty, the ruined, a ransom is found.
To Israel's Jehovah, the Eternal I AM,
The glory and praise shall for ever resound.

Scarboroughh.

W. S. ROBINSON.

Hard is the conflict to get the mastery over a besetting sin; this is seldom obtained at once, or without many falls. Innate corruptions are very stubborn.

God's children never totally fall from grace. Though they sleep, yet their heart is awake; the grace of God sometimes fails in the outward action, yet it retireth to the heart, in which fort it is impregnable. As Christ said of Lazarus, so a man may say of a Christian, "In his worst state, his life is in him still; he is not dead, but sleeps; his heart waketh."

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM xxxvii. 37.

A "WISE SON," WHO MADE A "GLAD FATHER."

BEING FRUIT UNTO GOD GATHERED FROM

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOSIAH COWELL, JUN.

BY "JOSIAH," SEN.

(Continued from page 156.)

NEVERTHELESS, though every rose hath its pricking thorn, it hath also its fragrant smell. And so—

"Trials through tribulation's ground,
May thee like scorpions sting;
But yet that sorrow ne'er was found,
That did no sweetness bring."

Thus with this heavy affliction, this grievous visitation from the Lord, there was the consciousness that it was from the Lord, and this gave quietness and resignation thereto. "It is I; be not afraid." Only let the soul know that it is the Lord's doing, and then, howsoever mysterious the dispensation, or dark the path, it will have light and wisdom enough to bow to the "decree of the watchers," and yield itself to the "demand of the holy ones." With Christ in the ship, the roughest sea will, at His word, become a calm! If the Son of God be with us in the furnace, though it be heated never so hot, the smell of fire shall not rest upon us. Indeed, in passing through this life, which to a believer and pilgrim is the "valley of the shadow of death," his comfort, peace, and freedom from fear and evil, all rest upon the persuasion that he is not alone in his trouble, but that Christ is with him; and though there is the "rod" to correct, there is also the "staff" to support.

And this knowledge, so soothing to the soul, was the silver lining to our cloud; the light that shone amid all the gloom, and gave such a sanctified sweetness to the bitter waters of our affliction. For all of us, through mercy, were sensible of the "voice" which God's fatherly rod of covenant chastisement spake: but especially the fading smitten one, to whom it was more personally addressed. He listened with an obedient ear, and understood what the solemn utterance meant. He received instruction from heaven's reproof, and despised not the chastening hand, but met all his multiplied stripes of correction with a sanctified silence, and meekly bent his will to each stroke of God's decree. Indeed, I shall ever number it among the "marvellous works of God," that my son was enabled so submissively to bow, so sensibly to deny himself, and to take so joyfully the spoiling of his goods. For it is a fact that one by one of his endearing occupations, and much-loved pursuits, were given up without a word of objection, or the least expression of regret. Each was ceased from its turn, and all were yielded up with a quietness and submission that bespoke perfect resignation to the wiser will of God.

How great must have been the reigning power of grace to enable a young man just entering upon the open world, with bright and promising

expectations before him, to render such an implicit and unmurmuring surrender unto God of all his long and much-endear'd pleasures and pursuits, and in their place to have sent him pain, sickness, and disease, with the prospect of death.

Really I feel ashamed of myself as his father, when I think of the restless, fretful, and rebellious spirit at work in me—when even the little things of life seem to thwart my secret plans. Yet here were the solemnities of eternity before the face of my son, and, though suffering the loss of all things, in no way moved or disturbed. Truly the sick-chamber is the Lord's school-room, where He teaches His children their choicest and most profitable lessons, for the chastening hand of God is the best corrective in the world. And it was the seeing how my Josiah received God's reproof, and refrained his lips from a reply, that he became unto me the "*wise son*" that made "*a glad father.*"

Now as the year wore on he gradually grew worse, and by the time he became "of age" was a confirmed invalid, with a nurse in constant attendance. A diary record on this eventful occasion reads thus: "June 30, 1868. What is the great pride of a fond father's heart, but to see his son and heir, his namesake and successor, attain the mature age of twenty-one? This did my dear Josiah to-day! But oh, my poor heart, how full of griefs, fears, and evil forebodings! Lord, Lord, Lord! send us help from *Thyself*, for 'vain is the help of man.'"

The poor sufferer who came into possession of a goodly portion this day said, "My estate is the bed and the nurse;" and again, "Talk of birthday anniversaries, I have spent mine for three successive years in pain and sickness." Surely all on earth is "vanity," for it bringeth nothing but "vexation of spirit." Nevertheless, my son was not vexed; for, though he spoke out his sorrows, it was with a sweet and happy smile. Indeed, his meek and cheerful spirit, in the presence of so much pain and suffering, was a perfect marvel to us all; for, added to his silence at what the Lord took away, was now his submission at what He sent in exchange. Thus, amid the many distressing features of "consumption," there was the utmost composure of mind. He never once opened his lips with even the whisper of a murmuring word, but accepted everything that the Lord laid upon him as the righteous award for his sins. Surely there must, in his case, have been a "growing up into Christ," in the meekness and gentleness of His nature and disposition; for not only was there a "doing the will of God from the heart," but a "suffering according to His will," in the faith and patience of Christ.

This quiet state of his mind enabled us to read much and converse freely with him, which we constantly did at his request; and among the many things so read were some of the leading articles of the former numbers of the *Gospel Magazine*. One in particular seemed especially suited to the state and condition of my son, namely, that in the number for March, 1846, headed, "*Furnace Work*," where the beloved editor, writing upon the Scripture, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" speaks in a most experimentally comforting manner of the "blessed certainties that sustain a child of God in affliction." And truly my son needed this, and the Lord knew it; therefore he doubtless directed our minds to read that which was wrought in the "fire" more than twenty-two years ago towards one beloved brother, that it might be made fruitful and profitable in a similar "furnace" unto another. Let this, then, yield encouragement to all those who write ex-

pressly for the Lord's honour, and His people's welfare; and, instead of themselves appropriating the product of their experience to any particular person or thing, leave its application to the Lord in His own time, way, and manner. The divine Testifier of Jesus is the wisest Interpreter in the world.

Now, the blessed sustaining certainties of God's word were exactly adapted to the state of my Josiah, for he was just now a little unsettled in his mind, being not always sure he was "right," and therefore the subject of many doubts and fears. Hence, on one occasion, he said, "Supposing I am wrong after all;" then, again checking himself, he added, "but this thought is comparatively only for a moment."

His mind was much exercised upon Scripture texts, which he continually compared with a view to ascertain their correct meaning. For instance, he placed what Paul says in the 1st chapter of Corinthians, in juxtaposition with what Christ said in the 25th of Matthew. Thus, the "weak things" mentioned in the one were, he said, the "babes" spoken of in the other; and the "princes of this world," who knew not God, the "wise and the prudent," from whom these things were "hid." Another thing he spoke of was "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." This figure, he said, fell short of its full meaning viewed only as a stationary rock; for, said he, "if we seek the shelter of a rock in a storm, when the storm is over we walk on and leave that rock behind us; whereas, the 'Rock,' that Christ was to the children of Israel, followed them all through the wilderness, and of that they continually drank." Is not this somewhat the way in which God leads forward the meditative mind of His people, so that they go from the strength of one Scripture truth to the strength of another?

But beyond this "searching of the Scriptures," there was, as my son went down to the sea of soul-trouble, and did business in the great waters of spiritual affliction, a seeing the salvation works of the Lord Jesus Christ, and His wonders in the deeps of His distress. There is a vast difference between learning the truth of ourselves in health, and the being taught it by the Lord in sickness. Nebuchadnezzar, whilst "at rest in his house, and flourishing in his palace," could even see a form in the furnace he had heated to destroy the Hebrew children like unto the "Son of God." John, in the Isle of Patmos, looked and beheld a white cloud, and upon the cloud sat One like unto the "Son of Man." And so it is to this day. God may be seen in His majesty when He is not seen in His mercy. This is as Nebuchadnezzar saw Him; but no one can see God in His mercy without, at the same time, seeing God in His majesty; and this is how John beheld Him. And if we, in our day, do not see in the "Son of God" the "Son of Man" also, and in the Son of Man the Son of God, we cannot enter by faith into the blessed apprehension of the mediatorial majesty of the Lord Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

As the natural light of day and the darkness of the night are at God's disposal, so also are the spiritual light of comfort and the darkness of a deserted and dejected spirit. God gives divine consolations out of the goodness of His will, or withdraws them to show the sovereign liberty of His will. So let His people know that comfort is not essential to holiness—neither inseparably and necessarily belonging to grace:

Correspondence.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS HEARD AND ANSWERED.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Plymouth, March 8, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—Kindly be pleased to insert the accompanying letters in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. I think they are calculated, under the divine blessing, to cheer and comfort all who are enabled to “live a life of faith upon the Son of God,” more especially parents who are earnestly praying for the spiritual welfare of their children. Truly the vision is for an appointed time. When the happy day for favouring Zion arrives, the cry goes forth, “*Live!*” “Loose him, and let him go!” May the Lord enable us to say with one of old, “I will trust and not be afraid!” Oh, that we could ever remember that sweet soul-sustaining word, “Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance.” Yes, the “desire of the righteous shall be satisfied;” the fondly-cherished hope, though long deferred, shall be a “tree of life,” for He is faithful that promised; and, though “we believe not, He abideth faithful.” He *cannot* deny Himself. What joy the beloved founder of Ashley Down will feel as he reads these letters! “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” How dear Mr. Walker will be comforted as he reads clearly that the Lord is with him, and prospers him in his “labour of love.” What fresh courage, holy boldness, renewed confidence will fill your own soul as you are led in this instance to see that though we know very little of “trusting the Lord in the dark, and having the mind sweetly and blessedly stayed upon Him in the face of the most adverse and seemingly contradictory circumstances,” yet it is “well” at all times “with the righteous,” for “He keepeth the feet of His saints;” “they shall never perish.” He guideth with His counsel, and finally brings His children to glory! Yes,

“My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine;
 And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.
 One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board;
 Above the ravings of the gale
 I hear my Lord;
 He holds me when the billows smite,
 I shall not fall.
 If *sharp* 'tis *short*, if *long* 'tis *light*,
 He tempers all.”

Who will not sing with dear Mr. Kent—

“How harsh soe'er the way,
 Dear Jesus, still lead on!”

My soul has been much exercised concerning you, and I have been enabled, in my poor simple way, to commit you and yours to Him who “loveth at all times.” Finally, beloved, grace, mercy, and peace be with you! May Naphtali's portion be realised by you,

Philemon 4—7.

So prayeth yours very affectionately in Jesus,

BENJAMIN.

R 2

Gloucester, November 4, 1868.

MY BELOVED SISTER IN CHRIST,—Oh, how your loving heart will rejoice when you find how I address you! Tears of joy are falling from my eyes as I write, thinking of it! Oh, how your heart will be lifted up in praise to our loving Father, who has so quickly and graciously answered your many prayers on my behalf! Blessed be His holy name! Is it really true? Can I even now realize it? Yes, yes, oh, yes! It is firmly and indelibly imprinted on and grafted in my soul, and “I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate *me* from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.” How my dear brother K—— will also rejoice in the Lord. What a blessed comfort for him, among his many earthly troubles—which, for the time, I feel sure will be entirely banished—as he feels so near him the loving hand of the great “*I AM!*” Oh, next to the firm and blessed assurance that we ourselves have “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,” surely there is nothing here we can glorify God more for than the salvation of others, more particularly when we have been exercised in prayer on their behalf (Psalm lxi. 19; Psalm cxvi. 2).

Think of my dear mother! I have not had her letter yet; expect she is almost too overpowered by the mercy and lovingkindness of her Father yet to write me. They had the joyous news at Exmouth on Sunday morning, and I received aunt’s reply to-day; in it she says, “Your mother is up-stairs.” That is all. Oh, what volumes it speaks to me—to me, the guilty sinner! to me, the disobedient child! to me, the wicked and scornful youth! to me, the sneering and even persecuting man! O my God, great indeed has Thy long-suffering been on my behalf. Oh, how little can we comprehend of the wondrous *love* of our Creator! His love towards me has ever been unchanged, and His promise to His handmaid fulfilled. How many, many times have I seen a peaceful, calm, trusting, and loving—not smile, but brightness—heavenly brightness—cross my darling mother’s face, when the Evil One, through me, has made a thrust at her ever-hopeful soul; and she has said in those sweet remonstrative (not even chiding) tones, “Ah, my dear child, the time will come; the time will come.” And then I could hear a gentle sigh as she again took up her cross—a gentle sigh—as if she would be ashamed to be heard sighing by Him whose burden she had so patiently bore (Psalm ciii. 17, 18). The time has come! All glory to God! “Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” Lord, in Thine infinite mercy, Thou hast seen fit to relieve Thine handmaid of this burden that she so patiently borne before Thee for many years; grant now that the two other burdens of the same nature may speedily be taken from her, that she may glorify Thee in this respect while yet she is in the flesh, inasmuch as Thou wilt have satisfied all her yearnings with regard to those of her body, and then indeed shall her end be peace. Sweet Jesus, we ask it in Thy name. Oh, say Amen. And now, my dear Mrs. R——, I ought, perhaps, to tell you something about the more earthly portion of the matter, or, more correctly, God’s wonderful means on my behalf.

You will know, of course, that I have seldom or ever been in utter darkness—that I have always had my good side, and a continually pricking conscience, more especially during the past two years. But I have reason to

think that hearing Mr. Walker,* of Bristol, according to Brother K——'s advice, was so blessed to my soul, as to very much humble me, and cause me to submit to His will in attending Bethesda with my elder sister to hear that highly-favoured man, George Müller. This was a thing that my natural heart revolted against very much. I had a dislike to being led there again like a child, by my sister (who had done so more than twenty years ago), especially as many there knew me. Oh, must not the evil one have trembled at the thought of my going there? Hence his attacking me in this way. I had been reading Mr. Müller's life too, for the first time during the past two months; this created in me a desire to hear him. This book was the means of leading me very much to prayer, and, in answer to prayer, God by His Holy Spirit granted me faith to believe "that the poor despised Jesus of Nazareth, of whom we read in the New Testament, was the promised Christ or Messiah" (Müller's Narrative, p. 401). And "if so," continues the writer, "you are a child of God, else you would not believe it. It is given unto you to believe it. Millions may say that Jesus is the Saviour, the Messiah, but none believe it except the children of God. It proves me to be a child of God that I believe it; to none besides is it given to believe it, though millions might say so." Blessed words these for me, and I accepted them as direct from God. After this I became more earnest in my prayers, but still continuing in sin. Ah, here was the stumbling-block. It was not until last Friday morning that grace was given me to drive the evil one completely away, and then, and not until then, had I peace—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding." How little do unbelievers understand these words of the Holy Ghost. Ah, what a blessed peace was mine! I was just like the blind and the halting and maimed healed by our blessed Lord when here. I went on my way rejoicing, and could hardly refrain from crying out in the street even as they did, "glorifying God." About middle-day, being assailed by doubts and fears, I flew to the only refuge, and asked God to give me a special text to cheer me. Oh, how I have cause to praise Him for ever and ever for this almost immediate answer to my petition. I was clearly directed to, "Being now made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." I enjoyed much peace all the day after this, as, blessed be God, ever since the first moment of my spiritual birth, I have had an unceasing desire to serve Him—actually and positively do Him some service here, no matter in how humble a manner, if it were only to stand at the corners of streets, and distribute the truth (God grant I may not let the flesh enter into this desire, and that I may guard against self-righteousness). Earnestly pray for me in this respect, my beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, who may see or hear of this letter.

Notwithstanding this comfort on Friday—would you believe it, I had not heart to write mother, and tell *even her*? The evil one was still at me, although he could not shake me, because I had said, "I will not be moved," and he endeavoured to make me think that the whole matter would pass off in a few days. I thought of mother all the morning, Saturday; and at mid-day earnestly prayed for another portion of the word for my special consolation and teaching. What *do* you think was the answer? "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant; Thy servant, *and the son of Thine handmaid*. Thou hast loosed my bonds." Was not this, indeed, a loving Father's voice? Was not this, *indeed*, fulfilling the

* Rev. S. A. Walker, Mary-le-port Church, Bristol.

Scriptures in their most *literal* sense, with regard to the "Bread of Life?" How kind and thoughtful, too, to point to my dear mother in this way! So that the heavy burden she was bearing should be removed! Truly, *God is Love!* After this, of course, I could not hesitate; and ever since I wrote my mother, aunt, and dear brother-in-law, and more especially since I have received letters from the latter, all has been joy, sometimes almost more than I can bear. I received a letter from a brother in Bristol, introducing me to another here; and with him I attended a little gathering for prayer last evening. I am now going to his house to consult him principally on temporal matters, for I must be careful to do nothing except to the honour and glory of my heavenly Father. I could write you much more, but must defer it for the present. Commend me with kindest regard to all who know me. Ask the prayers of those who are in the faith on my behalf, and accept, my dear sister, the Christian affection of

Yours ever in Jesus, G. G.

Rom. xv. 30.

Exmouth, February 15, 1869.

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iv. 19.

MY EVER-DEAR SON,—I thank you very much for your letter, dated February 6, and assure you its contents gave me great joy. For some length of time, dear G—, I have found it *very sweet* to put my trust in the "living God," and whilst, through grace, I have rolled all my care on Him, have also sought that my dear children may be made partakers of like precious blessings with myself. When therefore your letter announced to me the resolve, by divine grace, that henceforth the life you now live in the flesh shall be a life of faith in the Son of God, who hath loved you, and hath given Himself for you, my heart leaped within me, and I was enabled to exclaim with renewed vigour, "I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more" (Psalm lxxi. 14). My heart does indeed respond to your statement, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man." "Trust in the Lord for ever, for with the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

"Put thou thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

"No profit canst thou gain,
By self-consuming care;
To Him commit thy cause—His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

"Through winds and waves and storms
He gently clears the way.
Wait thou His time, so shall thy night
Soon end in brightest day."

May, dear G—, the sweet ejaculation be constantly going from you, "Lord, increase my faith." May you be "strengthened with all might by His Spirit in the inner man;" and "be strong in the grace that is in

Christ Jesus," and continually "abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." Let me entreat you to feed daily, yea, hourly, in the green pastures of the written word; for there only, under the Holy Spirit's teaching, will you find *real* nourishment. Ever bear in mind the words of Jesus, "If ye continue in *my* word, then are ye *my* disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." What a mine of treasure we have in the 119th psalm. I sometimes think whilst reading its different parts that it is indeed very precious. It commences so nicely, leading us at once to our great Exemplar, the God-Man Christ Jesus; for He alone delighted in the law of the Lord. He alone was undefiled and separate from sinners. He alone did the will of His Father; and *we* have *professed* to follow Him, and He has set us an example, that we should follow His steps. May we seek continually strength to do so at the "Mercy-seat," for the sure word is "There will I meet thee."

"Oh, may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified."

I have had much comfort given me, whilst alone in the "little room" at the top of the house, musing on this Psalm; and whilst gathering as it were its many flowers, the perfume of them has drawn my soul insensibly to Him who is gone to the "mountains of myrrh" and the "hill of frankincense," whilst the things that are "seen and temporal" have appeared worthless indeed. In the 89th verse of this Psalm we read, "For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven." O sweet soul-sustaining truth! The eternal "Word," the Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us. Yes, blessed Jesus, Thou art then, and for us, our "Risen Life," our Surety, our Power with the Father, our Advocate, our glorious High Priest, and Intercessor; and Thy word assures us because Thou livest we "shall live also." Dear G—, ought not these truths to cheer us amidst all? How do the fleeting things of earth sink into nothing, when contemplating these glorious realities; and what sinful worms do we appear. May we each cry with the Psalmist, "My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken Thou me." I am rejoiced, my son, that your heavenly and loving Father has seen fit in His tender mercy to use you as an instrument of "good" to your fellow-creatures. "Be not weary in well doing; for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

I am now going to relate to you, my son, what I have never yet made known to mortal. Early in the spring, 1841, I left Bathpool, where your Sister A— was born, and went to Bristol . . . We had been in fellowship with the "brethren" at Taunton for some time, and I looked forward to "happy meetings" with those in Bristol to whom I was committed after much prayer, they at Taunton requesting I may be received with tenderness on account of my then affliction. I was in an advanced state of pregnancy, and therefore seldom went out. I received many calls on my arrival in Bristol, and great attention from the sisters. On the 26th of June the Lord was pleased to make me the happy mother of a male child, and on the subsequent Lord's-day thanksgiving was returned at Bethesda, and both mother and child committed to the care of our heavenly Father, with much prayer, by our dear brother Müller. I got over my weakness, through much mercy, and early in September was sitting in my little snug parlour at needlework with you in your cradle asleep by my side. A

knock at the front-door announced visitors, and the servant brought into the room two ladies. They were strangers to me, but I found one was dear Mrs. Müller, and the other a Miss Bullock, then a visitor at the residence of Mrs. M——.

After they were seated the subject of my affliction* was spoken of, and dear Mrs. M—— was very sweet on different parts of the "word of God." Her soft and loving manner soon drew from me confidence to tell her how much I at times regretted being, as it were, cut off from *active* service for the Lord, in which I had taken such delight before my affliction. She turned, and said to me, "Dear sister, the Lord may see fit that your service to Him, instead of *active*, shall be *passive*; and, though you cannot go out, He is able to bring them to you. *Even* the dear child in the cradle may become an active and useful servant for the Lord." Miss Bullock then knelt down by your cradle, and we offered our united petitions to that effect.

"Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
But have been upheld till now,—
Who could hold me up but Thou?"

Yes, dear G——, this *hope* has many times been my stay; for I felt *sure* the Lord would, in His own time, answer prayer on your behalf. Many times, through the long dark vista, when *everything* seemed to *crush* the fulfilment of such a *hope*, I have been sustained and comforted from the word of God, particularly the last verse of the 27th Psalm.

Well do I remember your coming from London to Southampton with Mr. S——. You arrived on the Friday evening, purposing to remain with me until the following Tuesday. You came, and oh, with what anxiety did I watch every *action*, and listen that I may discover, if possible, any trace that the spark of "inner life" was kindled; but I was disappointed, and it made me very sad.

Tuesday Evening.—The time of your departure came, and after your tea you rose to go. My heart was full, and the tears began to flow. When you saw them you said, "Mother, remember if you cry when I come to see you, I shall never come again." This made me worse. When you were gone, and the *front door closed* on you, I thought, "Gone! gone again into a heartless world, without any trace of his heart being renewed by 'divine grace.'"

I was alone, and, taking up my Bible, that had been my companion for many years, I opened it, and my eyes fell on the words, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? *Hope thou in God.*" Here again was the *hope*, and during the days and weeks and months and years that have intervened, that hope has never left me; and I have been sustained much by the sure word of promise, and the faithfulness of Him who never disappoints the expectations of those who put their *trust in Him*. You will *see* now, dear, why I so much wish you to be active in the Lord's vineyard. May He strengthen and uphold you continually, and make you a "burning and a shining light" in the midst of a "crooked and perverse generation." It was not until November, 1868, my heavenly Father saw best to grant me an answer to *prayer* and to give me the realization of my hope. When yours reached me with the "glad tidings," I felt as if I could grasp the whole universe to give *one*

* Paralytic stroke.

loud shout of praise to our faithful and covenant-keeping God and Father in Christ Jesus, for His unspeakable mercy. May *He* use you in *His own way* for *His* glory, and *His* shall be the praise *for ever*!

Your affectionate Mother,

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Protestant Church has at length been brought before the House of Commons. We cannot regard it in any other light than that of sheer confiscation and wholesale robbery. It proposes, in the first place, that the union between the English and the Irish churches should be abolished, that the Irish Church should cease to be connected with the State, and that her bishops should discontinue to sit in the House of Lords. And, in the second place, that the whole of the church's property should be placed in the hands of a commission, which is to manage it for ten years. Of that property, something above one-third is to be handed back to the Church, to pay the net income of the incumbents and curates for the remainder of their lives (which may, or may not, leave anything afterwards for the permanent support of the Church), and the remainder of the property, or nearly two-thirds of it, is to be given to *the permanent endowment of Maynooth*, to the Presbyterians, to laymen, and to the support of lunatic asylums, deaf and dumb asylums, trained nurses, reformatories, and infirmaries. A more jesuitical bill was probably never laid upon the table of the House of Commons, for, whilst it ostensibly provides for the present interests of the Church, it in reality proposes to deprive her of the whole of her property; and, whilst it gratifies the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians by carefully considering their interests, and giving them a large share of the spoil, it also reconciles many a would-be opponent by the secularization of the Church's revenues, and their application to the relief of Ireland's heavy taxes. In its details, too, the same astuteness is observable; *e.g.*, private endowments, it says, are to be respected, but back to what date? Only to the year 1660. Why make that year the limit? Because, Mr. Gladstone says, "in that period the Church of Ireland assumed its present legislative shape and character." Is this the real reason? By no means. The real reason is, that the endowments given prior to that period *are the most valuable part of the Church's property*. The good and generous men who lived shortly after the Reformation nobly came forward in their zeal for true religion, and endowed the Protestant Church largely out of their own private means, so that it might remain as a bulwark for ever against the errors they were determined to oppose. By the year 1660 this good work was wellnigh completed; and so Mr. Gladstone fixes that date, in order that he may be able to lay violent hands upon the whole of those noble gifts. How unfairly also is the Protestant Church treated, as compared with the Popish College of Maynooth! Mr. Gladstone reckons the life interests of the Church at less than *nine years'* purchase of that which he declares to be her actual income, and this sum he proposes to bestow not on the Church itself, but on the individual clergy, and saddles it with the obligation to pay them their whole present income. The life-interests of Maynooth are arbi-

trarily reckoned at *fourteen years'* purchase; and this sum is handed over to Maynooth without any condition whatever! Again, there is a repairing charge of £20,000 on Maynooth, and of this Mr. Gladstone makes a free present to that Popish college. On the Protestant parsonages there is a similar charge of £250,000 for building, &c.; and this sum Mr. Gladstone rigorously exacts from the coffers of the disestablished Church! So much for equality! Then, again, as regards Maynooth, this Bill commits a double breach of faith. It was promised that the Maynooth grant should be abolished, always saving life-interests. No direct provision is made for life-interests; but, instead of abolishing the grant, Mr. Gladstone commutes it for a gift so large that it would at any time have been cheerfully accepted as the equivalent of the Parliamentary grant. It was understood that no part of the confiscated funds of the Church should be handed over to the Roman Catholics; Mr. Gladstone directly transfers to them, out of these funds, a sum of £380,000! Surely such a Bill can never become law! If it did, it would be a disgrace to the English name for ever. Supposing that the State had bestowed these funds, then perchance it might attempt to reclaim them; but inasmuch as it never gave them, it has no more right to touch them than it has a right to confiscate the property of a private individual. Some persons may, perhaps, not approve of the principle of religious endowments, and may not consider that our forefathers left their property in the wisest and best way; but, when that property has been left, and devoted by our forefathers to the furtherance of sacred objects which were very dear to their hearts, it is sheer robbery and sacrilege to snatch it away and devote it to objects which the donors never contemplated. In short, as a nobleman observed the other day in the House of Lords, "The whole proceeding is a sacrilegious one; the policy has been dictated by reckless party motives, and it is alike disgraceful to the Government, and insulting to Parliament and the country."

The Irish Protestants are highly incensed at this measure. A strong protest against it has just been signed by forty-five Irish noblemen and by upwards of a thousand baronets, magistrates, and other influential gentlemen. Several large meetings have also been held, at which the strongest indignation was expressed. At Dublin, in a meeting of about three thousand persons, it was unanimously resolved that the Bill should be "met with determined and uncompromising resistance," as being "a measure contrary to good faith and subversive of the rights of property." And the meeting expressed very decidedly its opinion that "the Bill would involve an abandonment of the principles of the Reformation; that it would be a repudiation by the State of pure Christianity based on the word of God; that it would deprive thousands of families of the blessings of a parochial ministry and the ordinances of true religion; and that, taking into consideration the solemn compacts entered into by England with Ireland, it was a measure fraught with injustice and wrong." Such is the opinion of Irish Protestants, expressed in no hesitating or qualified terms. "The feelings of the Protestants of Ireland," says a leading Irish paper (the *Daily Express*), "may be clearly read by our legislators from meetings such as that assembled last night at the Metropolitan Hall. The genuine enthusiasm, the heartfelt indignation at the policy of the Government, the stern determination and undaunted resolution of which the vast assemblage gave unmistakable evidence, prove beyond a doubt that if the enemies of the Church base their calculations on the apathy or inaction

of Irish Protestants, they will be grievously disappointed. During the past sixty-eight years the Protestants of Ireland have been the staunchest supporters of the union with England. Now, many openly proclaim themselves Repealers. All are agreed that if England refuses to fulfil her part of the international compact of the union, she has no longer any right to demand its observance from Ireland. England, if she consents to Mr. Gladstone's measure, will have broken faith, and by her perfidy will have released the Protestants of Ireland from all obligation to observe a treaty, the fundamental article of which has been violated by England." And, alluding to the recent renewal of agrarian outrages, and the fresh impatient demands of the Romish priesthood, the same journal adds: "These are the effects of Mr. Gladstone's policy on Ireland. It has alienated friends, without conciliating enemies."

The following remarks on the measure by a London paper are well worthy of notice: "We have spoliation, confiscation, 'robbery of God,' in the shape of a printed Bill, introduced by the First Minister of the Crown. The Church of the Reformation is to be robbed to please the Roman Catholics. So far as the civil power can effect it, the Church of the Reformation is to be abolished in Ireland. Everything is taken away with which our forefathers, under God, proposed to provide some support for the ministers of the true faith as then recovered, and proclaimed to be the national faith of the people. A few pounds are left out of the plunder of millions only to make the injury more injurious, and the insult more insulting. With the rest, among other things, the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth and the Presbyterian body are to be permanently endowed. And this is all proposed in the name of justice, equity, peace, religion, and Almighty God! Men's hearts may well fail them for fear when they see what is the power of political ambition and its issue, self-deceit, to pervert a great intellect, and to destroy a conscience; and, through this perversion and destruction, to hurry on a people to an act for which there is no repentance."

Well may the *Nation*, a Roman Catholic organ, say, that, compared with this Act, the Emancipation Act of 1829 was a "miserable compromise."

We are glad to see that the Bishops of the Church of Ireland have called upon the clergy of their respective dioceses to invite their people to united prayer, for the aid and direction of Almighty God at this most solemn crisis in our history. Will not all true Christians join with them? Let earnest and united supplications ascend at the throne of grace, that the Lord may be pleased to avert the evils which threaten us; and that He will neither suffer the right of His truth to be in anywise quenched amongst us, nor permit the harlot of Babylon to reign triumphant over us. If ever there were a time to take heed to the divine precept, "That supplications, prayers, and intercessions be made for all men, for kings, and all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life," surely that time is the present. Great is the present emergency. Let our prayers keep pace with it. Great, too, is our encouragement. Let us not despond. We know Him whom we have believed, and His word is, "I said not to the house of Israel, Seek ye my face in vain."

The Hull convent case, which we alluded to last month, has been concluded, after a trial of twenty days, with a verdict for the plaintiff, on the counts charging libel and conspiracy; damages, £500; and for the defendants on the other counts. The poor nun may be truly thankful that

she has succeeded in her case so well; probably she owes it, after all, to her having had Roman Catholic priests as her relatives; otherwise it is not improbable that it would never have been made public; convent walls and a convent dungeon, even in this free land, might soon have put an end to it. Let not any one say that this would be impossible. A correspondent of the *Rock* relates that, "Not far from Dublin the only child of a late well-known railway contractor was placed in a convent to be educated. She induced a day-pupil to post some private letters to her parents; but the replies (all letters being opened by the Superior) betrayed her. The punishment inflicted for this crime was to lock up a girl of about fourteen years of age in a cell! The next morning she was found on her face on the floor, and the next day she was dead! The father threatened, but he had not the pluck of the Saurins, and it was 'hushed up.' Liberal England," adds the same correspondent, "would not allow so illiberal an action to be perpetrated under the British flag, as a commissary of police to enter a sacred convent, even to liberate five or five hundred captive females! If she ever does, I will promise you a very large manumission of slaves; and I will promise further, that you will open up underground cells, and there strike off iron fetters that are now eating their way into the flesh and blood of many of England's sons and daughters."

The present Government appear to be determined to secure popularity, if possible, at any cost. Notwithstanding the serious danger that menaced the country in the Fenian intrigues, and the absolute necessity that there was severely to punish them, the Government have actually had the temerity to set free forty-nine of the Fenian prisoners unconditionally, merely, it is to be feared, in order to gratify their Roman Catholic supporters. We have in times past had lessons enough taught us of the folly of such mistaken clemency. We have yet, it seems, to learn those lessons over again. Will these criminals, these traitors, let loose upon society, become all at once loyal citizens? It will be wellnigh a miracle if they do. More probable far that they will yet breathe forth disaffection and disloyalty, and encourage insurrection and discontent.

The Romanists are again pushing forward their claims. Their Bill to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act has again been brought before the House of Commons, but we are glad to hear that it met with a firm remonstrance from Mr. Newdegate. Mr. Newdegate especially called the attention of the House to the fact that, according to their own testimony, the Romanists, in seeking to have their bishops recognized by Act of Parliament, were in reality endeavouring to set up their community formally above all others, and to place their bishops in direct opposition to those of the Established Church; for they distinctly assume that the "English episcopate has no existence in England," and they claim for their Church authority, not only over persons of their own communion, but also over all baptized Christians. We hope that the Bill will be indignantly rejected.

A remarkable trial has just taken place in Italy—that of a young man named Luigi Triglia, in priest's orders at Salerno. He was engaged to marry Marianna Montefusco, but the father interfered on the ground of his being in sacred orders, and the Judges of the Tribunal of Salerno forbade the officers of the civil status of Vietri and Cava to take any step in such marriage, and directed that the promise of marriage given should be erased from the registers. Against this decision the sposi appealed to the Naples Courts. The case excited immense interest, and not only was

the court densely crowded, but all the passages leading to it, by intelligent respectable young men, on whom the future of Italy must depend; and the scene is described as one of the most extraordinary and enthusiastic ever witnessed in a court of justice. The advocate for the appeal, who throughout his patriotic address was greeted with loud acclamations which it was difficult to suppress, maintained that priests stood before the civil law simply as citizens, their ecclesiastical status not in the slightest degree altering their civil position. With regard to the injunction of celibacy, he said "that such a *precetto* was in perfect contradiction to the nature of man, to the Divine word revealed in the Scriptures, and to the example of Christ, who selected for His disciples and apostles married men, except John and Paul, according to the testimony of St. Ambrose and St. Hilary. (Shouts of applause, and *vivas*.) To moralize society the priests must be moralized, and this can only be accomplished by allowing their marriage." (Again loud *vivas*, and applause.) To this the advocate of the opposite party had little to say, although he did remark that, "as to the example of Christ and His apostles, he had nothing to do with facts which occurred two thousand years ago," long, of course, before the period of legal memory. The Attorney-General, who followed, said they could only regard the priest in his civil relation. Let Roman Catholics make their services as splendid as they liked, they should have the full protection of the law, as should the members of all other religious communions; but let them not attempt to interfere with the State. Marriage was honourable, and of purely civil obligation. As to the popular prejudice against the marriage of priests, that would die away when the people saw them respectable heads of families. For himself he would infinitely rather hold out his hand to a priest who took his wife to his house than to one who led a lewd life. The scenes witnessed during the delivery, and at the conclusion of this speech are said to have been indescribable. Some persons kept their eyes fixed on the Attorney-General as if they could have eaten him, while the acclamations were so frequent and fervid that it was difficult to follow the thread of the speech. At the end hats were lifted, *vivas* were shouted, and a universal clapping of hands ensued, such as generally seen only in the enthusiastic audience of a theatre. Long and loud it continued; the demonstration was beyond the power of the priests to stop it, and numbers came up to congratulate and thank the Attorney-General. The decision of the Court was, that it cancelled the sentence of the inferior tribunal, declared the opposition which was made to the celebration of matrimony between Signor Luigi Triglia and Signora Marianna Montefusco to be inadmissible, and directed that the ceremony should be proceeded with according to the law.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, Lieut. Warren gives an account of some further and interesting explorations under the Temple area. Making his way with considerable difficulty through the mouth of a tank in a private garden which projects into the area, and descending forty-two feet to the bottom, in which he found three feet of water, he says—"On lighting up the magnesium wire, and looking about me, I was astonished, my first impression being that I had got into a church similar to that of the cathedral (formerly a mosque) at Cordova. I could see arch upon arch, north and east, apparently rows of them. The substructure, now used as a tank, is 63 ft. from north to south, and 57 ft. from east to west, thus being nearly square. Its northern wall is 23 ft. 6 in. from the south side of the Birket Israil.

(traditional Pool of Bethesda). It consists of nine rectangular bays, formed by four piers, cruciform in plan, equidistant from each other and from the walls, from which spring arches. The arches between the piers, and between the two northern piers and walls, are stilted or pointed; those from the two southern piers and walls appear to be flying buttresses, unless the remainder of these arches are concealed behind the east, west, and south walls of the substructure." Lieut. Warren repeats afterwards that the impression that he had got into a church still remained in his mind; but the probability is, that the structure is simply a water reservoir, similar constructions being not uncommon in ancient ruins; e.g., the "hall of a thousand and one pillars" in Constantinople; and this hypothesis is strengthened by the existence of a communication with the so-called Pool of Bethesda.

Mr. E. H. Palmer, the travelling student attached to the Ordnance Survey of Palestine, the members of which are at present engaged in exploring in the track of the chosen people through the Sinaitic Peninsula, writes that he has found the key to the remarkable rock inscriptions upon which archaeologists have so long laboured in vain. In a letter to the Rev. George Williams, he says: "With regard to the inscriptions, I came out, as I promised you, unprejudiced; for, without depreciating the labours of my predecessors, I felt that it was my duty to form an opinion of my own before criticising the theories of others. After a careful daily study of the writings upon the rocks themselves I began to perceive a clue to their interpretation, and subsequent discoveries, especially those within the last week or so, have made this a certainty. Instead of theories and conjectures, I shall now be able to produce facts and demonstrate that the Sinaitic inscriptions are self-interpreting. Mr. Holland, who came down with me here, but was unfortunately compelled to leave suddenly, agrees with me that the question is now solved beyond the possibility of contradiction. We have copied the whole body of inscriptions here in their head-quarters, leaving only such as were absolutely illegible from the effects of time or storms. I do not enter into the particulars of my discovery, as it would not only be premature, but would exceed the limits of a letter. I venture, however, to assert that I can now read the inscriptions with ease, and that every one must of necessity accept the solution I shall offer."

Interesting news reaches us from Abeokuta. At the reopening of a church there, a large congregation assembled—800 persons inside and 200 outside, who were unable to obtain admission—and the collection after the service amounted to 2,226,000 cowries and £1 10s. in coin, or about £73 in all. The cowries would require about 111 persons to carry them. At the administration of the Lord's Supper on the same day, there were 316 communicants. These are telling facts. The liberality and zeal of these new converts might put to shame many a congregation at home.

Madagascar seems to be gladly receiving the glorious Gospel. The following is an extract from the journal of an itinerating missionary, the Rev. T. Campbell: "When I reached Ambohimanga, the capital of the Antanala country, I sent a messenger to announce my proximity, but just then the rain, which had been pelting us for some time, came down in torrents; this we were obliged to bear till a messenger came and told us to proceed. The white flag of Ranavalona was then hoisted, and the Malagasy national anthem played, an honour I had never before received

since I came to the country. I was met at the entrance to the town by Rasolo, the only baptized Christian belonging to it, and was led by him to the *rova*, where I was received by the Governor and her family with all honours. It was pouring with rain at the time, but the courtyard was crowded with people, who looked at me in wondering astonishment, not unmixed with fear, if I might judge from their looks. The band, having played the national anthem, preceded me to the house which had been prepared, and on entering I found the Governor, and her officers, who had gone by another route, waiting to receive me, and to see that I was comfortable. All the persons in authority here are Antanalas, and I being the first European who ever visited the town, they did everything in their power to do me honour. Having got settled down a little, I was presented with abundance of rice, &c., and in the evening had my house crammed, while I sang a few tunes with those who met for prayer every Lord's-day. After reading a Psalm, and giving a short exposition of Christian doctrine and practice, I concluded with prayer; and was thankful that I had reached thus far in safety, and to find so many people inclined to listen to the message of salvation. As soon as the news of my arrival had spread, numbers of people, old and young, came in from the country to see me, and, from the early morning till late in the evening, except for a short interval at meals, my house was crowded. One old man was excessively inquisitive, and asked me no end of questions about our manners and customs, the food we ate, the distance of our country, &c. I not only answered all these inquiries, but took advantage of the opportunity to declare to all assembled the Gospel of our blessed Saviour, and salvation through His atoning blood. I also told them of His death, resurrection, and ascension into heaven—of His coming again to judge the world, and of the resurrection from the dead of every human being—of the day of judgment, of the everlasting happiness of the righteous, and of the eternal misery of the wicked. They appeared to comprehend these strange things; and an old Betsiles, who often came in to talk with me, repeated much of my story over again to those who were duller of comprehension."

Reviews and Notices of Books.

An Essay on the leading Principles and Facts of Physiology, with special Reference to the Human Structure. By the Rev. RICHARD CORNALL, M.A., Vicar of Emmanuel Church, Bristol. Bristol: J. Jones, Castle Street.

WELL does the author, after a deep and interesting and talented contemplation of the human frame, in its peculiar construction, varied developments, and special uses and adaptations, add, "Who that physiologically appreciates and understands the works of God in general, and the human structure in particular, can avoid exclaiming, in admiration and adoration, "O Lord, how great are Thy works, and Thy thoughts are very deep?"

Clever Dogs, Horses, &c., with Anecdotes of other Animals. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.—This is one of Mr. Hibberd's clever and beautifully got up productions. In addition to the most lively and interesting text, there are a variety of finely-executed illustrations.

Wayside Service: or, The Day of Small Things. By ANNA SHIPTON. London: Morgan and Chase.—This is another of ANNA SHIPTON's admirable series of books. Long and deeply-taught in the school of affliction, the talented authoress lives in the habitual practice of observing the Lord's hand in all the detailed minutiae of daily life. Where others would pass on, neither seeing nor hearing aught to attract, she is arrested by sights and sounds which draw forth her whole soul in lively and active solicitude in the well-being of her fellow-creatures; and the general bearing of both her conduct and conversation has the scriptural impress, "Ye are not your own: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

Life Lost or Saved. By SELINA DITCHER. London: Hatchard and Co., Piccadilly; Macintosh and Co., Paternoster Row.—An earnest and a valuable book. In the chapter "The Bible our Standard," after giving a striking testimony in proof of the genuineness of the word of God, in spite of all the scepticism of the age as exhibited by men of the Colenso school, and the "Essayists and Reviewers," the talented authoress sets in contrast the death-bed scenes of the infidel and the sceptic with the true believer in Jesus. This chapter alone is sufficient to commend the work to all thinking men.

Thoughts for Workers and Sufferers. By HETTY BOWMAN. London: Macintosh and Co., Paternoster Row. Bristol: W. Mack, Park Street.—Were any one to gaze upon the placid and youthful countenance of HETTY BOWMAN, they would be disposed to say (as we once mentally exclaimed), "Where and how were you taught such deep and important lessons?" "In the school of suffering," is the reply. All her beautiful little works bespeak the sanctifying and soothing power of the great and sympathizing High Priest in the pathway of suffering and trial.

Grace Victorious: a Short Memoir of S. A.—By the Rev. J. C. MARTIN, M.A., Minister of the Circus Church, Portsmouth. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 120, Aldersgate Street.—A nice little book to place in the hands of young people. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for its soundness. In days like the present, this is a matter of no small moment, when works are teeming from the press in the most attractive form, but full of deadly poison. We earnestly commend this little memoir to the attention of the young especially.

RECEIVED—Our Own Fireside (William Hunt, Holles Street, Cavendish Square)—Golden Hours (W. Macintosh, Paternoster Row)—The Revival (Morgan and Chase, London)—The Bible Plan unfolded. By James Biden (Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row)—History of the Irish Church. By Rev. E. Ellis, LL.D. (Christian Book Society, Strand)—Let us not rend it. An appeal for Unity (W. Macintosh, London)—Evangelical Churchmanship: True Churchmanship. By James Colley, M.A. (W. Macintosh, London)—Gather up the Fragments: Notes of Bible Classes. By C. P. (Christian Book Society, Strand)—Out of the Pit. By Cheyne Brady (Dublin Tract Repository, D'Olier Street, Dublin)—Jessie Fraser: or, Are you Saved? Alice: or, The Death-bed of a Ritualist. How can I find Jesus? By Cheyne Brady (S. W. Partridge and Co., London)—The Mother's Treasury. The Children's Treasury (Book Society, Paternoster Row).

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL"

No. 41,
NEW SERIES. }

MAY, 1869.

{ No. 1,241,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

WORDS FOR YOUNG AND OLD—PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."
PSALM viii. 2.

TURNING over our manuscript-drawer, the eye dropped upon the sub-joined paper, which had been lying there for little short of two years. Upon reading it, the above Scripture was immediately brought to the mind, and we thought how often the Lord cheers the hearts of His dear tried and troubled people, by granting them a sight of what He is pleased to do for and on the behalf of *the young*. How often does the Holy Ghost thus come in as the Remembrancer. In His wise and gracious ordering of circumstances He is pleased to bring vividly to their recollection what He has been to them and what He has done for them, by their now being brought in contact with one and another who, at the *present*, may be in the very state and condition in which they *formerly* were. Hence by contrast they see how they have been sustained, and how in due time delivered. These facts are backed up by the word, "Thou shalt remember all the way by which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to shew thee what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no." "Who hath delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver, in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us." "Having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day." "And Samuel took a stone, and set it up between Mispah and Shen, and called it Ebenezer, saying, *Hitherto* hath the Lord helped us." Now thus the soul gathers strength and help and hope by the way, and sings with the poet—

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through."

These, beloved, are the little helps by the way; and, depend on it, the Lord sees fit to bring His people down into such low places and conditions, as to render these so-called *little* helps necessary. He humbles them, He lays them low; He so brings them down as to make them anxious not only to be fed with the veriest crumbs which fall from the Master's table, but to receive them at the hand of the lowliest and weakest and seemingly most insignificant of His dear children. Yes, the merest babes they can by no means despise. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."

It is indeed sweet to listen to their lisplings; and then, if at any time the Lord is graciously pleased to give a parent to hear these lisplings from the heart and lips of His own offspring, oh, how precious this! If all the soul-travail and deep, deep wrestling at length issues in these sweet and precious evidences that the Lord has in very deed been at work in a saving and gracious way; that there is the unmistakable "asking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward," oh, how grateful a fact—how rich a boon—how distinguishing a mercy is this! On the contrary, how painfully lamentable is the total absence of aught of interest or inquiry upon the part of those whose soul's imperishable welfare has been the ground of intense wrestling at the throne of grace month after month and year after year, for many, many years. Ah, who but a parent knows what this anguish of spirit is, especially when the dangers and the delusions of the present day are considered? How callous must that parent's heart be who can contemplate with indifference the fatal snares and evil besetments with which the present age abounds! Who can think of the present downward course of dear old England, with the sacrifice of its long-continued social and religious advantages, without feeling intensely at least on behalf of the rising generation? Who can conceive of what our children may witness when our heads are laid low in the dust? Reader, be it ours at least to have this satisfaction that we have to the best of our feeble ability raised our warning voice against and done our utmost to repel the incoming foe. We wish our children and our children's children to know, when anarchy and confusion and superstition and infidelity abound, to the subjugation of all that is free and sacred and God-honouring, that their parents did protest to the utmost of their power against men and measures which they believed would of necessity entail such a disastrous state of things. Oh, ye anxious parents, how sweet and how timely is that precious portion of our God's most blessed word, "As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever" (Isa. lix. 21). Here, reader, here is *our* hope, the covenant word of a covenant God, in regard to our children, coupled with the covenant word of the same covenant God, with

respect to ourselves: "Although my house be not so with God; yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although He make it not to grow" (2 Sam. xxiii. 5).

With regard to the case alluded to in the subjoined paper, if we mistake not the mother spoken of has since gone to her rest. We are not in possession of any particulars, but should be exceedingly glad if the dear sister in the Lord who accompanied us in our visit would furnish us with any facts with which she may be acquainted. As to the dear little sufferer of whom mention is made, we often gaze with special interest upon his portrait, given to us by his departed mother. Dear child! bereft (as we presume he has been) of such a mother, we trust he has been made to feel the preciousness of that portion, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." We trust, moreover, that this simple record will not be read without at least some thought and reflection upon the part of our younger readers. We wish *they* could have looked as *we* did upon that dear little patient sufferer. Deprived as he is of all the active pursuits and pleasures in which the young for most part are wont to engage, we pray it may awaken in them a sense of the goodness and the mercy that has spared *them* such a visitation as that which has laid this dear little boy upon that bed of pain and languishing. We pray, too, that each little thoughtful and inquiring reader may be enabled to take comfort and encouragement from the fact of Jesus being so tender and so loving towards, and so deeply interested in, the young. What was more striking in His sojourn here in this vale of tears, than His saying to His disciples, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven?" and then again how equally significant His "taking a little child and setting him in the midst," when there was a dispute among His disciples as to which of them should be greatest, and saying, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Moreover, how precious and encouraging that ancient promise concerning Jesus, hundreds of years before His incarnation, where, under the character of Wisdom, He says, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Oh, that in spite of all the delusions and the sophistries of these evil days, our dear young readers may be enabled simply and sincerely to betake themselves to the throne of grace, and there pour out their sorrows and tell out their fears and their doubts and their desires as they would seek to do were some kind and tender friend to say to them, "Well now, come, tell me what's the matter; let me hear all about what you feel and what you fear. I will do what I can to help you, if you will but make me your friend and your confidante." Now this is just what Jesus says, dear young reader. "Come unto me," He says; "Look unto me;" "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

THE LITTLE SUFFERER.

I called on my way to the train, with a view of seeing one whom I had met some years ago, and who since had undergone severe trial, and was now suffering from diseased lungs. Her case in many respects had been a most painful one. Not only had she had much bodily weakness to bear, but her mind had been over-taxed, and God alone had been her Preserver and Sustainer, under her varied sufferings and sorrows. None know but a parent what the self-will and disobedience of a child entail upon a parent. In addition to other trials, this—one of the keenest—had fallen to the lot of this poor already greatly-afflicted mother. In spite of all her affectionate solicitude, her elder son had left his home repeatedly without his parents' knowledge or consent; and, on the last occasion, had enlisted as a common soldier. Sad indeed was such a course, and doubtless tended, in no small degree, to bring upon that mother the fearful amount of mental and bodily suffering of which she was afterwards the subject. How well would it be if children were to consider this, ere they thoughtlessly and recklessly decide upon following a certain self-willed course, the adoption of which has, in numberless cases, brought about the premature death of their once-loved and loving parents!

I remember once, in a former parish, going in quest of a runaway son, on behalf of his distressed mother. She remarked, as we journeyed, "He used to make my *arms* ache, but now he makes my *heart* ache." That poor woman afterwards died of a broken heart on account of that reckless, disobedient son.

Whilst my friend and I were waiting for the person to whom I have referred, she suddenly called my attention to one who was already occupying the room we had entered. In that neatly-arranged parlour was a pretty iron cot, and on it lay a dear little boy, with one of the mildest, sweetest countenances I ever saw. I directly went over to him, and, taking his little hand in mine, kissed his precious face. Oh, that mild and placid—yea, I had nearly said heavenly—countenance, I shall never forget. Suspended from the head of his bed was an illuminated card, with the words, "My times are in Thy hand." I asked him what it meant. "That our cares were in the hands of Jesus," was the reply. "Are *yours* there?" "I hope so." "How old are you?" "Thirteen years." "How long have you been lying there?" "Seven months." His was a spinal complaint. He was obliged to lie on his back, on his little mattress, perfectly straight (to use his mother's words) almost encased in iron. Before he had taken to that bed, which he is never likely to leave, he walked with crutches, so that he has scarcely, if ever, known what health was. Oh, what a boon is health! but yet, alas! dear reader, how prone are we to forget how great a blessing it is, and, correspondingly, to lack a grateful heart towards the gracious Giver of all good—Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

Whilst thus talking, the mother appeared; so altered since I had

last seen her, as quite to erase my recollection of her. Having other friends to call upon before I took the train, I was compelled to make the interview as short as possible; otherwise I would gladly have tarried, in order to have had more conversation with that dear boy. However, I again sought to test him upon what he felt in regard to Jesus and the affliction under which he had so long laboured. "Why is Jesus worthy of our love?" "Because He *died*." "But why did He die?" "To *save* us." "But why did we need saving?" "Because we had *sinned*." "But what does away with our sin?" "Oh, His *blood*." These answers were given so promptly, and with such a glowing smile, as those who saw it cannot forget.

I then sought to bring the subject home still closer to his own heart and personal experience. Here I found it hard to draw him out. He was *mute*, but it was clearly from modesty and self-distrust, the more especially as there were others in the room beside ourselves. I, therefore, sought to *encourage* him, as well as to *satisfy* myself; and, in order to prove that Jesus heard the prayers of the little ones, and was as well pleased with their coming to Him now as when He was upon earth, I spoke of a very little boy who used to be afraid of his father's temper, because he was hasty and passionate. Although he never heard him say a bad word in his life, still he was afraid of his temper. He would sometimes be sullen with the one with whom he was angry, and not speak to him for a week perhaps or more. So one day he became angry with some one at dinner, and the little boy jumped up from the dinner-table, and ran out into the counting-house, and fell down upon his knees, and, in a few simple words, begged of God that He would subdue his father's temper. Scarcely had he done so, ere he heard the door of the room opened where his father was; he came out, and not only did he pass by him calmly and unexcited, but he never saw the least sign afterwards of that particular time of his displeasure. All had passed away as though nothing had happened. Thought he, "This is very strange. I never knew such another instance of my father coming round so soon. How is it? Why, surely God must have heard my prayer; and would He have heard my prayer, if He had not had intentions of mercy towards me? Now, he had long known himself a sinner, and had long felt that, if his sins were not forgiven, where God was he could not come; but he was afraid that his sins would not be forgiven. This circumstance, however, gave him hope; the first hope that little boy ever had. "Now has not Jesus given *you* some hope, too?" I asked. The dear child was silent, at the same time (after listening with the intensest interest to what I had been telling him) his countenance bespoke the greatest emotion. The tears stood in his eyes, and it was evidently a great effort to suppress his feelings. "Now haven't you ever asked Jesus to give you *patience* under your affliction?" Still he was silent, at the same time ready to burst into a flood of tears.

The silence was now interrupted by his mother saying, "Haven't

you told me, how you asked Jesus to enable you to get your lessons?" Still he was *mute*; he only responded by a touching glance at his mother. "Have you never had some text upon your mind? Now what was the last Scripture you thought of?" Again looking towards his mother, with a renewed and most speaking smile, he said, "The last I had was what you gave me, 'Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.'" "Ah!" thought I, "that precious portion will do for both mother and child, too. Her wan countenance and wasted frame bespeak her days as numbered. Her far-distant soldier-son that she speaks about, and this dear little sufferer, whom in all probability she will have to leave for others to nurse, all claim an interposing hand; an arm on which to lean—a wisdom to guide—a power to sustain—grace to submit—and words to soothe and comfort.

We bowed the knee together. I was once more the mouthpiece at the throne of mercy to entreat, on their behalf as well as my own, all needed grace and strength. Unitedly we besought the Lord to give submission to His will—grace that we might "walk by faith and not by sight," to believe that "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter;" that we might be able with the apostle to "reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us;" that "this light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" and that amid all, we might be yet more and more earnestly "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Once again kissing that precious boy, and bidding him good-bye in all probability for ever in this world, the poor mother followed us to the door, exclaiming, "Oh, those precious Scriptures! How I thank you for calling," she added. Then she began to speak of what was before her. "Leave that," we could but reply. "We have nothing to do with the morrow. It is written, 'Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;'" and again, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." We might have added the Lord's most gracious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

She then waved adieu from the window, as we drove from the house. "Farewell, poor sufferer," I mentally exclaimed, "until we meet in that happy world where suffering and sorrow are unknown; where 'the inhabitant never says, I am sick, and where the people who dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity.' That countenance I shall never see again, as now, furrowed with care and anguish and disease; but illumined with the glory of Him in whose blessed image you shall arise from the refreshing slumbers of the tomb: for 'when He shall appear, you shall be like Him, for you shall see Him as He is.'"

"Your flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the archangel's trump shall sound;
Then burst your bonds with sweet surprise,
And in your Saviour's image rise."

St. Luke's, Redminster, April 8, 1869,

THE EDITOR.

"ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE."

GEN. xix. 17.

"Escape for thy life!" poor sinner returning;
The storm is approaching, no longer delay:
The fires of destruction will shortly be burning
The baubles of time which now lure thee to stay.

"Escape for thy life!" the morning is breaking,
Yon Zoar is thy city of refuge and rest;
The Saviour invites, and in mercy is taking
To safety and peace the forlorn and opprest,

"Escape for thy life!" nor wait till to-morrow;
What solace or profit, poor soul, canst thou gain,
By grasping at joy, in a region of sorrow—
At rest in a tempest of turmoil and pain?

"Escape for thy life!" the dark hour is coming,
Of trial and conflict, thou know'st not how soon;
Thy sun may decline in a premature gloaming;
And set, in the grave, ere it reaches its noon.

"Escape for thy life!" the pity of Jesus
Outmeasures thy sins, in its fathomless flow;
Though far from His presence, returning, He sees us,
And runs to our rescue from vengeance and woe.

"Escape for thy life!" the robe of salvation
Was woven for sinners, poor, helpless, and base;
His blood is thy safeguard, alone, from damnation,
He saves by His sovereign distinguishing grace.

Scarborough.

W. S. R.

CONSISTENCY.

"*Him would Paul have to go forth with him; and took and circumcised him because of the Jews which were in those quarters: for they knew all that his father was a Greek*" (ACTS xvi. 3).

How may Paul's conduct in the case of Timothy be reconciled with his conduct in the case of Titus, as set forth in Gal. ii. 3? This can be better answered by quoting Paul's own words in 1 Cor. ix. 20—"Unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law." Also chap. xxi. 22. Paul was anxious that Timothy should be an efficient and *acceptable* preacher of the Gospel, therefore considered it wisest to conform to the little prejudices of the Jews in some instances where it did not interfere with matters of faith. He was concerned that ministers of the Gospel should be void of reproach among men, even to the fulfilling of the letter of the law, and submitting to outward observances which were not necessary, in order that they might, as in the passage

already referred to, be the means of saving some. Paul circumcised Timothy *because of the Jews which were in those quarters*. But in the case of Titus it was very different. Paul would not compel him to be circumcised, for just an opposite reason. While he was at Antioch there came down from Judea false teachers, who said, "Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved" (Acts xv. 1). So when he went up to Jerusalem and took Titus with him, he wished to shew his disapprobation of this false doctrine by permitting Titus to refrain from the customs of the law, and more especially, as Titus was a Gentile convert, and Paul went up to Jerusalem to communicate "unto them *that Gospel which he preached among the Gentiles*," which was a Gospel of uncircumcision, and gives a very good reason why he did not urge Titus to conform to the law of Moses in Gal. ii. 4, 5, "and that because of false brethren unawares brought in, who came in privily to spy out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage: to whom we gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour; that the truth of the Gospel might continue with you." Paul, by his conduct in these two cases, teaches us that, however we may become "all things to all men" in minor matters, yet the *truth* of the Gospel must always be dearer still, and admits of no compromise. W.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN AFFLICTED SAINT ON HER BIRTHDAY.

How many Ebenezers,
Like mile-stones on the road,
Have been by thee erected,
Dear suffering child of God!
And every tribulation,
Unfolds His gracious plan,
Though often too obscurely,
For finite minds to scan.

Year after year is passing,
And thou art hast'ning home!
To that blest land of glory,
Where sorrow cannot come:
Then shalt thou know more fully
Thy Father's love to thee,
And understand the reason
Of every deep decree.

Birmingham.

The thoughts He thinks towards thee
Are thoughts of love and peace,
And while Jehovah liveth,
That love will never cease!
Oh, listen to the whispers
Of that secret still small voice,
For though your heart be troubled,
Yet in Him you shall rejoice.

Then fear not, child of suffering,
Thy troubles soon will cease,
And He who gave Thee sorrow,
Will surely give thee peace;
Will waft thee to the haven
Of everlasting rest,
Where, with the saints in glory,
Thou shalt be fully blest.

E. B. M.

•• To be had post-free of Mrs. Moens, 47, Bath Row, Birmingham, 6d. per doz.
or 3s. 6d. per hundred.

Believers are not to build upon frames and feelings, as if they were to be saved by them; but they are permitted to look back upon them, and draw comfort from them in a season of darkness and desertion, as being evidences of the inward workings of the Spirit of God. They are, in short, the very essence of all religion: and the consolation we gather from them, even when they are past, is this: "He who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Wayside Notes.

LOOKING TO THE EVIDENCES.

“*The infirmities of the weak.*”—ROMANS XV. 1.

It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, and doubtless the most glorious concealment it was His will to make was the godhead of our Saviour veiled in His humanity. “Great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh;” and there is this striking feature about our Lord’s life, viz., that though He was the very God of very God, yet He manifested the greatest regard to, and sympathy with, the weak, the feeble, and the lowly. Yes; He who had all power over the natural world, so that He had but to say to the barren fig-tree, “be withered,” and it was so, would yet place a little child in their midst, and tell them: “Except ye be converted, and become as this little child, ye cannot see the kingdom of God.” He who had all power over the elements, so that He had but to stand up in the ship which was covered with the waves, and rebuke the wind and sea, and there was a great calm, was yet found going about the villages and cities teaching. He who had all power over death itself, so that He had but to cry with a loud voice: “Lazarus, come forth; and he that was dead came forth,” was yet found saying, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven,” verifying the prophecy made concerning Him seven hundred years before: “He shall gather the lambs with His arm.”

Beloved, we want to drink into the spirit of the Master. The weak ones form a large portion of the flock, and need special sympathy and tending. He sympathized with them—so would we. How many little ones there must have been following in the trail of the children of Israel, when the Lord brought them out of Egypt; and yet all of them were preserved, and their little wants supplied, and not a hoof was left behind. Let us consider, then—

I. Some of the infirmities of the weak in connexion with the salvation of their souls.

II. Some of the infirmities of the weak in connexion with the dispensations of God’s providence concerning them.

III. Lead them to some substantial realities that will tend, by the Spirit’s blessing, to strengthen their faith, and bid them take a firmer foothold on the Rock of ages.

Dear Lord, help us to comfort Thy weak ones. Let the sweet influence of the Spirit rest upon us as dew upon the branches, and grant, we beseech Thee, that some doubting child of Thine may be strengthened in faith, and Thine own name glorified and honoured.

I. SOME OF THE INFIRMITIES OF THE WEAK IN CONNEXION WITH THE SALVATION OF THEIR SOULS.

And we will draw attention—

First. To that of their *doubting whether they are children of God*. Beloved, among the family of the Lord, we may frequently meet with those who we believe are as safe for glory as Christ can make them, but are yet *writing bitter things against themselves*, and doubting if they have any part or

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lot in the matter. They say, "Yes, we hear the word, and we read excellent things concerning the doctrines of grace; but personally, we do not feel to participate therein; we cannot see that we are giving any evidences that we know aught about the matter." They will point to others as being "all-right," and as giving clear proof that they are children of God; but, as for themselves, they dare not put in their claim to belong to the family. Now, to be right for eternity is a most momentous matter, and, looking at the broad way of profession, we believe many think that they are right who are in very slippery places; while others, who are doubting and fearing, are really followers of the Lamb of God. It is to such we want to address ourselves at this season: the children, for children we believe they are, who are fearing to say, confidently, "Jesus is mine, and I am His." Now, beloved, let us have a little talk with you; let us put your religion to the test of God's word. You say there are no evidences in your life that you are of the family of God. Now, do you not find yourself—

1. *Confessing*.—And we put this first because God's word puts it as the first evidence of regeneration. "He shall confess that he hath sinned." Now is not this your case? not audibly and before men probably, but before God in secret are you not acknowledging, "O God, I am a sinner. 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' I want to be right, but I am sure in myself I am far, very far, from this. O Saviour, grant me a sense of Thy pardoning love and mercy?" Are such or similar ejaculations unknown by you, beloved? How often does one meet with those who are saying, "Oh, I am as good as my neighbour! I owe no man anything, and have done my best." Here all is wrong—there is no confession of sin, no contrition of heart; such an one is on the wrong track, a hypocrite whom Satan is helping to stand upon a foundation of sand, which must fail him; but, when we see a man confessing, "Oh, I know I am a sinner; I am sure I cannot plead goodness before the Lord, I have 'a heart that is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,'" this man is on the right track; he is awake to his undone condition, and driven to confession, if afraid to make a profession. Now, dear reader, we put it to you, in the midst of the bustle and business of life; in the midst of, it may be, buying and selling, or in the midst of earthly care and concern, is there not sometimes the going up in secret before God, "All this must come to an end—am I right for that end? I feel troubled about eternity; I long to be able to say, 'My Lord and my God?'" Now, dear one, while afraid to acknowledge thus much before men, for fear they should think you a hypocrite, are not such confessions and desires being made before God, when no eye sees you but His?

But a step further, do not you find yourself—

2. *Sighing*?—You are not satisfied with your present uncertain state, but are sighing for something you do not possess. You are not at rest with the world and its sinful ways—time was when you could roll sin under your tongue as a sweet morsel, but you now find yourself sighing for more of something you have tasted of a spiritual character; in fact, if thoroughly analyzed, David's acknowledgment is yours: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." No dead soul ever cries out for living things. So I take it, if you are sighing after the undying things of eternity, your soul is alive to that which can alone satisfy its longings. But again, let me ask you, are you not—

3. *Clinging*.—Every worldling will be found clinging to something;

they are floating down the stream of life, and the pace is so rapid that they hold somewhere, but all they grasp is only like the twigs or rushes by the water-side, that will most certainly fail them as the torrent becomes more rapid. But, dear reader, to whom are you clinging? Have you any other refuge but Jesus? Are you not hanging on to His strength? Are you not feeling that He is the sole dependence of your soul, and can you not say—

“I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let Thee go?”

Blessed clinging this; you will find no failure in Him. And then, are you not often, in secret,—

4. *Crying?*—Oh, it may be but a faint cry, yet it is registered in heaven. It is a sign of life. If the babe's cry penetrates the heart of the mother, so that she clasps it to her bosom and ministers to its comfort, so our precious Jesus hears the cry of His weak and helpless ones, carries the lambs in His arms, and pours into their spirits the balm of consolation. But is not your crying not merely that of pleading with God, but are you not in secret weeping in the consideration of your unworthiness and Jesus's condescension and mercy? Contact with the Saviour brings the poor sinner to tears. The certain woman who followed our Lord into the Pharisee's house, when she drew near to Him, burst into tears, and stood behind His feet weeping. What made her weep? Methinks it was the recognition of her Saviour as one ready to pardon one so polluted and unworthy. She had become, under felt need, a holy venturer, and the contact melted her into tears of genuine repentance. Well, now, dear reader, have you desired to venture thus near Jesus? Do you long to have a faith's view of Him? Depend upon it

“Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires and bids you still seek;
The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long,
And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong.”

Another characteristic of the child of God is that he will be found

5. *Loathing.*—You cannot enter into the world's ways as you formerly did. Once it was your atmosphere; you loved it and delighted in it, but a change came over you, and you find yourself shunning worldlings, and they are shunning you. You have necessarily to hold intercourse with them in your daily business and dealings. This must ever be so, but you care not to follow them to their homes. You have no longer a taste for that which they call “life.” Is it not so? Who hath made you to differ?

And this loathing the world's ways and shunning the society of the ungodly will bring you into many difficulties and much trial, but may the Lord keep you firm. May He lead you to say, “My heart is fixed; my heart is fixed! Come what will, may He preserve me from dishonouring His name.” “Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.” The attempt will be a failure, and bring you under the severity of His rod of correction. Well, 'tis a mercy if you are thus made to loathe what once you relished; it is a good sign. They that are *in Christ* “walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.”

Another mark of the family of God will be that the child of grace will be found

6. *Loving* uppermost a precious Christ. Love is a sweet test, and

generally brings the poor soul to a stand: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than this? Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee." Ah, but, Simon, more than these? Lovest thou me with a special love, a heart-felt love? "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." Ah, but Simon, am I the "chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" lovest thou me above every one else? O Thou great Searcher of the heart, who knowest all that is passing within, Thou who knowest all things, for Thou art omniscient! Though I have been a poor erring one, Thou knowest that I love Thee. Now, beloved, in being brought to stand, cannot you say thus, with the apostle Peter, "Thou knowest that I love Thee?" Is there not in your heart genuine love to Jesus? Must you not admit that there is?

But, then, it may be said, "Ah, but is it not the case when a man is truly converted to God, that he manifests an intense love to Christ, and great zeal for the cause of Christ? and this is not what I feel." It is so often; but be not discouraged by this, for this warm-hearted love and great zeal is generally the prelude to a great fall, and deep depression of soul. Do you love Him? He will, in His own time, quicken that love, and make it an abiding principle. Now, beloved, these are some of the characteristics of the true children of God; and know this, that He hath set apart such for Himself, and He sets apart not the great in this world, but the lowly. When the sons of Jesse passed before Samuel, he looked upon Eliab, because of the height of his stature, and his goodly countenance, and said, "Surely the Lord's anointed was before him. But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." And then when seven of the sons of Jesse had passed before him, "Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him;" instructed by the Lord Jehovah, he said, "Arise, anoint him: for this is he." Beloved, you may not be of great growth, or promising appearance in divine things, but yet if the Lord has said, concerning thee, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he;" He is mine, it must be well with thee.

Secondly. Another infirmity of the weak in connexion with the salvation of their souls is *looking too much to the evidences, instead of to Christ*. We have named some of these evidences, and blessed they are, but we cannot trust to them to bring us solid peace and comfort; none but Jesus can do this. True, it is written, "By their fruits ye shall know them," but, if we are looking for fruit in ourselves, we shall get verily discouraged in our search. "In me is thy fruit found," said our blessed Lord.

Now, we believe that by various means the Lord compels His people to look away from every earthly attraction to Himself; very severe is the discipline, sometimes, that accomplishes His will in this matter, yet it must be done. Is a child, a dearly-beloved child, an idol? he must be removed. Is an earthly tie too clogging and absorbing in its character? it must be severed. Is the cup of earthly pleasure too sweet? there must be wormwood put into it. Is the nest getting too well lined? there must be put a thorn into it. And so the Lord will, by some means, wean His child from earthly things, and draw him to Himself, that He may be "the all and in all." Again—

Thirdly. It is an infirmity of the weak to think that all others of the

family can give clear testimony concerning their being born again in Christ Jesus; but, beloved, we believe this is a mistake. As far as we have observed, it is but very few of the children of God that can point to the time of their spiritual birth. They live to prove the truth of our Lord's words concerning the operation of the Spirit, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." So be not discouraged, dear reader, if you cannot tell others when the Spirit breathed into your soul the breath of life eternal. "I will allure and bring her into the wilderness," is the heavenly Bridegroom's assertion concerning His bride. She is passive, but He is powerful to perform His will. Then you may depend upon it, weak one, the majority will have to say with you—

"I cannot tell the time nor place,
Nor what the means could be;
But this I know, by sovereign grace,
Once blind, yet now I see."

It is enough; go on thy way rejoicing.

II. SOME OF THE INFIRMITIES OF THE WEAK IN CONNEXION WITH THE DISPENSATIONS OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

They say, concerning the Lord's dealings, "all these things are against me." It is true that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger^d intermeddleth not therewith." Our cross is heavy and peculiar, and sometimes the Lord's dealings seem so severe and mysterious that we have to drink the wine of astonishment. But, beloved, all things work together for the good of His people—the evil things as well as the good. The good things we know do; such as prayer at the throne of grace, the unfolding of God's word, communion with the saints, the ordinances of God's house; but we want to be brought to feel that the apparently evil things do so also—such as trials, temptations, afflictions, opposition, &c.—yet we live to prove that it is so.

Good old Jacob, when he heard the message from the great man in Egypt, said to his sons, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." And yet he lived to prove that they were all for him, and that Joseph, his long-lost son, was yet alive, and should be his support and succour in his old age.

Poor Naomi, when she came back to Beth-lehem such a poor degraded thing, said, "Call me not Naomi [beauty], call me Mara [bitterness]; for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me back again empty." Yet she lived to prove that Beth-lehem should be a land of blessings to her and her daughter-in-law.

Poor Job, in the anguish of his spirit, said, "Let the day perish wherein I was born," and yet he lived to prove that it was good for him that he had been afflicted, for the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before.

Think not, then, child of God, that because you are opposed and tried, that you are alone; "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. If

ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye;" it is a token that ye are not of the world, as He was not of the world. You are being led by the hand of God into the beaten path of tribulation to ripen you for glory.

"'Tis no strange thing, the saints of old
Passed through the fire to God;
'Tis the right way, as we are told,
The consecrated road."

And now lastly, dear fellow weak ones, let us lead you to—

III. SOME SUBSTANTIAL REALITIES THAT, BY THE BLESSING OF GOD, MAY TEND TO STRENGTHEN YOUR FAITH, AND GIVE YOU A FIRMER FOOT-HOLD UPON THE ROCK OF AGES.

First. *The finished work of Christ.*—The prophet Isaiah was instructed to comfort the Church of God with these words, "Say unto her that her warfare is accomplished." What warfare? The warfare over sin, Satan, the world, and death. Who accomplished it? He who alone could; the Second Person in the glorious Trinity. And, though this assertion was made 700 years before our Saviour suffered upon the cross, yet, in the purpose of God, it was as certainly accomplished as if the scene had been witnessed. Oh, wondrous fact! In due time Jesus came from the council-chamber of the Eternal Three, took upon Himself our nature, trod this earth of ours, became obedient unto death, and uttered upon the cross that memorable cry, "It is finished!" What is finished? "Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had before the world was." Poor sinner, can you doubt? "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Why should I disbelieve that He came to save me? I feel the very chiefest of sinners; I am sensible of my helplessness and need of Him. Why not, then, rest in His finished work? It is safe standing here.

Secondly. *His unchangeable love.*—Love was at the bottom of all that work. His is not a love of profession, but a love of reality, of which He has given great and glorious proof. He loved the Church and gave Himself for her. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Herein, indeed, we perceive the love of God, because He laid down His life for us. Nor does his love cease here. He who wrought salvation will bring to glorification; for having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end. But will not the waywardness of His children alter His love? No, it is unchangeable; many waters cannot quench His love, nor can the floods drown it. Now, dear reader, there is something sure and certain here for us to trust to; our love is often faint and fickle; His unchangeable, indissoluble, everlasting.

"Oh, 'tis eternal, matchless, free,
Immutable, and strong;
I know it, for it conquered me,
And is become my song."

And then, thirdly, *His precious promises* are ever sure. The shalls and wills of a covenant God are safe holdfasts for the pilgrim to grasp as he toils up the rugged steps of life. The precious promises of the faithful

Promiser may well cheer him onwards when the way is dark and dreary. They are the stars of hope that glitter above him and bid him look up confidently and press on trustfully. They were made to be fulfilled, and never was one broken. Those who have reached home would, if they could, proclaim to us that they are all true. Shall we name a few? "He will keep the feet of His saints." "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you." "I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand." "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance." He will "deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." And this leads us to name one more fundamental which will do for us to rest in, namely:—

Fourthly. *His certain glorification.*—If a ray of divine light from the Sun of righteousness penetrates the soul, oh, what a little heaven is produced within! Clouds of doubts and forebodings are dispersed, and a serenity indescribable is realized. But what must *glory* be, where the harpers are harping with their harps, where the elders fall down before the throne on their faces and worship God, and where the redeemed stand before the Lamb, clothed in white robes and palms in their hands!

"And shall I there behold Thy face,
And bright in glory shine,
Will all these pleasures really be
In sweet enjoyment mine?"

"Oh, let me live to praise Thee, Lord,
My hope, my joy, my friend,
Until before Thy glory throne
I with the ransomed bend."

Thus have we drawn attention to some of the infirmities of the weak. Are you, dear reader, among those who are doubting whether you belong to the family of God? But if you have been brought to "*confession*" on account of sin—to a sighing for something the world can neither give nor take away—to a simple "*clinging*" to Jesus—to a constant "*crying*" to Him for grace and mercy—to a "*loathing*" the pleasures and vanities of the world—and to *loving* Christ and His people—why doubt any longer? Put in your claim; and may the Lord the Spirit witness with your spirit that you are a child of God, so that you may have joy and peace in believing! Or does your infirmity take the form of looking too much for evidences rather than a simple looking to Christ? May the Lord remove the scales from your eyes, so that you may see Him as your All and in all! Or are you comparing yourself with others, and thinking that they can give a much greater proof of heirship than you? Oh, depend upon it, their experience is very similar to your own; and they feel, the longer they live and know themselves, that they can trust to none but Jesus. Or is the trouble relative to the dispensations of God's providence? Oh, your Father knoweth all that you have need of. Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you; and may "the finished work of Christ," His unchangeable love, His precious promises, His certain glorification, and similar anchor-holds, bring you to peace of soul, that you may be no longer tossed upon the sea of doubts.

but calmly ride in the refuge of a Saviour's love! And we do pray the Lord that these reflections may tend to strengthen the faith of some lambs of His fold—that doubts and fears about their eternal standing in Christ may be removed, and they may be able to say, “Well, if these things be so, and I cannot dispute them, unworthy as I am, I may put in my claim to belong to that happy company whom the Lord is pleased to acknowledge as His own, chosen by the Father, redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, and set apart by the Holy Spirit as vessels of mercy for the Master's use. Oh, to grace how great a debtor! Let my heartfelt song be:—

“As helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm,
“So I, my Jesus, cling to Thee!
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.”

Ilford.

G. C.

THY WILL BE DONE.

BE patient, O my soul,
Let thanks and praises tell;
Whatever is, the whole—
Evil or good—is well:
A child, for seeming ills
Why sob! O soul, take rest!
Have faith that all God wills,
To thee and all, is best.

Each year its winter sees,
Its frosts, and fogs, and rain;
Would it be free from these,
’Twould ask it all in vain:

Blackheath.

We who know wintriest hours
Will blooms and harvests bring,
Would tell it sheaves and flowers,
From mist and bleakness spring.

Then cease, vain mourner, cease,
At what is to repine;
Our eyes but see a piece
Of heaven's complete design:
These glooms and shadows drear,
Into their place will fall;
And needful will appear,
When thou beholdest all.

W. C. B.

WARNING TO PROFESSORS.

“For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.”—ACTS viii. 23.

HERE we have a true type of the extent to which head-knowledge can lead a man. Simon believed, and was baptized—that is, he was outwardly convinced of the truth of the doctrine Philip preached, “concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ,” by the effects it produced; but it was not true faith that Simon possessed, for his worldly-mindedness soon began to show itself in offering money for the gift of laying on of hands, by which we may fairly conclude he wanted to make a gain of it, being a sorcerer. How many in the present day, like this poor man, imagine the gift of God, which is salvation, can be purchased, if not by money, by their own doings and deservings, being ignorant of the fact that it is a free gift, without money and without price! Like Simon, they have neither part nor lot in the matter; for their heart is not right in the sight of God. Child of God, who made thee to differ?

W.

Pilgrim Papers.

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 186.)

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the Man."—JOHN xix. 5.

O MY soul, behold the suffering head of Jesus, wearing the crown of thorns, and ask this question, "Am I planting my dying pillow with thorns that grow out of my uncrucified lusts?" Lord, rather let my way be hedged up with thorns, that I may not find my paths to sin against Thee. O my Jesus, the crown of thorns are mine by merit of my sin; Thy dear temples reek in love's purple gore for me, who justly deserved it in wrath. O my Jesus, Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and the honours of redemption are the crown of my joy. Lay your honours in the dust, ye prostitutes of fleshly glory, boast not of your short day; your withered gourds hang round your shoulders, and your garments are moth-eaten, ye painted scribes. Behold your painted robe; let me see His sweaty vest that in the winepress trod. "Behold the Man!" thy sin-bearing Jesus. Behold His love, without date, leading captivity captive. Behold His gifts, the price for rebels. Behold, He cometh with ten thousands of His saints, "taking vengeance on them that know not God, nor obey the Gospel of His Son Jesus Christ." "The mountains and the rocks shall flee before Him," and they that have denied Him shall be deprived of shelter, and they that have despised Him shall be covered with shame, and their best entertainment shall be endless sorrow.

"Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN v. 4.

Bitter and sweet can never flow from one fountain; darkness and light cannot dwell together, nor Christ and Belial be united. The life-giving power of the act of redemption in life's regenerating triumphs as far overcomes the world of sin and death as eternity outlives time. Whosoever hath this, "Overcomer" is his title, and "more than conqueror" tunes his harp. Faith's golden key fits all the wards, so that a freedom of passage gives entertainment as a claim of heirship to all the treasures. The victory of faith is without a blow. The walls of Jericho fell down at her breath, and Rahab the harlot had the two spies for her witnesses, and her deed of gift was signed with the scarlet line. Divine faith never makes friends with the world. Whosoever tries at this committeth treason to faith; and as long as love has vessels in the four poles of the world, faith must fetch them home; and, however long their journey may be, her untired exploits give the signal of victory, and more than conqueror, through Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before Him, gives fulfilment to the victory to surround the throne with delight.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."—COL. iii. 1.

O my soul, if thou art risen, with thy Christ, to newness of life, the pride-stained world of sin, death, and lust is crucified to thee, and thy

affections have spread the dying titles as dung and dross. Here, O my soul, is a passage better than Jacob's ladder, and a high-way to the throne of God, where Christ thy treasure and thy unbottomed treasury claims all thy heart-affections upon the high road of holiness, cast up in covenant love and blood divine. Here are pearls without number, and promises hang on pillars of gold. There the feeble walk in safety, and there the needy find supply. O my soul, if Jesus makes the fire thy passage, He is thy treasure there; or the waters thy tribulated path, He is thy treasure there. If bereaved circumstances bind thy girdle, and pain and loss be thy lot, Christ is thy treasure there; if friends forsake and foes unite, He is thy treasure there; if thy heart and flesh both cease and fail, Christ is thy treasure there. When enfeebled nature has spent her stock, and her silver cords are broken, and the silent tones of the grasshopper's leap makes thee to bend, Christ is thy treasure and thy stay; and, when thou art called to leave earth's troubled paths and tread her clods no more, thy Jesus will conduct thee safely home, to leave His throne no more.

"Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me."—MATT. XV. 25.

This is the top-line of expression of all true worshippers, and the index of vital experience in the soul of all believers, in the courts of Zion—a spiritual necessity asking for temporal mercies. Oh, never-failing grace—a very present help; how sweet the application; how precious the gift, soon taught, soon learnt, and yet some of the wisest scholars in the world that could read the planets have never had this treasure in their hearts. It is never learnt but at the door of heaven, and none but those who have lost their way on earth can be admitted there. Here the portions are handed out with divine freedom; "And be it unto Thee even as thou wilt," is written upon them. So that he that runs may read, and there are none of the needy that are sent empty away. O believer, be not deterred at the dangers of the way; thou shalt surely succeed. Let thy trouble go up in full-lettered expressions; put no fine comments upon it. The Lord gives full portions, and He delights in the largeness of thy requests. Lord, help me. This is turned into a wild mockery by thousands, and will prove their own deception, to be wrought upon their own wheel of self-delusions.

A SCRAP FROM A DISCOURSE BY MR. R.

"My heart and my flesh faileth me; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."—PSALM xxiii. 26.

Dear fellow-pilgrim, art thou dismayed at the troubles of the way? If thy way be rough, and thou hast a thorny path, iron shoes shall be given unto thee. Thou shalt not want, nor lack, if thou have to pass through deep afflictions. He will give thee all-sufficient strength, and all needful good, as a free gift in Christ Jesus, wherever or whatever may be thy place. Thou shalt have these free gifts; not purchased. No. Christ Himself did not purchase them. They are the free gifts of God, to the purchased of Jesus' blood. Every hour the child of God is dependent on Jesus. Jesus does all for you. Once you knew it not, but Jesus did all for you, when you knew it not. Now He has given you to see that it is He that is doing all for you. "My heart and my flesh faileth me," &c.; things come close here; heart and flesh and strength, &c., all fail, cut out, and cut off from everything. This is real necessity; none but Jesus can sustain the flesh. Your eyesight and every comfort

are at His disposal, and all by Him will be taken from us soon. Nothing can make up or supply when God takes away. Some of you here present in the house of God know what it is for the flesh to fail. The furrowed cheek, the feeble frame all proclaim this truth. Your strength fails you ; you cannot do as you once did ; you cannot go where you once did ; nor run about as in time past ; nature fails—she always did fail in spiritual things. Nature has nothing to do in spiritual things. You that are here within these walls to-day have a soul that will never fail. O child of God, as thy outer man decays, thy soul gets stronger and stronger, ready to break forth and wing her way to the paradise of God. Jesus has sought His people out. It is not them that have sought Him. God be thanked. He has sought out many on beds of afflictions, and manifested Himself to them when all and everything else has failed. 2nd. We notice that which will stand in the place when all else fails, must be strong indeed. What is it ? Nothing but the love of Jesus taking hold, and having the sole government over you. What wonders love will do ! That which a few moments before you would have despised or disputed, you have been made willing to do, and also to go, where a few moments before you were quite averse unto, and had no desire whatever. The love of Jesus has made such a change, and made you both willing and delighted with the same. “ My heart and flesh fails me ; ” and oh, what a stronghold is love ; it will never lose its hold. Some will say there are times and seasons when the child of God does not feel it ; how then ? We answer, Love appears in different ways ; sometimes it sets the soul a longing, and some are kept here for a long time, in a longing frame. Jesus has a sovereign way in sending messages to His children ; He sends messages of love, by what He pleaseth, for His own glory. God will take His own way. When God gives you a longing soul, you wait and listen—like a poor widow that may be sitting, waiting and longing, at midnight for some part of her family. Under painful circumstances, perhaps in the midst of weakness, feebleness, and starvation, she thinks the time long, and longs for the return of those she is waiting for. Now, this is a gloomy subject. Not so with the child of God ; this is not a gloomy subject, but there is a longing for Jesus’ appearing, and such ere long shall be brought to know what His appearing is. There is one thing that has very much astonished me. I should not like to have the management of all this village, nor even to find them clothes. It would be enough to take away my intellect ; I could not do it. But what an infinite Jesus ! He supports, supplies, sustains, and takes care of all His numerous family throughout the world. Oh, the depths that are opened up in this sublime subject. How He feeds His Church ! He fed Elijah by ravens, and sent him to a widow woman to be sustained in the days of famine. Jesus does all things for the good of His people—you cannot alter anything ; He hath ordered all things well, both temporal and spiritual. But some of the children of God are much tried here. I do not mean those things, in the visitation of the Lord, which a child of God brings upon himself through his foolishness and unbecoming walk as a Christian. These lay sometimes a long while in God’s cabinet before the child is brought to know what is connected therewith. But I mean those things in which the Lord has placed His child, in which they shall receive great and instructive lessons. I am sorry to see so many of the children of God live as if they were not characters bound for eternity. How little have I seen this day that has been carried out according to the

professional character. Lightness and indifference awfully prevail in the day in which we live. There is but little that is felt and known of our privileges—words seem dry; they do not come as if warmed with the love of Jesus and a holy zeal. Where this is, the fear of man cannot stand before it—nothing can stand before it. The love of Jesus is sufficient in all cases. Some are helped with a little help; some have a very weak tabernacle, yet they are strong in divine things. The love of Jesus holds the soul in every state. “My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart.” The love of Jesus is a divine fulness—all in all. Dear child, as thou feelest thy weakness and thy strength decaying, lay no plans for the flesh; let Jesus be all in all to thee. Esau laid plans, but God overthrew them; none of his plans could stand. God had a plan of love, and showed how He could silence and curb a rebel, and prove that nothing should overcome His Church. He will destroy all that come against it. Here is a delight to the child of God, as well as strength to see His hand doing all things for you in love, love performing all business for you. Wait, dear child. If you love, you will wait; a blessed frame of love is this, to be kept waiting. I hope there are some of you here that have been waiting. Though you may not know how this is, I hope a dying-bed will bear witness to this, that you have waited, and not waited in vain. “My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.” Here are untired delights, ever full and free. Nothing to disturb here; no matter what you have been if you have been made the monument of sovereign grace. All is yours, and you are hastening on to the full enjoyment and consummation of endless bliss. Every vessel there shall be fulfilled with endless delight. There are no muddy streams there. If you can say Jesus is mine, my portion and my all, if penniless and breadless, all is well and shall be well with thee. My Jesus has given me strength to stand here before you a few minutes, and I feel resigned to leave my all in His hands, to do as He pleaseth; and, if I never see you again till I meet you in an eternal world, may God Almighty seal His own word, and command His blessing. Amen.

“For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness.”—1 THESS. iv. 7.

The legalising homilist and the Christ-despising free-willer are lepers that stain all their devotion with uncleanness, and carry a striking proof as never been called of God, although they tug at the law for life. Their best fruits are death, and their best righteousness a menstruous cloth, and the best livery for the scullions of Satan to wash the outside of the cup, and the platter, and burn fleshly incense upon their altar of mock worship, to be abhorred of God. Holiness is inscribed upon redemption's girdle, and girds the covenant heirs with divine strength. All the covenant treasures they are called to receive are holy gifts. All the gifts of God are holy, and without it no man shall see God. A holy people, and all the vessels of the living temple, shall be holy. Holiness shall be their service; and holiness the habitation of the throne. The remnant of grace shall follow the Gospel horses, with timbrels of joy, and holiness shall sound from the golden wells. Oh, holy gifts! My soul, adore with solemn reverence. They are not from thy native stock, nor sullied with supposed good works. Holiness guards the Church, and supplies her with all covenant divine gifts. Lazarus wore the diadem, and Job the beauty of pearls; and the despised saint shall be a holy lump.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE OLD PILGRIM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—While you were once showing how Rom. x. 13, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," is wrested by unhumbléd men to their own destruction, a solemn circumstance which happened when I was a child was brought to my remembrance; a circumstance that ought to be proclaimed upon the housetop, that all who have eyes to see and ears to hear might see, hear, and know, that "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." My parents were strict domestic disciplinarians, and dear mother a woman of a tender disposition, in relation to a profession of godliness, or anything bordering upon it.

At a family gathering one winter evening, the matter of calling upon the name of the Lord and being saved came up in conversation. The elder branches of the family each, as was the custom, had full liberty to state what they thought upon the subject; and I well remember (although I was but a child) hearing my dear mother, in refuting the erroneous notions that had been broached, call our attention to a circumstance which had then but recently taken place: and this I also remember, that from mother's emphatic manner in relating the circumstance, her intention was to satisfy all present, that not only did she look upon it, but that it really was, presumption of no ordinary magnitude, and that the Lord had signally and openly revealed His abhorrence by the awful death of the presumer. And now for the circumstance to the which I have before alluded. A gentleman who lived a few miles from the place of my nativity, being reproved for his profanity, jeeringly would say to his reprovers, "Let me have none of your preaching; it will be enough for me to say when I come to die, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' and this I will say, and then I shall be sure of heaven." This same gentleman with several gay companions one market day was returning to his home from market, and they had to pass over the river Terne, a deep and dead water, especially near to the bridge, which was long and flat. When they came upon the bridge, this said gentleman's horse began to plunge fearfully; why it should have done so was a mystery hidden from all that were present and saw it. Nor was it in the power of the rider to govern the animal, nor any of his companions; but, with a fearful spring, he leaped with his rider over the battlements of the bridge into the river, and both the horse and his rider there and then perished, and the last words the poor creature was heard to bawl, out as he was flying over the parapet, were these, "*The devil take all.*" And doubtless the devil did take all that belonged to him; and a fearful taking it was to him that was taken, for in that moment his flattering plea was swallowed up with his mortal life in endless death.

It is a solemn thought, as you remarked, that the sweetest home truths left upon record, Satan, if the Lord permit him, will prompt poor blind-presumptuous human nature to abuse, pervert, and turn to a bane.

This gentleman, no doubt, had for many years quieted the fleeting alarms of his natural conscience by the supposition that the mere pronouncing of the words, "Lord, have mercy upon me," without in heart feeling his misery, was all that is intended by calling upon the name of the Lord. Indeed, all unregenerate men are under the dominion of this delusion. The cry for mercy under natural alarms may be where

the cry of sin-felt misery to the Father of mercies never has been or ever will be. All who are not quickened from the Adam-fall death in trespasses and sins, into life eternal, hold that God-dishonouring notion that mercy may be so resisted as ultimately to be displeased with a man, and finally to depart from him. Or that mercy may, by a man repeating a certain form of words, be so pleased with that man as to take him into its embraces. This was the notion which captivated the thoughts of the gentleman afore-said. "Oh, yes," said he, "my tongue is my own; and my tongue, when I come to die, shall say, 'Lord, have mercy upon me;'" but, instead of saying what he flattered himself he could and would say, he said, "The devil take all," thus giving the lie to all boasted power of creature-willing and doing. But did the devil do what the man invoked him to do? His last aspiration was not, "Into Thine hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit. I am Thine, for Thou has redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." Oh, no: "Into thy hand, O devil, I commit myself; I am thine, to thee I belong, take all. Through life without faltering I have served thee, and now, at the end of my race, as I plunge into death, I cleave unto thee; and the last name upon my tongue in life shall be thy name, O devil, and thy right of property over me and in me, I will trace down to thyself in the everlasting prison of hell."

Was the prey by omnipotent mercy taken from the mighty? It was not taken, nor was the lawful captive delivered; and why? Because sovereign and invincible mercy did not interpose its victorious arm to rescue from going down into the devouring pit. God forbid that any poor trembling caller upon the name of the Lord should be discouraged by what has been said. And God forbid that any whole-hearted wrestler of this sweet Scripture should pass on unscathed. If we examine carefully what is meant by calling upon the name of the Lord, we shall discover that it is believing on Him. Indeed, calling is the recumbency of faith. It is the soul, by the faith of God's elect, feeling itself under the death sentence of the law, sinking into endless woe, as dear David felt, and complained, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing." It is the spiritual instinct of faith casting the soul upon Jesus, who is the Foundation that God the Father hath laid in Zion, that hath been, is, and shall be tried, and found to be a precious resting-place, for all who fear and feel themselves sinking. I say the calling here is faith's knowledge of wants, weakness, and woes, and a going out of and from self, seeking to find salvation and rest in Jesus.

Calling is the breath of faith, or faith breathing in the soul. It is the vital life-root of this calling upon the name of the Lord; as the Holy Ghost hath said, "How then shall they call on Him, in whom they have not believed?" Now, we are warranted by the question above to ask another question, How then shall they not call upon Him, in whom they have believed? As it is impossible without faith in Jesus to call upon Him, so it is impossible with faith in Jesus not to call upon Him. There may be no words spoken, but there will be sighing, groaning, desiring, craving, thinking, or what Jesus calls hungering and thirsting, which is as good, nay, better, than a mountain pile of words.

Calling, then, is the legitimate fruit of faith. It is the soul going forth after the Lord for that salvation which, by faith, it is made to see and feel it needeth. Calling here, then, is one precious branch of the work of faith. It is one evidence of faith in the heart, and, if not for comfort, rest and peace, yet for sorrow, weakness, weariness, and emptiness. It is by faith

that a vital knowledge is brought into the soul of a man's lost and perishing condition by sin, as well as it is by faith the soul takes in and receives discoveries of salvation from sin, by the doing and dying of Jesus; and all the Lord's redeemed are made painfully conversant with the first before they can be sweetly conversant with the second. Oh, this is a solemn fact, until I am brought by the faith of the operation of God to believe with all my heart that by the law of God my damnation sentence has been pronounced, and that no works or doings of mine will procure my discharge, that salvation by grace to me is nothing but an empty name.

Faith in the heart, to all to whom it is given, is the substance, ground, or confidence of things which are feared, before it is or can be the substance and evidence of things hoped for; the first being called the spirit of bondage to fear, and the last the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, "Abba, Father."

Do I feel myself ready to perish? and do I conclude that I must and shall perish, because the God of truth, who cannot lie, must carry out His own pronounced sentence? And do these painful discoveries press out groans and cries, "Lord, save; or I perish?" This, then, is the right kind of calling, and I am one of the genuine callers, and am saved, and shall be saved, because it is of faith by grace that I call. Such a caller has no need to be man, word, or book-taught, how, and for what to call upon the Lord. Oh, no; his feelings form the mould in which his cries are framed; and his mouth, in due time, utters them in parts. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confessions and petitions are made unto and for salvation. But, if we investigate the matter more minutely, we shall find that there must be faith in the heart of these callers, or the Holy Ghost would not have left the record that salvation is their portion to inherit, and that they shall be put into the possession, or "shall be saved;" because it is Christ's own positive statement, from which there can be no appeal, that "He that believeth shall be saved;" but he that believeth not, "whether he calls or does not call," shall be damned. Indeed, faith must be bestowed out of Christ's fulness, and received into the heart of the caller, or no salvation calling upon the name of the Lord. The promise runs that the caller shall be saved. And this salvation is certain, because this calling is salvation in part; it is the earnest of the Spirit in the heart, and is of the same pure piece of grace as salvation by the blood of the covenant.

A FEW REMARKS

TO THOSE WHO EXPECT SOON TO BE "ABSENT FROM THE BODY AND PRESENT WITH THE LORD."

DEAR BRETHREN in Christ, you are now present for a little while with the body. This is truly called an "earthly house" (2 Cor. v. 1). "In this body" you "groan, being burdened." It is called "home" in ver. 6, not permanent, only temporary, like the tabernacle. Neither do you wish it durable. It is called "a vile body," so that you are now present with what is vile; corruptible, so that you are present with what is corruptible; a "body of sin," so that you are present with what is sinful; mortal, so that you are present with what is mortal; earthly, so that you are present with what is earthly. Now, at death you will be absent from

what is vile, and present with what is glorious; absent from what is sinful, and present with what is holy; absent from what is earthly, and present with what is heavenly; absent from what is corruptible, and present with what is incorruptible; absent from what is natural, and present with what is spiritual; absent from what is mortal, and present with what is immortal.

A person's home may be rendered uncomfortable, owing to its not being kept as clean, orderly, and quiet as he could wish. Things are seen, heard, and felt, which cause trouble. Disturbances may often be taking place there, so as to make him feel a dread of going to his own home. So, while you are at home in the body, how many things the Lord orders to take place to make you feel that "this is not your rest." What inward pollution, disorder, unquietness, conflict, tossings, fightings, and fears! You cry out sometimes with David, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

What occasions absence from the body? Death. What brought death? Sin. How is it then, that when death causes a separation of soul from the body, the soul is "present with the Lord?" Election explains it. The life, suffering, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ explain it. The internal work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, this also explains the reason why. So that the combined work of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, are the great and precious causes, why, when "absent from the body, you will be present with the Lord."

When present with the Lord you will see Him "face to face" (1 Cor. xiii. 12); "See Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2); present with Him in whose presence are glory and honour (1 Chron. xvi. 27). "In Thy presence is fulness of joy" (Psalm xvi. 11). Oh, what must it be to be present with Him!

You know something of what it is for the Lord to be with you, and the blessed effects of His felt presence in your soul. His presence warms the heart, supports the soul, begets patience, subdues the will, cheers the desponding soul, making it for a time like a watered garden. To feel the presence of the God of life makes you lively, of the God of love it makes you loving, of the God of mercy it makes you merciful, of the God of grace it makes you gracious, and to feel the glorious presence of this glorious God and Saviour will make you glorious, and keep you so through eternity. Suppose you were always to be present with holy angels, prophets, apostles, and the spirits of just men made perfect, how much you would learn from intercourse with them! But what must it be to be present with the all-powerful, ever-blessed Lamb of God. It is to be where He is—in heaven—in glory—in His Father's house—"to be like Him." Well, "He is alive for evermore." To be present with Him is to be alive for evermore. No more dead frames and feelings; darkness and bondage. No more devil-dragging; no more world-driving; no more sin. Ah, my dear friends, the best is before you. It will soon be all over with your shaking and quaking, fearing and fainting, fretting and fuming, fighting and flying. God help you to "endure unto the end." "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." You do not expect to be present with the Lord on the ground of human merit. You have been taught by the Holy Spirit your own demerit. Up to the last, you will feel, it is likely, compelled to cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." A dying hour affords such scope for the "rich display" of covenant mercy and love. Yes, and you will see it, my friends. The devil is a liar!

"The Lord shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." The Lord loves you too well to leave you in his hands to finally triumph over you.

While here in the body, you often get down in the mire; get under the waves in a storm; get rocked and tossed about, feeling hard to believe that even a spark of grace is in your heart. You oftener get robbed of your comforts than your convictions. Don't you often feel comfortless for a while? and yet how strong your convictions are, even those of your being "a guilty, weak, and helpless worm!" If any one were to say to you in such a state, that man was some great one, able to help the Lord to save him in any particular, you could not receive such doctrine. None feel so much their need of Christ's strength as those who know their own weakness. Perhaps at this very moment you are feeling such a lifeless, dull, and stupid state of mind, as hardly to entertain the thought that *you* will ever be "present with the Lord." But in this state, is there not a little inward pining after the Lord, "a secret moan," a cry, a wish? The well of living waters is deep; the spring exists, when it does not always feel bubbling up, and running. Do you ever have any hard thoughts, of God, and of the way He deals with you? No doubt you have. Well, do you not feel grieved afterward, when thinking over your hardness and ingratitude to the kind and precious Saviour? Cannot you sometimes say, "I am black," when you cannot say with the same assurance that you are comely? The word "black" is not too strong to express the views held even by those who are just entering glory. Satan would, if he could, keep Jesus's whiteness out of sight. Faith must be tried "as by fire."

Suppose a father continually doing things to make his child's home less and less comfortable, crossing his will in this and that, giving him bitters when the child wanted sweets, keeping him indoors when he wanted to be at liberty; how could this conduct be in harmony with parental love? Now, my dear brethren in Jesus Christ, you know the Father of mercies has often crossed you, sent one thing to upset you, and another thing to set you up again; kept you poor, when you would be rich; down, when you would be up; little, when you would be great; mourning, when you would be mounting; sighing, when you would be singing. And why? To make you feel tired and sick at heart of this vain world, and produce in you a longing and desiring for "to be with Christ, which is far better."

Tetbury.

F. F.

NO CITY HERE.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name."—HEB. xiii. 14, 16.

"We've no continuing city here,"

This world is not our home,
We walk by faith and holy fear,
Our rest is yet to come.

"We've no continuing city here,"

Free grace has made the change;
It doth not to the world appear,
What makes us seem so strange.

"We've no continuing city here,"

We have a house above;
This world is no longer dear,
Our better home we love.

"We've no continuing city here,"

'Tis passing fast away;
Each short-lived day still brings us near
To where we long shall stay.

"We've no continuing city here,"

For our Beloved's gone
To heaven, and He would have us there,
To claim us as His own.

"We've no continuing city here,"

There's nothing here that's good,
Shortly like Him we shall appear,
Who bought us with His blood.

A. H.

U

THE TRAVAIL AND THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I feel myself bound by the very nature of love to no longer delay answering your very precious epistle. It appears more than likely to me that you were visiting your brother Joseph in the favoured land of Goshen when you penned your warm letter of love. At any rate, Joseph our Brother had a hand in the matter; for it is evident that there is nothing of that kind ever effectually done unless Joseph has the doing of it (Gen. xxxix. 22). How truthful are the lines of dear Hart—

“All our prayers and all our praises,
Rightly offered in His name;
He who dictates them is Jesus,
He who answers is the same.”

Hence we see that all spiritual breathings and all spiritual songs of praise are inspired in the heart by the Lord Himself; and this is beautifully expressed in the following Scripture: “Be thou exalted in Thine own strength: so will we sing and praise Thy power.” “The Lord is exalted;” but it is He Himself who exalts Himself. He is exalted *for* us, He is exalted *in* us, and we are exalted in union-life and grace oneness with Him. We are—

“Saved in the Lord—for ever saved,
And in life’s bundle bound.”

We can therefore sing with Kent, feelingly and experimentally—

“Thus till the affections of our God,
From Jesus shall remove;
So long the purchase of His blood
Will God the Father love.”

The Father can only love us in Christ His Son, and we can only love the Father in Christ our Beloved. He is the express image of His person, and the only revelation of His mighty Majesty. Christ is the invisible God made visible to the spiritual eyes of His own forming, to the spiritual child of His own begetting. He Himself says, “A little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me.” As though the Lord would say, “I care not that the world should see me, so as ye see me. This perfectly satisfies me; for my portion is my people, my inheritance is my flock of slaughter. To these alone I reveal my mind, to these exclusively I make known my secret and sacred intentions. ‘Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory.’” The natural eye of religious Adam cannot behold my glory; the spiritual eye alone of my bride can gaze upon such immortal and uncreated light: the finely-set eyes of my dove in the cleft of the rock only can peer into my heart of all hearts of love, and there discover my warm thoughts of pure and perpetual love. “This honour have all the saints,” and this privilege of unspeakable delight have all the children; but every one in his own order. I never did intend to reveal myself and make myself known to any but to those given me of my Father before all worlds, to those loved and blessed with all spiritual blessings in me of my Father before Adam’s dust was formed into a man, to those who form the jewels of my crown and the gems of my diadem. Had it have been my will, had it have been my sovereign

pleasure, I could have manifested myself to others of Adam's children; but it was not agreeable to my eternal intentions of love, therefore I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou gavest me out of the world: Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me; and, as Thou hast given them me, I will continually take care of them. They have cost me heart-blood and soul-agony. I have travailed in the greatness of my strength to save them, to rescue them, to deliver them, and to present them to myself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that they might be holy and without blame before me in love: and now, having cost me so much heart-anguish and bloody sweat, I will see to it that none shall ever have the opportunity granted them, or the power afforded them, of plucking one of them out of my hands. Hence—

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

I do not intend that my dearly-beloved people shall have a smooth pathway in the wilderness, for this would not be good and profitable for them; therefore they shall have tribulation in the world, and peace in me. They shall one and all of them find that, whilst dwelling below, they are in an enemy's land! that this is not their rest, that I turn the heart of the serpent's seed to hate them, and that bonds and afflictions await them day after day. Indeed, they must find a sentence of death passed upon all sublunary objects and subjects—and, more than this, they shall have a sentence of death in themselves, which will make all the natural religion of the flesh droop and die, that they may be constrained—sweetly forced—to live the life of faith upon me, the Son of God. Again and again will I cause the arm of the creature to fail, that they may prove that "underneath are the everlasting arms," and that they may triumphantly sing, "God is our refuge and strength." I will show them that the cause which is too hard for them to manage, they must bring to me with, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me;" and very frequently I will "hide the purpose of my grace," in order "to make it better known." This shall sadly perplex them, and much puzzle their natural wisdom, that they shall frequently despair even of life; but they shall prove that the vision is for an appointed time, and that "there is a set time to favour Zion." I will try them as gold is tried, and I will purify them as silver is purified, but "I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." "These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them;" for they are indeed "A people near unto me." How near, they cannot tell; how dear, they cannot divine; but they are so near and so dear that I have declared, and will declare it, that he that toucheth them toucheth the apple of mine eye. They are one in bonds of love, they are united in ties of blood, and they are bound in the bundle of life with me, their Lord and God. I will never leave them, I will never forsake them, and yet I will often hide myself from them, and screen the visions of glory from their view; but all this shall be in the purest love and in the most lasting affection.

"Yea; all I do, I do in love,
And solely for my spotless dove."

I have hidden her in the clefts of the rock, I have covered her with the warm feathers of my love, and I have placed her in the secret places of the stairs. The roaring lion cannot devour her, the vulture's eye

cannot see her, the dog of hell cannot bite her, the plague of sin cannot reach her, the pestilence of self cannot touch her, the flood of hell cannot overwhelm her, and the stream of death cannot inundate her: for I the Lord will cover her all the day long, and she shall feelingly dwell between my shoulders. "My delight is in her;" she shall be for me and not for man; so will I also be for her. I have betrothed her unto me in love, in faithfulness, in lovingkindness, and in tender mercy. Her name is Hephzibah, her name is Beulah. She is my married wife, and her desire shall be to me, her husband, and I will lovingly rule over her. My love shall frequently be shed abroad in her heart; my well of living water shall often spring up in her soul, and I will again and again extend peace to her like a river. At all times she is my love, and at all times I love her.

"My love when sick, my love when well,
I call thee still my bride;
I did thy soul redeem from hell,
When for thy sins I died.

My love when on the mount I kiss
Thy sorrows all away;
My love when serpents round thee hiss,
In tribulation's day.

My love when I thy soul embrace,
And thee with kindness crown;
My love when I conceal my face,
And seem in wrath to frown.

My love when I thy fleece shall wet
With blessings from the sky;
Nor think that I my love forget,
Whene'er thy fleece is dry."

At all times, and in all places, and under all circumstances, thou art my love, my dove, my undefiled. Thou art my queen standing upon my right hand. Thou art my fairest bride, my fondest love. Thou art the darling of my heart, the apple of mine eye; and, though the pathway in which I appoint you to walk be an extremely rugged one, yet it need give you no reason to suppose that my love for you has cooled, or that my affections have diminished.

"For ever in my sight
I'll guide thee with mine eye;
My portion and my soul's delight,
My treasure and my joy.

"I love thee on the mount,
And in the trying day,
For thee thy sorrows I recount,
And fiery trials weigh."

Yes, beloved, all our trials and afflictions are dealt out both in weight, and in measure, and they at all times involve the glory of our Beloved and the good of our soul. For the time being, we see not the needs-be for *this* furnace, or the necessity for *that* flood, but the Lord knows best how to lead His wayward and fickle children. Under all circumstances it is indeed

"Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His."

But our fleshly mind is so opposed to the Lord's will and way, and it cannot see that "All things work together for good." How true do we find the words of Christ in our daily experience, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." All the time that we possess these contrary natures, these opposite dispositions, we must not expect to walk a very long distance without a beclouded sky, we must not fondly hope to be long at ease; for this is not our rest, it is our journey. But, when our beloved Lord is pleased to indulge us with special manifestations of love, with signal revelations of His matchless person, with ecstatic views of His peerless beauties, and with overwhelming communications of spiritual blessings in heavenly places, we say, with

dear Peter, "Lord, it is good to be here." Well, it is, or the Lord would not so favour us, our blessed Jesus would not so indulge us; for all His works praise Him, and His saints bless Him. We often think that we should like to remain much longer upon the mount, and it is with great reluctance that we descend to the valley; but we have again and again proved that the vale has been most beneficial to our spiritual well-being. The furnace is not an agreeable place, but how needful it is! The flood is not pleasant for flesh to be overwhelmed in, but how necessary we find it to be! Mountain-top manifestations are most delightful to experience, we would fain be enjoying them more frequently; but the Lord has set the day of adversity over against the day of prosperity, and our own loving Lord has said, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." We are not of the world, even as He is not of the world; and, although the world is ours, yet we are not the world's. Bless God for so distinguishing a mercy! How truthful are the lines of the poet:—

"A few more days, and we shall rise,
To take our portion in the skies;
And sing, without a throbbing breast,
'All things were ordered for the best.'"

Sometimes we care not how soon our time shall arrive to go hence and be no more seen here, for we well know that it is at all times well with the righteous; but, when we are dark in mind and barren in soul, we are almost afraid of our own shadow. We love to see our prospects brighten for a glory-world. We delight to scale the lofty mountains that are round about the New Jerusalem, and we rejoice to see how gloriously our God makes them a way—Christ. We cannot but covet intimacy with the Lord—our Lord; blest communion and fellowship with Him, our Beloved. We love to be light in the Lord, joyful in our God. Our nature is so like His, that it delights to inhale the same pure atmosphere, it loves to live in the same genial clime. Well, soon the shadows of dull mortality will flee away, and we shall drop this "scuttle-full of dust," and be ever with the Lord and eternally like the Lord.

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
Where flesh and sense no more control,
The glowing pleasures of my soul."

But, beloved, I must stay my pen. May the Lord, our own Beloved, warm your heart whilst reading this feeble and faint communication of His love and faithfulness.

With our united best love,
Believe me to remain,
Very affectionately yours in Him,
JEDEDIAH.

I know no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favour of God, I needed His pardon through Christ for the same. There is not a grain of real goodness in the most specious actions which are performed without a reference to God's glory.

THE HISTORY OF CORNELIUS.

WHAT are the lessons to be learned from this history? The first lesson we may learn from this interesting history is, that we should be found diligent in the means God has appointed, since it is in them we often meet with a blessing. "This Roman soldier was a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway" (Acts x. 2).

There, then, was a praying character, a saved man no doubt under the old dispensation, as the men who were sent by him to Peter testified that he was "a just man, and one that feareth God, and of good report among all the nation of the Jews" (22nd verse). He says Himself, in the 30th verse, "At the ninth hour I prayed in my house." And, as a proof that He was a child of God, the angel said to Him, "Thy prayer is heard." Very likely he was asking for God's teaching, who, as is most usual with Him, is pleased to work by instruments, sent Peter to him to instruct him concerning Jesus; "and he [Peter] shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do" (6th verse).

The second lesson we may learn is, that great one Peter was taught, that God is no Respecter of persons, and that we should recognize as brethren all, both rich and poor, who love one Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth, extending to them the right hand of fellowship. "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." "But in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him," and should be beloved by us, as heirs together with us of the kingdom of God.

The third lesson we may learn is, that while Cornelius was found praying at the ninth hour of the day, or 3 o'clock according to our manner of reckoning, Peter likewise retired to pray "about the sixth hour," or 12 o'clock, setting us an example that the early Christians did not confine themselves to morning and evening, but frequently sought an opportunity of holding communion with the Father of their spirits. David says, "Seven times a day do I praise Thee because of Thy righteous judgments." And Daniel we are told, "prayed three times a day to the Lord his God." But the Apostle Paul exhorts the Thessalonians to "pray without ceasing, and "in everything give thanks." Constant ejaculatory petitions appear to be the true spirit of prayer, because every Christian cannot shut himself up in his closet as frequently as he would. But, blessed be God, wherever His people are, *there* is the temple of the Holy Ghost, for He has said, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them."

The fourth lesson we learn is, when God says "Arise," it is our duty to obey the call, "doubting nothing" as Peter was advised (verse 20th), for we may take it for granted the Lord has something for us to do, and intends to use us in some way for His own glory.

The fifth lesson we learn is, that our religion should not be of a selfish kind. Cornelius "called together his kinsmen and near friends" to hear what Peter would say unto them, ver. 24. And in ver. 33 he says, "Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." So likewise should we be zealously anxious, that all our relations and friends might share with us the privileges we enjoy, and be very earnest in trying to bring them under the sound of the Gospel.

The sixth lesson taught us is, though we should give all honour to the instruments used by God for our good, and "esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake," yet we must beware of idolatry. Cornelius erred in this respect: "And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet and worshipped him." We should imitate the example of the now humbled Peter, who had learned to know himself, "Stand up; I myself also am a man."

There is yet a very important lesson to be learned, and the more so as it has a considerable bearing on the times in which we live.* I allude to the extraordinary power which accompanied the word as spoken by Peter, and the remarkable results which followed. "While Peter *yet spake* these words, the Holy Ghost fell on *all* them which *heard* the word" (ver. 44). Then the result; "For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God." Why should not the result be as striking and sudden now? and why may we not look for an *immediate* descent of the Holy Ghost into the hearts of those He enables to receive the word? The gift of speaking with tongues or in other languages, is not necessary in this part of the world, but that all who are called in this wonderful manner can, and do, magnify God is a feature so closely resembling the same effects of the apostle's preaching, that we ought not doubt the Source of it is the same. Jesus was the one name that charmed the ears of those early believers, and is it not the talismanic word which brings peace to the sin-stricken heart now? Especially when it can be said individually, "He died for me."

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
"It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest."

W.

THE WORLD WHEN CHRIST COMES.

It is clearly set forth in the Scriptures, that the return of Christ to judgment will find the world anything but holy, peaceful, Christian, and happy; and that the last days will be earth's worst days, crowded with all forms of abounding wickedness, apostasy, irreligion, disorder, and sensuality. Indeed, it is one of the uniform laws of Providence, that judgment never comes in a pure and peaceful age. It is only when the blasphemies of men run highest that the Almighty strikes. When the wickedness of the whole world culminated, the flood came. When the iniquities of Sodom were at their height, the day of doom dawned. When the "iniquity of the Amorites was full," the sword of Israel was upon them for their extermination. When the Jews, in their many crimes and apostasy, added responsibility for the Messiah's blood, the ploughshare of destruction overturned their city, destroyed the last remnant of their state, and entailed eighteen centuries of woe upon their

* The above was written during a Revival in different parts of the country, and, though the writer has no sympathy with every movement so called, yet doubtless there were many genuine as well as some spurious conversions; for where God works, Satan is sure to try to imitate.

children. The greatness of judgment is also graduated by the extent and turpitude of the offences which call it down. As all divine judgments, hitherto, have been samples and earnest of the great judgment to come, and as that, when it comes, is to be the most universal and awful of all, we are forced to the conclusion that it will overtake the world in a condition of the most unbounded guilt and godlessness, transcending everything that has thus far marked the history of man.

To this, also, agree all the scriptural statements on the subject: "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" (Luke xviii. 7, 8). "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man" (Luke xvii. 26, 27). We know what sort of days those of Noah were. We know that they were not centuries of righteousness and peace. The testimony of God certifies to us what was the state of things. The inspired record is, that "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. . . . The earth also was corrupt before God; and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt: for *all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth*" (Gen. vi. 1—13). Such is the awful portrait of those times, sketched by the Holy Ghost Himself. And the word of the divine Jesus, more than once recorded, is: "AS THE DAYS OF NOE WERE, SO SHALL ALSO THE COMING OF THE SON OF MAN BE" (Matt. xxiv. 37—39). We know, too, from the same infallible source, what was the moral estate of the cities of the plain at the time they were overwhelmed. "The Lord said, The cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and *their sin is very grievous.*" Not ten righteous men could be found in all their teeming populations (Gen. xviii. 20—32; xix. 1—17). But the word of Jesus is: "Likewise, also, as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all: *even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed*" (Luke xvii. 28—30). Paul testifies to the same effect: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" (2 Tim. iii. 1—9). And, if this correctly portrays what is to be the prevailing condition of the professing Church, what shall be said of the vulgar multitudes who make no pretensions to piety or godliness?—*Prophetic Times.*

Satan aims to perplex and disquiet the spirit of a believer, in order to bring him into a spirit of discontent. He aims at the molesting of the mind, to disturb its motion towards God.

God fits His instruments for His work.

We have edited nearly one-fourth of a century, and we are impressed with the fact that the present period is one of more unrest and disquiet religiously—a period in which the religious mind of all denominations is more unsettled and inquiring, more anxious and solicitous—than ever before within our knowledge.—*Baptist.*

EARTHQUAKES.

For fifteen months earthquakes have been of constant occurrence. The earth has been shaking almost continually, on land and sea, island and continent; in so-called Christian lands as well as heathen. Men of science are troubled to know the meaning, while a lukewarm Church looks on with perfect indifference, and says, "Earthquakes always have been." But the Bible points out unmistakably to us the fact that they will occur in terribly quick succession in the closing hours of this dispensation, and thus our Saviour's words, in Luke xxi. 26, will be perfectly fulfilled.

Within the past two years there have been over twenty of the "never-before-heard-of tidal waves," beside the frequency of submarine earthquakes agitating the waters of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, attended with unusual roarings noticed and reported by seamen; an account of one of the latest of which I herewith append:—

Captain Christie, of the barque *Euphrosyne*, relates that when his vessel was in latitude about 16.40 south, and longitude 4 west, on the Atlantic, the sky suddenly became overcast, with dense, black-looking clouds, and in all directions was heard a noise resembling distant cannonading, while the sea became tossed and confused. To these signs of agitation another was added of peculiar significance. The compass vibrated largely, and almost lost its polarity—a sure sign that a terrestrial disturbance of great extent and violence was in progress. Several large meteors shot out from the heavens—a phenomenon which can be hardly associated with the occurrence of submarine disturbance, unless we suppose that burning matter had been projected from some submarine volcano, and that the flying masses were mistaken by Captain Christie for meteoric bodies. The fish jumped out of the sea and struck against the sides of the ship, and the trembling of the vessel could be distinctly felt as well as heard. Both the last-named phenomena point so distinctly to submarine action as to remove all doubt which might be suggested by the appearance of meteors. The intense heat of the matter thrown out in submarine convulsions invariably drives the fish away from the neighbourhood, killing large quantities of those which happen to be near the outlet from which the burning matter is being erupted. Captain Christie relates that the volcanic action of the sea continued during the night until sunrise, when the weather became clear and settled.

From the light of prophecy we may expect more of these terrible upheavings of the earth and sea, until the great and final shaking shall come, represented by the prophets and the Revelator, where there will be no hiding-place, only in the pavilion of the Almighty. How blessed the words of Paul, which are a continual source of comfort to us here, "Ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief;" and, if found ready, "shall be caught up to meet our Lord in the air," and thus be safe for ever from all the sorrows which shall overwhelm a guilty world. A religion, a Christianity without the Holy Spirit, will profit us nothing in that day.

"There is a religion of the intellect, of the sense, of the fancy, of the flesh, of the creed, of the liturgy, of the catechism, of nature, of poetry, of sentiment, of mysticism, of humanity; but what are these without the Spirit of Christ? Christianity without Christ—what would that be? Worship without God—what would that be? So religion without the Holy Spirit—what would that be?"

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

NOTES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, IN PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON,
NOVEMBER 22ND, 1868.

(Concluded from page 151.)

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—
LUKE XIX. 10.

WELL, to return: Jesus said to Zacchæus, "Make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house;" and then we read, "And he made haste and came down, and received Him joyfully." Joyfully! not reluctantly; not shamefacedly; not fearfully, fearing the scorn of the others; no, nor fearfully, as it were—but joyfully. And what made him receive Jesus joyfully? Oh, there must have been some special work upon his heart to make him open his house and heart to receive Jesus. A favoured man was Zacchæus! But would you not receive Jesus joyfully, if He should come into your heart to-day? This is what we want. Are you not made oftentimes to pray, "Come, come, dear Lord, come *now*, come quickly: *now*, dear Lord; make haste, my God, make haste?" that He may come and take you out of your darkness, out of your hardness, out of your wretchedness, fears, and sorrows, and give you some of His blessedness, for the Lord can do it. Some do not know that, perhaps, but there are others of you who do know that the Lord can. Why? Because He has done it before, and gladdened you with His presence and with His love. Said David, "He has put more gladness in my heart than in the time when their corn and wine and oil increased,"—more than all their blessings, all their riches, and all the goodness of this world. Do you know anything of that? I hope you have known what this is, my dear friends, which is far better than "when the corn, wine, and oil is increased." Yes, when the Lord gives you to drink of that wine which maketh glad the heart of man. Precious wine! What can compare with the wine of Christ's blood: the blessed wine of Christ's sufferings, which cheereth both God and man? "What, God drink wine?" He will rejoice at the consummation of Christ's work; that shall cheer His heart, for He shall then "see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." Yes, and the Father shall have gladness at the work of Christ. And shall not you? That is what we want—gladness at the work of Christ. Why? Because of the sorrows of this world, temptations within, and because of the devil's work and influence. When speaking sometimes of the devil's influence, some people say, "What have we to do with the devil?" My dear friends, the saints have to do with him the most; the saints are plagued by him all their lives. Of course men of the world have to do with him, but they do not know it; they are "carried captive by him at his will;" as you were by nature. They wear the devil's chains, and others may even hear the rattling of the chains upon them, and yet they themselves do not know it. Yes, the saints hear the rattling of their chains, and are reminded of the time when theirs rattled upon them, while they were doing the devil's work, and he was practising upon them.

Now I say, because of all these things, we want a little gladness in our hearts; we want a little "taste that the Lord is gracious;" we want a

few whispers of His love; we want His precious word brought home to our hearts; we want His blessed presence; we want to creep nearer to Him, "to touch the hem of His garment," and to draw virtue therefrom. God's children are poor weak creatures; they want fresh strength every moment to enable them to stand against their enemies, external, internal, and infernal, and are constantly sending up the cry, "Lord, help me." Then come in some of the sweet promises, and they feel their applicability: "Fear not, worm Jacob." Yes, they are no better than poor worms creeping and crawling in and out of their holes; but, oh, what precious words are these, "I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." These are helpless times! do you not know something about them? when the enemy comes in like a flood to crush you; then the Lord "lifts up a standard against him," and sends him to the bottomless pit. "I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." Ah, say you, "Blessed be His name, I have often found it so," and with the Apostle Paul, "I know whom I have believed" or trusted; "I know that He is worthy to be trusted, and am persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." Well, Zacchæus received Jesus joyfully. "And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner;" and what a blessing it is for us that this is His way, for, if He ever came to be your guest, I am sure it was with you as a sinner. Zacchæus was not only a sinner really, but he was accounted as such, for he had enriched himself with unlawful gain; but Jesus picked him out, and as he was, took up His abode with him, and even "sat down with him at his table in his own house."

Has the dear Lord ever made Himself your guest? Did He ever come to stop with you? for His visits are for the most part "like those of a wayfaring man, who turns in to tarry but for a night." But how precious such visits are! Did you ever enjoy His presence—times of refreshing from His presence? Did He ever whisper His love-grace into your ears and hearts? Surely these are indeed sweet visits! Now, for instance, has He visited you at all this morning? Some of you are dead as posts under the word, and care not for it. Now, suppose the Lord should give you a little hearing under the word; suppose He should come down into your heart, sit by you, as it were, and whisper His love and grace into your soul, how sweet this would be! Do you know at all what it is? This is a favour, among many others, which the Lord shows His people, the "heirs of salvation," and these things become to them earnest and foretastes of the salvation belonging to His dear children, who are "joint heirs with Christ," which, perhaps, some of you are able to testify that you have in times past enjoyed.

Well, the people murmured that Christ "had gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner." Poor things! they knew nothing about His work, way, or plan; the Lord had never visited them; but it was as if the Lord said, "You shall see whether Zacchæus is a sinner of a deeper dye than yourselves; you shall see that I can work upon his heart; if you do not know what it is to have this work upon your own hearts, look at Zacchæus." Therefore he was made to stand out before them all and say, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and, if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." "The half of my goods I give to the poor." There was his charity and liberality—a liberal will put into his heart, and when it entered his

heart all covetousness was driven out at once! he felt that he could part with his riches now. "The half of my goods I give to the poor;" they shall have it, for I cannot give enough, "and, if I have taken anything wrongfully, I restore it fourfold." Now, you know he got all his riches by extortion; therefore what he had gained wrongfully "he would restore fourfold." Here we have two great things—first, charity and liberality, for the Lord will not only touch the heart but also the pocket, for He comes to take away covetousness; and, in the second place, there was restoration: "What I have taken wrongfully, I will restore fourfold;" and now, what did the Lord say? He knew His own work, and, as if He would say to the people, "Now behold this sinner; see what has been wrought in him by my grace; see what has been done by the work of my Spirit upon his soul; now what think you of him? is he not a wonder?" Yes, all God's children are wonders, as the Prophet said. "Men wondered at." There was reason to wonder at Zacchæus; at the wonderful change accomplished in him. They had reason indeed to wonder when they saw the wealthy, grasping, covetous Zacchæus changed into a liberal Christian. Therefore Jesus stood and said unto him—for I dare say the multitude did not regard it much—but He said unto him (do we not want Him to say it to us? Ask yourself whether He ever said it to you), "This day is salvation come to this house; forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham,"—a son of Abraham "not only according to the flesh, but according to the Spirit," for the Apostle says, "They that are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham;" they are children; yea, sons of Abraham, and therefore they are blessed with faithful Abraham; for, if they are sons, they must be blessed—blessed with the faith of Abraham, and all the promises and blessings given to Abraham, and shall be found lying in Abraham's bosom at last, like Lazarus; yes, in the bosom of Abraham's comforts and salvation; and, what is more, in the bosom of Abraham's God. All God's children lie there. Do you not long to know that you have such a place in God's bosom, wretched though you feel yourself to be, and unworthy of his love? Yet He is no Respector of persons; He hates His people's sins, but loves their persons all alike. Are you not ready to say, "What, I lie in His bosom! such a poor wretch as I am; I, who have done enough to forfeit all? I surely cannot lie there." But no; your sins cannot stop His love; it only called it forth all the more. "For in the fulness of time God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." He came forth Himself from the bosom of His Father, and laid down His life on the cross to take away sin, the sin which separated between our souls and God. He came to cleanse them all away by His most precious blood, and clothe them in His righteousness, that they may dwell in the bosom of God for ever, to awake in His likeness at last, "to see Him as He is."

Well, Zacchæus was a son of Abraham, not only according to the flesh, but also according to the Spirit. I hope the Lord has some sons and daughters amongst you; and, if so, then you are sure of Abraham's and Zacchæus' blessings and promises; as saith the apostle to the Ephesians, "blessed in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Not one blessing left out, for you are entitled to the kingdom. And God is pleased to give you a little spending money by the way, as "heirs to the kingdom," the "first-fruits of the Spirit." Paul says, "we have the first-fruits of the Spirit." You have the blessings of the Spirit, the righteousness and

riches of Christ Jesus, yet how very little we think of these things on the whole, and do not long for them as they deserve. Then how do we know that we are entitled to the kingdom? By the precious blood of a precious Christ, and the sovereign love of God; God the Father in choosing and electing you, God the Son in redeeming you, and God the Holy Ghost in sanctifying you, and calling you by grace, and making you a new creature. Then you are a saved soul, and all blessings are yours; as the apostle said to the Corinthians, "All is yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ's is God's." Can your faith reach up to it? Can the hand of faith lay hold of it, and the heart of faith receive and enjoy it? If so, thou art blessed indeed.

Well, then, Christ concludes with the words of our text, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." And *all* are lost. "What then? Is He come to seek and to save *all*?" It is not true that He does, because we read, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God;" therefore they are not saved. Salvation is for God's chosen people, His living Israel, all "who are chosen through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth," that is enjoyed and known by the Gospel. Well, then, I say all are lost, in a lost condition by nature; but God's elect are found like Zacchæus, and saved with an everlasting salvation.

My dear friends, this was my stumbling-block for many years. I thought a man was brought into the world in a salvable state, so that if he only took care what he was about, and improved all opportunities, then he would be saved. And this is an essential turning-point in religion, to see whether it is true that there is a salvable state and a saved state; for, if you are born in a salvable state, to make good use of your opportunities, and on that turns your salvation, then you never can be saved. No, all those who are gone to heaven, all God's people, were chosen before all worlds, and saved before all worlds; therefore they are sent into the world not in a salvable state, but in a saved state, though they do not know it. Indeed, they often live for a long time without knowing it, till the Lord comes to show His salvation; as He has said, "I will shew him my salvation;" "I will tell him that he is a saved soul." Well, then, if all the world are in a lost state, they must be damned to a certainty; they must go to hell, because they are all law-condemned, and cannot answer to the law. Their sins are by the law charged home to them, and they have nothing to answer, nothing to pay with. But perhaps some poor soul is saying, "Ah, the Lord is come to seek and save those that are lost. I know He *can*, but I do not know whether He is come to seek and save *me*. I want to know, that I shall not perish for ever." Well, others do not feel so; God is not in all their thoughts, in all their ways or works. It is a good thing if you know that you are lost. There are some who do not, who are careless about it, while others are made to feel it. They are made sensible that they are lost, and cry to the Lord, "Lost, lost, lost! I am afraid that I shall be damned." Now, is there such a soul amongst us? Then the Lord is come to seek and save *you*. What, *me*? Yes, *you*; for He comes especially to save poor guilty mourning souls. "Come unto me," He hath said, "all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The poor soul is afraid that he shall be damned, and feels that if he were, he could have nothing to say, for that he has deserved it. He feels that it is quite right, and that he is only "rewarded according to his iniquities," and

would then be reaping the consequences of his sin. But, "No," says the dear Lord to such a poor soul, "I have made you to feel that you are a lost sinner. I made you to cry, Lost, lost, lost."

"Lord, save; I perish." And who said that? Why, Peter. "Lord, save." And how came he to say that? Because he was sinking. And just so you felt yourself sinking, going down, saying, "I never can be saved. My sins are too many; they hang as a dead weight about my neck, to cause me to sink, to bow me down. Oh, I am lost, lost, lost! 'Lord, save; or I perish!'" Poor sinking Peter! But Peter must not perish, must not be lost; so the Lord stretched out His hand and saved him. Has the Lord ever stretched out His hand to you when you have been made to feel and groan under the weight of your sins, which necessarily bowed you down? And yet you have felt as if He would not show you any favour. You were brought to that state that you thought He did not mean to stretch out His hand, and save you, like poor sinking Peter, who felt that he was indeed sinking, and so was made to cry out, "Lord, save me;" "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Or are you a Pharisee, a boasting Pharisee, having no thought or feeling of the kind? for he was satisfied with himself. I hope you are not. And I am sure if the Lord has shown you anything of the plague of your own heart, you will not be. No, your cry must then be, "Lord, satisfy me with Thyself." And do you not find that you often have to use this prayer, "Lord, help me from my sins, which oppress me sore?" Oh, if we did not have these things shown us, we should not be "Looking unto Jesus," who "came to seek and to save those that were lost." "Who *were* lost." Now here is comfort for some of you. The Lord is bent upon seeking you out, and making you to see your lost state. He is intent upon it; He will not give up the search. He has saved you already, though perhaps you do not know it; but He will bring you to know and prove His salvation by happy experience.

In conclusion, who amongst you are seeking Christ? Seeking Jesus, like Zacchæus? Seeking Christ till you have Him revealed to you, as dear Newton describes in that sweet hymn of his, "In evil long I took delight," &c. I have not time to go through it now, therefore we will sing it presently; and I hope it has been the experience of many of you in times past, and, if not in times past, what if the Lord be pleased to give it to you in time present; and, if not in time present, in time to come?

Well now, then, in the third place, and conclusion, who is there among you, my dear friends, to whom the Lord has come with His salvation in this sweet language, these precious words, "This day is salvation come to this house"? And why? Because he also is a son of Abraham. And, if a son of Abraham, a son of Abraham's God, a child of God. Therefore the salvation given to Abraham is given also to you. My dear friends, this is very sweet, "This day is salvation come to this house" to this soul, to this heart. And perhaps it came through the word this morning, through hearing the word. Lord, let salvation come home to some to-day, that some may hear the word of salvation. Has it come home to you? Have you received it joyfully as a token of God's favour? Then yet a little while, and you will be in the full enjoyment of it in the heavenly regions. But I add no more. May the Lord bless His word.

Those sins shall never make a hell for us that have been a hell to us.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM xxxvii. 37.

A "WISE SON," WHO MADE A "GLAD FATHER."

BEING FRUIT UNTO GOD GATHERED FROM

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOSIAH COWELL, JUN.

BY "JOSIAH," SEN.

(Continued from page 210.)

Now, to "know Him," whilst it is "life eternal" to the soul, it is death and destruction to the flesh; and though, as the apostle saith, "for me to live is Christ," that, for the most part, is Christ crucified, though, blessed be God, to "die is gain," that is, Christ glorified. My son was now brought into such a position of need, that nothing but the living word of eternal truth would do for his immortal soul; and then it was he found, as his father, through mercy, had done before him, that that which he had learned by nature he had to unlearn through grace. The fact is, God Himself will be the Teacher of His own children. And "the Lord trieth the righteous," that He may teach them; and though "faith" is His "gift," it is by the "trial of faith" that it is proved to be so unto us, and then it is found to the praise and glory of God.

Thus my son had to read out in his experience that which, blessed be God, the pen of the ready Writer (God the Holy Ghost) hath written upon the heart in mine—namely, the truth of that Scripture, "Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress." Ah, it is so, indeed, my dear reader; our greatest enlargement of heart is in the deepest distresses of our soul! But for the knowledge of this, I should not have understood how my dear son could have entered into those mysterious things of God that formed the subject of our meditations at this time. But so it was, and on this wise it was brought about. Among other letters received by post some six months before this time, was one from an old writer in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, who used to sign his name, "A Watchman on the Walls;" and it now appeared that this letter had made a great impression upon Josiah's mind at the time it was received and (as my custom was) read to him. Well, at his request this letter was sought out, for the time had come for him to need what it contained. Let the following extract suffice: "Please tell your dear son, from me, that this poor life is, at its longest and best, but a protracted death! The 'wise man' says, 'there is a time to be born and a time to die;' but he does not say there is a time to live! No; there is no time for us to live, for death begins its work in us as soon as we are born; all time, therefore, being death working in us, time is all dying. To live is Christ; for, as the Scripture saith, 'This is the record that God hath given us, eternal life, and this life is in His Son.' May the Holy Spirit of all truth give your dear Josiah to know, and see, that Christ is his life; and be graciously pleased to direct his mind into the knowledge that Christ and the believer have but one life, and that is eternal! Then will he not be afraid to go to sleep on the bosom of Jesus; for them that sleep in Him will God bring again with Him

at the resurrection of the just, in a healthful, youthful, beautiful, and glorified body."

Another letter received from a ministerial brother at this time must, from its excellence, be inserted:—

"Tidings have reached my ear that your afflicted son is considerably worse, which, according to the Lord's dispensation of love, is not mysterious; for we know that we are appointed thereunto for the trial of our faith, which is much more precious than gold which perisheth; and, knowing these things, you cannot be so moved as to rebel against the Lord. Even the most tender affections of our nature must be subdued to the unerring counsel of our God. There is love in it, and underneath it, and all round about it, and before and after it; and the grace of Christ is sufficient to bear him through it, and support you under it. One thing you said, my brother, when here, namely, 'that his mind was graciously wrought upon;' and therefore, if the work of God is begun in his soul, it will be carried on and completed in the fulness of eternal glory. Please present our love to your son, and tell him, though his youthful days in nature are marred by the hand of affliction, his eternal days in grace and spiritual glory will compensate for all.

"Yours in the love of Christ,

"*Braintree, June 2, 1868.*"

"T. W.

The contents of these weighty and powerful letters led to frequent conversations upon the important subjects of life, death, and immortality. Indeed, the sick-chamber was converted into a very Bethel, for it became blessedly evident to us that while we communed together on the things of God, Jesus Himself drew near, and His sweet and heavenly presence cast a sanctifying, influential halo around our hearts. Ah, it was good indeed to be there, for the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," reigned in our midst! and, though the inward grief was great, and parental pangs acute—arrows, sharp arrows, piercing to the very soul—yet "grace," all-powerful grace, was found to be "sufficient" for this "evil day," and the covenant faithfulness of God fully proved and felt. But it was a time of great self-sacrifice and creature-renunciation, such being the demand which God made upon us; and happy are all those to whom, in these trying dispensations of life, wisdom from on high is given, to discern both the "time and judgment" of God. For there is a time and season to every purpose under heaven; and what is the life of man in the flesh to the life of God in the soul? Everything of earth must yield to the heavenly, sovereign will of Him who doeth all things well. Nature ties are strong, very strong, but spiritual bonds are stronger; and thus even my dear and only son in the flesh must, in the flesh, be considered as less my son than God's, who hath to him the greater right. But oh, the sharp conflict of soul, the rending the caul of the heart, at the contention of these cutting, adverse principles within! How oft did I stand at the foot of the bed of my poor, suffering, fading son "Josiah," apparently unconcerned, whilst at the same time I was enduring a "great fight" of those "afflictions" peculiar to a parent; and it seemed doubtful, at times, whether I should give vent to the grief of a broken heart or the joys of a gladdened soul. The "flesh" and the "Spirit" did indeed strive for the mastery, but grace, in its prevailing power, subdued all things unto God.

Still, day after day, there lay the poor afflicted son, like Lazarus, "full

of sores," insomuch that he said to his nurse, "You don't know what a state I am in." Ah, we all knew it; but to us it was a picture, to him a reality! Nevertheless, even in this state, he seemed to have learnt therewith to be content. Certain it was, he was led to look at his higher life and holier standing in the Lord Jesus Christ. And whilst others ministered of their temporal and spiritual substance, I shall never forget the joy of my own soul in being privileged to break unto this young disciple a little piece of the bread of everlasting life. Thus, among the many questions that the inquiring Josiah put to me, one was to know the meaning of our being made "more than conquerors through Jesus Christ our Lord." And somewhat on this wise it was answered: to fight a battle and gain the victory, would make us merely a conqueror; but for another to fight the battle for us, and then to give us the victory, we are "more than conquerors;" and this is what we are made "through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now sin's battle is the Lord's, and He hath fought it once and for ever, expressly for us; and, as He needeth not the victory for Himself, He giveth it unto us, that we, through Him, might triumph over all our foes. And this was good news indeed to my son—savoury meat to his immortal soul—for he was "following after righteousness," and "seeking to know the Lord;" and therefore his teachable spirit was glad to be furthermore told that, just as the children of Israel "gat not the land of Canaan by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them," so do not the children of God to this day obtain their heavenly inheritance by any might or power of their own. No, no, no! all is of God, in, through, and by Christ Jesus our Lord, from "Alpha," Himself, the first, to "Omega," Himself, the last.

Another subject of the sick-room conversation, asked for by the anxious seeker after truth, was as to the way and manner in which the Lord Jesus Christ "manifests Himself unto His people as He doth not unto the world;" when the whole subject was sweetly opened up to our minds from John's first epistle, thus: He manifests Himself—

1. As the "eternal *Life*" of our souls (chap. i. 2).
2. As the everlasting *Love* of God the Father, who sent Him into the world and gave Him up freely for our sakes (chap. iv. 9).
3. As the *Light* of His people, and in whom is "no darkness at all" (chap. i. 5).
4. He was manifested to "take away our sins" (chap. iii. 5).
- And 5. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil" (chap. iii. 8).

Now, although divine teaching is not so deducible to rules as that man can lay down any plan of working for God, yet this is the order in which the beloved John speaks of the manifestation of Christ to the soul; yea, it is the very way in which Christ Himself taught His disciples, and is certainly "as He doth not manifest Himself unto the world." He does not "commit Himself" to all, but unto witnesses chosen of God. The "Son" in His works follows the Father in His will, and the Holy Ghost in His "testimony" follows both the Father and the Son. And I can never feel sufficiently thankful when I remember how He led forth the mind of my "Josiah" into a prayerful consideration of these positive manifestations of Christ to His soul. For the "hope of glory" sprang up in his heart at the revelation of Jesus Christ, and this enabled him to bear the loss of all things for the gain of one, namely, the "one thing needful;" in

proof of which he now said to his nurse, "My earthly joys are all gone, but I have one in reserve—a joy unspeakable and full of glory." Ah, about the last thing he played on the piano before he took to his bed was, "A Day's March nearer Home;" but he was now many days in advance of that time, and his salvation much nearer than when he first believed. Indeed, the Lord had so deadened his soul to earthly sensibilities, and quickened his apprehension of things divine, that He seemed now to be preparing his mind for the surrender of "persons" (however near and dear) as well as "things" unto Himself. What a trial was this, not only to me, his fond and natural father, but to my dear wife, his watchful, faithful, and loving motherly attendant! How truly could we say at this time (as we did to the Lord in prayer), "Thou hast shewed Thy people hard things; thou hast made them to drink of the wine of astonishment." Nevertheless, the will of our God and Father must be done. Seeing, then, that the Lord was thus inclining his heart to transfer its affections from earth to heaven, gently conveying his relationship love from us unto Himself, I felt, through grace, a corresponding desire in my heart (much as I loved him) to give him up also unto God in return. And this constrained me to be strong in my expressions of self-condemnation, that I might let him see how worthless was his affinity to a creature of vanity. Thus I used in my prayers at his bedside to make open confession of the "wretched man that I was," in giving birth to a son in the flesh, who by virtue of his union to me inherited all the sin and misery he was called upon to endure and suffer; and among other things I remember to have said, "In Thee, O heavenly Father, my son may find a holy God! but in me, his earthly father and sinful creature, perhaps a devil!" For as of "Adam the first," and fallen, I possess, in common with all mankind, a nature that is "earthly, sensual, and devilish;" and therefore, feeling it really to be so, I laid all the blame of my son's position upon, primarily, myself, if perchance I might be helpful in the weaning of his heart from one so vile. But oh, what this cost me I can never explain! still I felt there was a needs-be for it, in the giving up of my Isaac unto God, and that to be a son of "faithful Abraham" I must have Abraham's faith. Godliness to be "gain" to the soul, must be "loss" to the flesh. The natural must give place to the spiritual, if we who live, would "live unto God."

Thus, having such abundant evidence that the Lord had said unto my Josiah, "Son, give me thine heart," and that, in obedience to the heavenly call, he had done so in such meek and ready acquiescence, who was I (with all my parental ties and affections) that I could withstand God? Indeed, I felt that the same demanding "voice" that had so sovereignly called him, was addressed also to me, so that I could not withhold my son, my only son, when I so plainly saw that God had adopted and claimed him as His own. Therefore, through reigning grace, in its reconciling and subduing power, I felt constrained of God to resign him into His hands.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb who, by the anointings of the Holy Ghost, teacheth His people how to live more in the spirit than in the flesh, and to esteem a heavenly relationship of far more worth than an earthly one; yea, to give up father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, or child, for Christ and His everlasting Gospel's sake. For how else are we to "live unto God," but by learning of Him to die unto self, men, and things? The creature must be subordinate to Christ, and happy are they whom He teaches this subjection. A living Christianity is above

nature, and, as the will of God is made manifest, it is oftentimes against it. If the reader has not been much exercised upon this point, the writer has. There is no righteous glorying in God apart, from or contrary to, His ways, His works, and His will. It is only those who "live unto the Lord" that will know the blessedness of dying unto the Lord, and it is they only who "live" and "die" "unto the Lord" that are "*the Lord's*."

Now this transference of fatherhood from me unto God was wholly accomplished by the Lord Himself, and as far as Josiah jun. was concerned, on this wise was it performed: "For as many as received Him [Christ], to them gave He [God the Father] power to become the sons of God." So that the bestowment of the power of God to become His son, is as necessary as the gift of Christ unto those who "receive Him." Then, as to myself, I felt the insignificance and worthlessness of my perishing parental name, which, being limited to time and pertaining only to the flesh, would in no wise compare with that "new name" which the Lord in His righteousness had now given my son.

Thus the "wisdom of God" made him wise, and the "power of God" made him strong.

And though Christ Himself is the essentially "wise Son," who by reason of His time-state work on the earth made "glad" His Holy Father in all that is glorious, heavenly, and eternal; yet in the spirit of adoption by Christ, and through His alone worthiness and work, my Josiah also became a "*wise son*" among men, who made a "*glad father*" of me.

(To be continued.)

GRACE TRIUMPHANT OVER SICKNESS AND DEATH.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As you have desired me to give you some particulars of the illness and death of the late Mr. A. A. Elliott, I will endeavour to do so in as concise a manner as possible.

You are, I believe, aware that his twin brother (a few recollections of whom appeared in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for December last) died in October, 1864. His health declined from that time, though it was not till three months before his death that he became a decided invalid; and he was confined to the house but little more than a week.

On Sunday, the 19th of July, he went out for a short time. On his return a great change was observed in him, and he never rallied after. His mind, during this the last week of his life, seemed to be kept in perfect peace, stayed upon his God (Isa. xvi. 3).

He remarked that the potter, when making a vessel, continued moulding the clay until he had made it as he saw fit; so his heavenly Potter would keep him here until he was moulded according to His will, and connected the idea with these words, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come" (Job xiv. 14).

In referring to many trials through which he had passed, he said, "If I had not been able to cast them on the great Burden-bearer, I never could have borne them." And, in speaking of a fearful temptation Satan once presented to his mind when in great distress, said, "I looked up to my heavenly Father for help; never I think was such instant answer to prayer before. In one moment it was entirely gone, and I went on my way so happy." He mentioned also how he had been blessed on two

special occasions while in prayer; Jesus seemed so near that he dreaded to come back again, as he expressed it.

I will now proceed to give you a few of what may almost be called his dying words. "What a glorious place heaven must be, where all have the same spirit as the Saviour! My sufferings are nothing compared to His, and for *me*. What a Saviour ours is, to keep us so safe! With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation, and *never thirst again*. He neither slumbereth nor sleepeth that keepeth Israel. Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him." And verses of hymns, which I will not lengthen my letter by repeating. It is recollected now how calm and composed he was at the time his brother died, and that just after he remarked, "I'm thinking of where he is now." Shortly before called away to be blessedly united to him in the presence of the Saviour they both loved, he said, with reference to that time, "I was as happy *then* as *now*, and *now* as *then*. I am not looking much to death and the grave, but forwards to heaven."

A person who came into his room, and noticed how great his sufferings were, said, "But he looks cheerful." He looked up with a bright smile, and said, "Who wouldn't be cheerful?"—meaning with his glorious prospect of heavenly bliss and the presence of his Saviour, which he so blessedly realized. He often spoke of prayer being changed for praise in heaven. Indeed with him it was heaven begun on earth, for his soul delighted in praising God. He very much feared his great sufferings would make him impatient, but the very reverse was the case. Once when he had thought himself almost gone, and afterwards revived, he said, "I think I was a little disappointed at coming back again." And, shortly before he breathed his last, said to his brother, "Be of good cheer, John, for *He* hath said it," laying great emphasis on the pronoun *He*. Almost the last words he uttered were, "Happy, happy," and something about the white cloud (Rev. xiv. 14.) Much more he said that it was truly blessed to hear, but is now but indistinctly remembered.

By his desire, his remains were brought from Bath into Sussex, and interred in the same grave with his much-loved brother. The words from Rev. vii. 14, which he frequently repeated, have been inscribed on their tomb, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Truly the memory of the just is blessed.—Ever yours sincerely,

G.

GREETINGS BY THE WAY,

WITH SOME PARTICULARS OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEPARTURE OF "OLD SARAH," OF YEovil.

[We regret that the annexed should have stood over so long. The reader's attention is particularly directed to the fact of how much the mind of that highly-favoured servant of God, the aged "Sarah, of Yeovil," was imbued with a conviction of the solemn aspect of the times in which we live. The same conviction, we are persuaded, possesses the hearts of the Lord's people generally. So far from their considering the present an auspicious day, in itself considered, they regard it as a time in which the Lord is about terribly to shake the nations, and to test most severely the profession of His people.—Ed.]

MY DEAR BROTHER IN ZION'S CHEQUERED PATH, AND ISRAEL'S FAITHFUL GOD,—It is a long time since I saluted you by the way, not from unmindfulness, but from being hindered. Doubtless we have often been brought to each other's remembrance when meeting at our common centre-point, the mercy-seat, where from vital union and mutual interest we bear one

another's burdens. "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day," a living witness to the faithfulness of my covenant God, that "not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord my God spake concerning me," having passed my jubilee day since Jesus told me I was His, and my Beloved mine. More than fifty years have I been at school, with various modes of discipline, yet still daily learning more of my evil heart, and its proneness to hew out broken cisterns; more of the continual warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil; more of the forbearance of my gracious Lord with my ill manners; and more of my entire dependence upon Him for the supply of all my needs in providence and grace, being a daily pensioner upon His royal bounty, having no stock in hand, a stranger and a sojourner, no abiding-place, no fixed abode, a wandering pilgrim homeward bound.

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

My feelings are well expressed in the lines of dear Kent—

"Israel in Egypt, sore oppress'd,
Far from the promised land of rest;"

thus you see wilderness fare is still my daily portion, in the world tribulation, in Him peace, kept by the mighty power of God through faith; yes, kept clinging, crying, confessing, longing, wrestling still, and nearing home, as our dear brother G. C. expresses it in his "Wayside Notes." How oft has my downcast soul been cheered by these "apples of gold in pictures of silver." My Lord is still leading me in a very mysterious path, testing by fire every grain of faith, that the trial of it may be much more precious than gold.

"From vessel oft to vessel thrown,
Lest I should settle on my lees,
Till led Jehovah's will to own,
Nor strive with His profound decrees."

By this my brother will perceive that Sarah has not yet found a resting-place in the wilderness. True it is my Lord has never taken away the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night from before me, but through all my winding chequered path for the last twenty-four years, it has shown me where to go and when to stand. When for a time I seemed as though I had found a rest, in which I could say, "No more a stranger or a guest, but like a child at home;" yet, alas! I soon found the pricking brier and the grieving thorn stirring me up, preventing me from nestling down so as to think I should die in my nest, convincing me that all my earthly comforts were but of short duration, till by terrible things in righteousness my Lord stripped me of all but Himself, weaning me from earth and earthly objects, cleansing me from my idols, causing me to cease from man, and put my whole trust and confidence in the Lord alone. Ah! my brother, the world hath long lost all its charms in my heart, so that I can say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee;" "My Maker is my Husband, the Lord of hosts is His name." He pleads the cause of the widow and supplies her daily need, either by causing Moab to be a covert to her from the face of the spoiler, or inclining the hearts of His own dear children to entertain

the stranger, so that neither cruse nor barrel fails, though hope deferred often makes the heart sick ; but surely after so many signal interpositions of His hand, so many Jehovah-jirehs and Ebenezers He has enabled me to set up on my pilgrimage journey for fifty years past,

"He cannot have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame."

No—

"Himself He'll not deny,
By oath and promise bound,
Here raise your expectations high,
'Tis sure and solid ground."

Firm footing for faith ; and, when I remember the years of the right hand of the Most High, my song in the night of adversity, and how my Lord supported me through all the fiery trials I was called to endure in 1865-66, hunted like a partridge upon the mountain, counted as the offscouring of all things, deep calling to deep—

"Seeing every day new straights attend,
And wondering where the scene would end,"

the pillar of cloud was dark throughout, the ground of all sensible comfort sank under me, my way hedged up, Satan and my carnal reason suggesting the Lord had forsaken me, my God had forgotten to be gracious, no sympathizing friend near, no fellow-creature's ear to fill with the sad tale of all my woe, my heart was overwhelmed ; in the bitterness of my soul I cried unto the Lord, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." Ah, my dear brother, never shall I forget, while memory lasts, how quickly my precious Jesus came to my relief, by dropping honey from the rock into my wounded spirit. The word came with power, "The King's daughter is all-glorious within ; her clothing is of wrought gold ; she shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework." The tempter skulked away, and left the isolated widow alone with her Lord, and, while His left hand was under my head, His right hand embracing me, I held Him by His faithfulness, the girdle of His reins. "He brought me to His banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love." I forgot my poverty while ruminating over the exceeding riches of His grace that had put such honour upon a worm, counting me worthy to suffer for His sake, regarding the lowliness of His handmaid, and causing the widow's heart to sing for joy. Thus some of Sarah's sweetest notes have been sung upon the tribulated waters ; when I have feared the next wave would dash my shattered barque upon the quicksands, my loving Lord has come, and said, "Fear not ; it is I. Lo, I am with thee always." Ah, then in the triumph of faith I could say, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy." "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," and kiss the rod that thus budded, blossomed, and bore fruit to the glory of God, enabling me to glorify Him in the fires, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the earth calls good or great. And again my Lord brought me through fire and through water, and I sang His praises, and followed the cloudy pillar, and where it rested, there I halted, and set up another Jehovah-jireh. But I soon found an Achan in the camp, and the Lord said, "Arise, depart ; this is not your rest." Then I cried unto the Lord, and He answered me by the application of that precious promise : "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy,

now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set her in safety from him that puffeth at her." Another spoke in the complicated wheel of providence soon fulfilled this promise, and my tent was pitched in a pleasant situation, a quiet resting-place, and a comfortable habitation, so that I said, my Lord had so manifested His tender care for me as to leave me nothing to be careful for. Again I raised my Ebenezer, in which my friends joined. Here the cloud rested over twelve months, when an event occurred over which I had no control, which soon took out the bottom of my nest, though they found no occasion against me, except it was concerning the law of my God; but even this came forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, who supported me, and gave me many great and precious promises. I saw my Father's hand, and was enabled to go forth in the full confidence of faith, not knowing what might befall me. The Lord honoured the faith that honoured Him by trusting Him where I could not trace Him, leading the blind by a way I knew not, and inclining the hearts of His own dear children to shelter the lonely widow, so that, although more than twelve months have passed since then, through the good hand of my God, and the kindness of friends, I have lacked no good thing. And, as my Lord puts down to His own account all that is done to the widow and the fatherless, and has registered in the book of His remembrance the cup of cold water, verily they shall have their reward, and find "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and brought me to acknowledge that a wisdom that can never err and love that can never change are at the bottom of all His dispensations towards me; and I can bless Him for every twig of His rod; nor would I, when in my right mind, wish one thing altered. "He knoweth the way that I take, and when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold," and confess to the honour of His great name, He hath led me in a right way, though I must confess my Lord has been teaching me some very humbling lessons, frustrating my plans, blasting my gourds, cutting off all my expectations from those I had a right to expect better things of. "Surely I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Still I find great exercise for faith, because the providence of God seems so to run counter to the many sweet promises upon which He causeth my soul to rest. This the enemy takes the advantage of, and comes with a "Yea, hath God said?" and this at a time when I am looking at things by the eye of sense, and prayer is restrained; yet again I cry unto the Lord, or rather groan, "O Lord, Thou knowest!" Then I get a gentle reproof from my compassionate Jesus: "The vision is for an appointed time; if it tarry, wait." Then I look again toward His holy temple, believing that, though He answers not a word, delays are not denials.

From this brief sketch of the Lord's dealings, you see that my present position is to stand still, praying for an increase of faith to wait my Lord's time, whose arm is not shortened, nor is He slack concerning His promise; and, judging Him faithful, it is my desire to wait patiently for Him to appear in His own time, way, and manner.

You will see by the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for this month that I have lost another dear companion in the wilderness, dear Mrs. Geare, after nineteen years' steady friendship, during which time I found her an affectionate, sympathizing friend, a wise counsellor, at whose feet I often sat as a learner. She was a mother in Israel. Of her it may truly be said, "A great woman has fallen in Israel." It was my privilege to enjoy many

hallowed seasons of Christian communion with her, and, when at a distance, her letters were weighty and savoury. "She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." I had an interview with her towards the close of last year; but she was so deaf I found it difficult to converse with her; she was low in spirits from a bereaving Providence, but in perfect peace stayed upon the Lord. During my visit to Yeovil this summer I was favoured to enjoy many refreshing seasons, and to witness the closing scene of the dear saint. When I first saw her, on the 19th of June, she was much better than she had been for some time, and all her faculties in full bloom. A secret mourner in Zion, she sighed and cried for the abominations done in our guilty land. An earnest contender for the faith once delivered unto the saints, she told me it was the greatest trouble she had, the rapid spread of those awful errors springing up all around, feeling sure we were drawing near to an eventful crisis.

The first Sabbath in July I spent the afternoon with her, when she conversed freely upon the wonderful leadings of God in His providence, and His discriminating grace that separated her and her dear sister in early life from the vanities and follies of youth, as she has expressed it in one of her poems. She was counselled, at an early age, to read and study much the sacred page, admired the heroic Deborah, the charming Ruth, and oft repeated, as she passed along, meek Hannah's humble lay and Mary's holy song.

But I must hasten to the closing scene. On the 13th she retired to rest as well as usual; on the 14th early in the morning she complained of sickness. All means were used which skill and kindness could devise, both by her kind medical attendant and her faithful friend. Finding the means fail, with a firm voice she said, "Mr. C——, I wish to ask you a question, and hope you will be honest. Do you think I am going home? because I have a good home to go to; my mind is quite calm, death hath no terror to me." After a pause he said, "I shall do all I can to keep you alive, and you may revive again." After he left she spoke with much gratitude of his many kind, gratuitous, and unwearied attentions for years past, under very painful afflictions. But she was like a shock of corn fully ripe. She would often say, "It is all done, I have nothing to do. A sinner saved, the chief, yea, the chiefest of sinners, without one plea; a guilty, weak, and helpless worm." I said, "The Lord is about to take you home before the coming storm." "Yes, I think so." Seeing her friend weep she said, "Cheer up, I may revive again; and if not, the Lord will provide for you, and reward you for all your kind attention to me for more than twelve years." The morning of the 22nd I found her weak. In the evening I saw an evident change, and remained with her till the scene was closed. She had a quiet night till 4.23 a.m., complained of pain, and was very restless; after a time became more free from pain, and lay very quiet. About 12 Satan thrust sore at her. She appeared quite sensible it was him, and cried unto the Lord, "Oh, take me! take me! Oh, set me free! set me free!" The Lord heard prayer; the tempter fled. Seeing her calm, her friend said, "Do you know me?" "Yes." "You are not afraid of Satan, are you?" "No, no." I said, "He is a conquered foe." "Yes, yes." When asked, Is Jesus precious? "Yes." "Sown in corruption," I said, "raised in glory?" "Yes." After this several sentences dropped from her, which we could not gather up. After a few hours' more struggling her ransomed spirit was released.

from its suffering tenement, at a quarter before six, July 23. My spirit rejoiced in the Lord that the conflict was over, the tempter foiled, the victory won, the saint glorified. My desire and prayer is that her fallen mantle may rest upon me, that I may follow her as she followed Christ, the few and evil days that remain to be filled in till my Lord shall open the cage to let me fly, and build my happy nest on high. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, prays your affectionate sister in Jesus,

SARAH.

Bath, September, 1863.

The Protestant Beacon.

WE believe that the battle of the Reformation must be again fought; and it is the strength of this conviction that we urge upon all who value Protestant principles to read and to circulate far and wide Mr. COLLETTE's death-blow to all that is vigorous or vital in the work of Mr. COBBETT, which Papists are circulating, literally by millions, as the evidence of a *Protestant* against the *Protestant Reformation*.* Dr. LITLEDALE and Dr. MANNING are equally happy in contemplating the assumed collapse of Protestantism. To the former the Reformation appears as a "Deluge of Divine vengeance;" and to the latter, as "an unwarrantable schism from the bosom of the true Church." Solemnly and unreservedly, then, do we assert that between these two factions, represented as they are by these their ablest advocates, the Protestantism of England is in danger. Let Popery or Ritualism be again triumphant (as the latter was in Laud's time), and every department of knowledge will be sought to be controlled by an aspiring and ambitious priesthood; free thought and free speech will perish in the same grave. The struggle between Popery and Protestantism was carried on and ended in blood before, and it will be carried on and ended in blood again.—*The Rock*.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE IRISH ESTABLISHMENT FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.—The *Standard* gives the following extract from the *Monde*, a well-known Ultramontane journal under the control of the Jesuits: "We applaud the fall of the Church of Ireland, because it is a barrier against the development of the Catholic faith, an advanced post of the Anglican Church, which is the last fortress of Protestantism in Europe. The Church of England fallen, Protestantism will go to pieces; it will no longer be a *corps* of doctrine, a block of error, but a dust which will still blind many people, but which time and wind will blow away. And what will be the consequence of the events now passing? Can we not see, at no great distance, England, animated by the faith of old times, again become the devoted daughter of the Roman Church, which brought her into civilization and placing in the service of that Church which she has so long persecuted, her power, her indomitable tenacity, her unexampled activity, and her immense resources? This solution is possible; it is permitted to hope for it; the events which are taking place in the Parliament of England are preparing us for it." It would be well for all Liberal Churchmen and Nonconformists to consider what are the real objects of their Roman Catholic allies at the present crisis.

* Mr. Collette's Reply to "Cobbett's History of the English Reformation." Subscribers' names to be sent to Mr. Collette, 23, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE state of Spain is by no means satisfactory; but still the circulation of the Scriptures and the preaching of the Gospel proceed uninterruptedly. We are informed that the committee of the Bible Stand in the Crystal Palace have a quarter of a million separate Gospels or Epistles printed in Madrid, nearly one hundred thousand of which have already been sold or gratuitously distributed in the following places, viz.: Madrid, San Sebastian, Cordova, Malaga, Seville, Burgos, Valladolid, Vittoria, Criptana, and in many towns in the provinces of Asturias and Andalusia. 2,500 Gospels were sold in one day in Madrid. It was a kind of rush upon the depôt; the people literally struggled to buy the books, the crowd reaching half across the street. Some discussion has arisen as to whether it would be desirable to circulate a popish version of the Scriptures, similar to the Douay version; but we are glad to hear that the copies circulated hitherto by the committee of the Bible Stand are all of the most correct version. The Protestant congregation at Madrid numbers, it is said, a thousand persons. At Seville the Lord's Supper was publicly celebrated (the first public Protestant celebration that has taken place in Spain), and two hundred Spanish Protestants, who had attended the preparatory services and received tokens, partook of the Communion. The profoundest silence was observed by the crowded congregation, both during the impressive sermon from the pulpit and the address from the table by the Rev. J. B. Cabrera. Two English clergymen and several English gentlemen were present. The Protestant church in Seville is part of a suppressed convent, and has been fitted up and is supported at the expense of the Spanish Evangelization Society. It holds 500 persons; but, as great numbers are unable to obtain admission at every service, it is felt advisable that a large church should immediately be built. The correspondent of the *Times* states, that on "Easter Sunday, when twelve o'clock at noon was appointed as the hour of the first service, people began to crowd the little room used as a chapel at half-past ten, and that by eleven it was absolutely impossible not only to find a seat, but even to obtain standing-room at the entrance." In Cordova, too, where as yet no special authorization of the Government has been obtained, a religious service is held privately in the house of a stout-hearted Scotchman, who is willing to take upon himself all the outcry that priestly rage and popular fanaticism may raise against him. No less than 700 or 800, between devout and merely curious people, crowd his house and premises on Sunday to hear Senor Soler, a Spanish Protestant divine, who reads prayers and preaches sermons in the vernacular idiom of the country. Cheering intelligence reaches us also from more distant lands. In Tinnevely an ordination was recently held of thirty-two native ministers, a number probably unprecedented in modern times. And in Umritsur, in Northern India, three native candidates have been ordained, one of whom seems to be a very remarkable man. His name is Smaduddeen. For sixteen years he persevered in the search after truth in vain, first among Mohammedan Moulvies, and then amongst the Soofies; he could find no peace from either outward austerities or inward sophistries; and at last (though he always led a moral life) he gave up all religion whatever, thinking that religions were mere human schemes to drown men's thoughts of God, and banish all fears of the punishment of sin.

But, when he met with the Gospel, he discovered in it that peace of heart and soul which springs from sin forgiven, and through divine grace gave himself up to the Saviour and His work. He is a learned man, and, when a Mohammedan, he wrote a great part of a Commentary on the Arabic Koran, and many other treatises on secular subjects. Since his conversion he has occupied himself in the compilation of several Urdu Christian works, some of which have proved of great value. The last one which he has published consists of some 460 closely-written pages, and is a reply to a well-known Mohammedan work opposing Christianity. These native ministers are to be placed, it seems, over native congregations, in connexion with local funds; and previous to their ordination they passed a most satisfactory examination, proving that they were (so far as men could discern) thoroughly fitted for the great work before them. At Umritsur a burial-ground was recently set apart for the interment of Christian natives, and it was remarkable that the first person buried in it was the first convert of that mission who was baptized by Mr. Fitzpatrick in July, 1853. He gave up what was dear to him for Christ when he became a Christian, and at his death, last month, he left his whole property to the Mission, consisting of about Rs. 300 in cash, and of a house in an admirable position in the city, which he set apart for the Lord's work, in order that, as he said, there may never be wanting a flag for Jesus Christ in a city where so many flags are raised in honour of Mohammed, and of the heathen gods. The Umritsur mission now numbers 250 Christians connected with it, of whom eighty-one are communicants. Three English and three native clergymen, and some twelve catechists and readers, are engaged in it in direct Missionary labour. In 1853 five or six girls could hardly be kept together for Christian instruction in a native-rented house by Mrs. Fitzpatrick. Now, in the Mission schools there, 340 girls are receiving a Christian education, and 1250 boys. From Abeokuta we learn that the native missionaries have been permitted to return, and that the people have welcomed them back with the greatest joy; even their temporary banishment has turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel, for it has been the means of establishing an important mission at Lagos, whither the missionaries were driven at the time of the outbreak.

The well-known canoe traveller (Mr. Macgregor) has published some extremely interesting letters, giving an account of his visit to the Holy Land. He had it seems the privilege of first exploring the head of the Jordan; for up to the period of his visit, the lake or marsh of Huleh, from which the Jordan flows, had never been thoroughly examined. He thus describes the discovery of the outlet of the river: "Next day I returned to my survey and my sounding, and came to the end of a promontory which juts out from the north margin of the lake further than the rest, and there I found the highest papyrus, and an opening of about 100 feet wide with a decided current running out." He had discovered the head of the Jordan! "My heart," he continues, "beat high with pleasure and excitement as I entered here. All was to be new, not only to me, but, no doubt, to everybody else; for even if any one has ever gone up this river no record has been left of his voyage. I paddled slowly up the beautiful new river. It was graceful in its windings. Its banks were sheer upright, all of papyrus. Its breadth was a hundred feet, and its depth from twelve to fifteen feet all the way." He next describes his visit to the lake of Gennesareth: "This lake is about twelve miles long by seven broad, and surrounded by mountains, save

on the north, where the Jordan enters, and where there is a plain. On the western shore, 'the towers and walls of Tiberias are reflected in the water,' and beyond these 'is the smooth beach of the land of Gennesareth, a little crescent-shaped strip of plain teeming with verdure down to the shore, which is of clean, pretty gravel, and shells and sand, with a row of oleander bushes growing in the water. At the other end of the charming beach—along which so often walked the Saviour of the world—the mighty God—the Prince of peace—we see the hill on which stood His 'own city'—'Thou Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven;' but now *not one house is there*. Next comes the white strand, where once Bethsaida stood." On steering towards it, Mr. Macgregor says: "Soon round my boat I saw ten thousand fish, their heads and backs above water, and as close together as they could lie. Outside of these was a circle of cormorants and ducks waiting for prey. No wonder that this was named Beth Saida, 'House of Fishes.' Lately two fishers' huts were built here. Twelve men came out and welcomed the *Rob Roy* with admiration and applause. One of them cast off 'his fisher's coat,' and waded out to greet me." These men pay £100 a year to fish in the lake. The voyager suggests incidentally that a payment of this kind might be the "tribute money," to furnish which the miracle was wrought. He spent three days at Bethsaida. "On one of them it was stormy, the waves rose rapidly, and a heavy 'cross sea' very soon thundered on the gloomy beach. I have been (he remarks) in many lakes where the wind is sudden and severe—in Scotland, in Sweden, and in America—but I never saw any sheet of water so subject to squalls as this, and so quickly moved from perfect calm into rough and distracting waves tossing about with a fretfulness altogether unusual. On the northern shore is the 'desert place' to which Christ withdrew for prayer. Near this the thousands were fed. As I went to it in my canoe, I saw men wading Jordan, for there is a ford near the place, and by this the multitudes could have followed Christ as He went. The northern beach is of fine black gravel. I discovered a channel 500 feet long and five feet deep, and a pier under water extending 100 feet more. The channel led me to a ruin, and plainly this was a little port inland. Another not so large was further east. From one of these the apostles may have embarked when they left Christ behind." Mr. Macgregor finds "at least four localities on the eastern shore in every way remarkably adapted to the incidents of the narrative of the legion of the devils and the herd of swine. "There were the rocks and caves, where tombs would be. There was the wild feeding ground, covered with bulbous roots, where swine might feed. Even at that moment, a great flock of horses, camels, goats, and bullocks was actually grazing and browsing on the rank herbage of the mountain. Near them the hill sloped steep to the strand, in one spot only a few feet from the water, in another leading straight to the high gravel beach. Now, this beach for a mile in extent is very peculiar in its conformation, and quite different from any other part of the shore of this sea. The gravel shelves down at an angle of forty-five degrees, from about ten feet deep in water. A scanty fringe of oleander partially conceals the water. When I came close in my canoe, I could not see the inner shore at all, and therefore if a herd of animals were to run towards this they would come very suddenly to the top of the gravel bank, and being urged on by others behind they could not stop, but must certainly run into 'the deep' and be drowned. I compared all the various features of

the hills and slopes here from different points of view, which could only be done by patient scrutiny from a boat, for you cannot *compare* two hills unless you are at proper distance from both of them, though, of course, you can see each of them by walking under it upon the shore. I came away much gratified by this afternoon's work, in having fully satisfied myself as to the suitability of the slope near Wady Fik for the scene of the only miracle of our Lord where punishment was inflicted and death." In a later communication, addressed to the *Times*, Mr. Macgregor describes his inspection of the subterranean explorations at Jerusalem. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Warren, and having passed, by means of a rope ladder, close to the exterior wall of the temple area at Robinson's arch, and reached a depth of fifty feet below the actual surface, the place is thus described: "The hole we are in is like a well, but it is lined with strong planks, and at the dark bottom our passage is through an opening as if into a kitchen grate, where we grope on all-fours, with a hard knock on the head now and then, bending sideways too, as well as up and down, until suddenly the roof becomes rugged and crooked, indescribably contorted by angles, all of them the corners of well-cut stone. For here we are in the confused heap of huge voussoirs or arch-stones which, once high in the air, spanned gracefully the rocky vale between Zion and the Temple. At the siege of Jerusalem Titus parleyed with the Jews across this gorge, and then these stones were hurled down here, and with what a crash! Upon them, hidden by their own ruin, new buildings arose and gardens flourished. These also were laid low, and on the desolate mounds the present houses stand. The Jerusalem we see to-day is not the real Jerusalem. That is buried under fifty feet of wreck and confusion, but in its forced silence somehow it speaks eloquently, bidding the Christian and the Jew to heave its burden off, to open the dark to light and air, and to read in the covered relics the story of past times. Therefore we look up and around on these old stones, and seem to listen with an inquiring gaze, for nothing of their rich bold masonry has been spoilt by this turmoil above. Old as they are, we notice among them one stone below the rest, and yet more hoary than the others. It is part of a still more ancient bridge across the rocky cleft, which then was steep at the sides, but now is filled up by fifty feet of rubbish. David in former days may have marched over here. Certainly many kings and prophets after him have trod upon these stones. Tanks, cisterns, aqueducts, pavements are opened to us underground. Once we have got down, we can scan by the magnesium light a subterranean city, the real city of Jerusalem. The labour of building this, and of now mining into it when buried, is forgotten in wonder when we gaze on the silent relics or wander about the caverns echoing a hollow voice." The last visit was paid to shaft 52, "its number telling how many others must be left unseen. This goes straight through the rubbish at the south-east corner of the old wall of Jerusalem. Above us, rising proudly still, is the ancient angle of the Temple area, which overhangs the valley steep below, 200 feet. Most likely it was on this, or on a pinnacle near, that our Lord was placed in His threefold temptation. Even now the wall is fifty feet high above ground, the most expressive feature of the Holy City seen from without in the profile of Jerusalem. At a depth of nearly eighty feet below the present ground, near the wall, we reach at last the corner stones of the venerable building, so that what we have looked up to before as lofty is seen only from a false base of rubbish, actually eighty feet high above the

real rock, and thus much robbing the Haram wall of more than half its veritable height. Even above the present surface the stones are huge as well as ancient, and at the bottom they are equally massive and beautifully cut. The rock itself is bared at last upon which the marvellous structure rests. Where each lowest foundation stone lies upon it we can see the rock has been levelled to receive its brethren. Here, and only here, are chippings from the chisel. The stones, indeed, were finished by Divine command before they were placed, but the mason's tool had to be used on the live rock as it lay. In one part there had been even then some rubbish here, and this had been cut out to admit the lowest stones. Among this ancient *débris* I was fortunate enough to pick out the tooth of a camel, which must have lived among the Jebusites before even this old wall was built. It is on these lowest courses of stones, most of them very large—one more than seventeen feet long—that you can see by candle-light the curious letters, or, at any rate, characters, in red paint, of which full particulars have been published in your columns. These letters are numerous, distinct, and large, and others are actually cut in the stone, but all of them are complete puzzles to the best scholars here, and the decision of the English, German, and French *savans* as to their meaning is awaited with deep interest." In connection with these interesting explorations at Jerusalem, there is a remarkable prophecy in Psalm cii. 13, 14: "Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come. *For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.*"

Our home events this month are, we regret to say, not satisfactory. In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill has been read a second time, with the large majority of one hundred and eighteen, and whilst we write it is passing through committee with similar majorities in its favour, each clause being contended by its opponents with little or no success. Some remarkable speeches have been made during the debates, but decidedly the most remarkable by Sir Roundell Palmer. His known ability, his Christian character, the position he occupies, and the sacrifices which it is understood he has made in consequence of his disagreement with this measure, all combined to make his speech of peculiar value and force. It is said to have made a profound impression. Sir Roundell Palmer affirmed that, for the changes brought forward by this bill, there exists no parallel either in this or in other countries; not even at the time of the Reformation, when extensive appropriations of Church property took place; appropriations which were followed by very serious evils. He showed that the Church has as much valid legal right to her property as any private individual has to his, and that there was as much injustice in taking away property in the one case as the other, without good and sufficient reason. Then he showed that no good and sufficient reason had been brought forward in this case, for even the alleged failures of the Church had been due to unfair legislation; and that no such failure could be said to exist now, inasmuch as the Church had of late years well and truly discharged her duties. Such is the deliberate opinion of one of the first lawyers of the day—the opinion of one of the highest liberal statesmen, and a lifelong friend and follower of Mr. Gladstone. How in the face of this, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues can push boldly on, without hesitation or misgiving, it is difficult to understand. We can only ascribe it to insatiable ambition, supported by Rome's advancing forces, and all the radical and infidel tendencies of the age. As a contemporary well

observes: "If it be God's will so to blind the understandings of our rulers, that this revolutionary scheme shall be carried into full effect, we must prepare ourselves for a future of far greater perplexity and trouble than any on which we can look back in the past. Faith in public men has already fallen with us to the lowest ebb. They have long ceased to aim at directing, they now seem bent on abjectly following and giving the force of law to the will of the mob. For it is not the intelligent English people, nor the Scotch, nor even the Irish, who clamour for this great change. It is sought for by the designing few whose object is to sink Great Britain to the level of America. It is shouted for by the ignorant many who know only that they are not so well off as they desire to be, and are persuaded to believe that any change must benefit them. And into the arms of the designing few and the ignorant many Mr. Gladstone has thrown himself." It seems to be God's will, and His will must be the best. Nothing can be done without His permission, and, if He sees fit to lay His chastening hand upon the Church, to lower (for a time) Protestantism and to exalt Popery, it must in the end be well. But we tremble in the meantime for the chief agents in the matter, and for our country under their influence.

The strong feeling which was excited in Ireland seems to increase rather than to diminish. In almost every parish, vestry meetings have been held, strongly condemning the measure, and affirming that they both considered it to be a cruel injustice, and that they were determined to oppose it to the utmost. Delegates were then chosen to state these views to a central conference held in Dublin, and at the assembling of the latter they were very clearly and boldly enunciated. The feeling of the country has also been plainly exhibited by the way in which the Lord Lieutenant has been treated, and the reception given to Prince Arthur. At the levees of the former hardly any of the gentry and nobility are to be found; and, on the arrival of the latter, instead of the enthusiastic and hearty welcome afforded to his brothers last year, he was met with the utmost coldness and indifference. Surely, as Lord Stanley observed, the English nation ought to pause before it alienates 700,000 of the most loyal men in Ireland, men who have ever been firm in the support of the connexion with England, and who some years ago would have rather cut off their right hands than use the language which they now use, and act in the manner in which they are now acting.

The Scottish Reformation Society has concluded its winter's work in its Protestant educational classes. A most important and excellent work this is. During the last three years the society has been enabled, by the kindness of friends, to establish twenty classes through the country, on the south side of the border, beginning at Carlisle and going down as far as Plymouth. It has gathered together two thousand young men (more than are studying in any college in the kingdom) at one time, besides several young women in ladies' classes. It has imparted, as far as possible, a thorough knowledge of the distinctive doctrines of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism to the attendants upon these classes, and it has afforded considerable encouragement by giving handsome prizes to the most attentive and most proficient. Long may this good work go on and prosper; and may the divine blessing accompany it!

We are glad to perceive that an authoritative statement has at last been issued respecting the riots got up by the Roman Catholics at Protestant lectures and meetings. Not only have disgraceful scenes been repeatedly enacted by them, but at last they began to proceed so far that

they threatened to put an end to all public religious discussions or freedom of speech in this free country. Their manner of proceeding, as is well known, was this: whenever they became aware that a lecturer was coming whose arguments they particularly feared, they went to the magistrates, swore that they *intended* to raise a riot, and the magistrates consequently considered it to be their duty to silence the lecturer and forbid a public meeting. What a pass for a liberal and a Protestant country! In reply, however, to an application made by the Mayor of North Shields with reference to the lectures of Mr. Murphy, the Home Secretary writes: "The magistrates have not the power to stop lectures on a subject not illegal, delivered in a private hall hired for the purpose; or to prevent people meeting to hear such lectures. Were it not so, any meetings called for the discussion of questions of public interest might be stopped, if those who took an opposite side threatened to disturb the meeting." We trust that our magistrates and Roman Catholics will remember this.

A terrible conflagration has occurred in the Cape of Good Hope. A tract of country four hundred miles long, and varying in breadth from fifteen to one hundred and fifty miles, has been devastated by a fire unparalleled in the annals of the colony. The calamity took place just after the harvest—an unusually good one—and has caused great distress. The cultivated lands, farm buildings, native forests and bush, farm stock, and wild animals were wrapt in flames, and in a few hours hundreds of pounds' worth of property was destroyed. The European colonists and natives alike suffered, and in the majority of cases the sufferers lost all they possessed. Several persons were also burnt to death, the casualties in the majority of cases occurring to the natives and to the wives and children of the colonists. Those saved had to take shelter in the rivers, water-dams, and wet ditches, where many of them were badly scorched. In Australia also a drought has continued on some stations for more than eighteen months. To such straits are the unfortunate squatters reduced, that every means is used of husbanding the little water that remains in the water-holes of the rivers. Next to their own lives that of the sheep is held most in esteem by the squatters, and, consequently, the horses and kangaroos are shot down whenever they appear at the water-holes to slake their burning thirst.

We regret to record that the Bishop of Carlisle has been completely laid aside, by severe illness, from his active and valuable labours. He is now on the continent, seeking change and rest; and the accounts recently received state that he is somewhat better. We trust that it may be the Lord's will ere long to raise him up again. It seems as if we could ill spare so valuable a life at such a critical time as the present.

NEW WORK BY MR. JAMES GRANT.—The literary and religious journals announce the publication, by Mr. Macintosh, of Paternoster Row, of the second and concluding volume of Mr. Grant's new work, "The Religious Tendencies of the Times." We are able to state that the chief feature of this new volume from the pen of Mr. Grant is an "Exposure of the Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren." The principal contents of the work will, it is understood, be:—Correspondence in Relation to the First Volume; Our Religious Literature; Baron Bunsen's Extraordinary and Dangerous Views; Rev. T. R. Birks' Theory of Future Punishment; Prevalent Practical Errors; and the Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren. In the next number of the *Gospel Magazine* we shall review this new volume from Mr. Grant's pen.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAUOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 42,
NEW SERIES. }

JUNE, 1869.

{ No. 1,242,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. 1. 4.

REVIEW AND ANTICIPATION.

"For mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive,
From Jesus, my Redeemer's, hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?"

"I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet will I glory in the thought,
That I should owe Him most."

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the work of Thine own hands."—

PSALM CXXXVIII. 8.

BELOVED, we enter this month upon the twenty-ninth year of our Editorship. Words utterly fail to express a tithe of what we feel in the review of all that has occurred since the (to us) eventful morning on which we took up our pen to commence our humble labours in connexion with this work. How little did we then see of what was before us! Even in our *second* number the subject was, "*Faint, yet pursuing*." If we fainted then, how often have we fainted since, during all the varied positions and circumstances of an eight-and-twenty years' editorial career! But, notwithstanding this, our so frequent failing of heart and flesh, we are bound to say, that "His grace has been sufficient," that "His strength has been made perfect in our weakness," and that He "has done *all* things well." The language of Joshua is very sweet to our own heart: "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof" (Josh. xxiii. 14). Equally precious is the inquiry of our dear Lord, when, addressing His beloved disciples, He said, "I sent you out without scrip and without purse; lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing." Oh no, there has been no failure, no lack; but He has in very deed been "mindful of us in our low estate, for His mercy endureth for ever." And oftentimes we mentally exclaim, "If the Lord is but pleased to be as merciful and as good and gracious in the

future as He has been in the *past*, then shall we have abundant reason to rejoice, and to magnify and adore His great and glorious name." But why, beloved, should we doubt this, seeing that He "rests in His love," "hates to put away," and that He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever?"

Dear reader, the portion that has been presented to our mind, in this stage of our little eventful career, is that quoted at the head of this paper: "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the work of Thine own hands" (Psalm cxxxviii. 8). And, first, observe how the words stand connected, as in the Psalms they so commonly do, with the language of acknowledgment and appeal. David so often blends prayer with praise, and praise with prayer; and this so clearly shows that the Psalmist did not—neither do any of the Lord's Spirit-quickenened ones—ever attain to a position of *independence*. The Lord knows how to keep His people in a simple, childlike dependence upon Himself! Never will He allow them in the leastwise to feel that they can do without Him! Let their position be what it may—although they may be freed from this or that trial, affliction, or sorrow, which for a longer or shorter season has been pressing upon them; yet the Lord is never at a loss to find other causes on account of which they shall equally feel their weakness, helplessness, and poverty, and the same absolute need of His guidance and His sustaining and upholding power.

Reader, see in the second verse of this psalm the *acknowledgment* of which we spoke. The latter part of the verse is thus rendered by the blessed Coverdale: "Thou hast magnified Thy word according to Thy great name." Another version thus renders it: "Thou hast magnified Thy name above all things by Thy word." Now we consider the meaning to be, "Thou hast, by Thy kind and gracious acts, far exceeded the words and promises upon which Thou hadst caused us to hope." So spake the Queen of Sheba, when she exclaimed, with respect to Solomon, "The half was not told me." And sure we are, that, however large the expectations of the Lord's dear family, as based upon the kind and gracious promises of His blessed word, applied as they are from time to time by the Holy Ghost, the Lord always exceeds their largest, fullest, and most sanguine hopes and expectations. He keeps up, in the rich and gracious developments of His merciful and loving hand, that precious saying, "Thou shalt see greater things than these." Yea, we fully believe that the Lord maintains this sweet word in the every-day experience of His dear children; that so as they go on day by day, "from strength to strength," He "giving more grace," they find it an upward, onward movement. They see more, they feel more of His precious, precious grace—that grace, by comparison being yet more and more fully developed, according to their larger necessities, and in order to combat the more powerful and determined attacks of the enemy, as he, seeing his time is short, seeks the more

resolutely and powerfully to assail, assault, and (if possible) to secure his prey. But if, beloved, by this comparison the Lord's dear sin-burdened and Satan-assaulted ones do realize even here, in their at least occasional experiences, this "seeing greater things," and that the half had not been told them concerning "the greater than Solomon," oh, what will it be in the upper and better house, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" What will be the first emotions—what the rapturous exclamations of the disembodied spirits, as just freed from the tenement of clay, and that tabernacle in which they had so long "groaned, being burdened?" Oh, what will one face-to-face view of the King in His glory be? What the joy—what the transport—what the unspeakable felicity of the soul, the moment it realizes the great and the glorious fact, that it has risen for ever and ever above, and beyond sinful, dark, helpless mortality; has passed safely and triumphantly through death and the grave, and now basks for ever and ever in the immediate and unclouded presence of God and the Lamb?

"O glorious hour! O blessed abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
Nor flesh nor sense shall e'er control,
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

"There shall I see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

Look once more, beloved, at the blending of hope and fear, trust and travail, in the language of the 7th verse: "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me: Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me" (Psalm cxxxviii. 7). Observe, there is a *walking*—not a *halting*, much less a *receding*—though in "the midst of trouble." It is folly to suppose that trial hinders or retards a dear child of God in his progress Christward and heavenward. Although a common idea, it is at the same time a most fallacious one with the dear children of God, namely, that if they had *less* trouble they could live more usefully, more profitably, and more to the Lord's glory. Thousands have proved, in their "better circumstances," in their "smooth paths," and "plains of ease," the very reverse of this. How cold have they become! how carnal, how worldly! Their spiritual appetites, their keen relish, their thirst for the corn and wine of the kingdom, has subsided; and how many have *sighed*, if too sad and too broken to *sing*, the language,

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-reviving view
Of Jesus and His word?"

"What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill."

If we should happen to address any who have thus experienced what the world calls progress and advancement, we have only to appeal to their hearts and consciences for confirmation of these remarks. Such too well know what it is to look back with envy, as it were, upon the trials and afflictions of the keenest kind, and at the time of apparently overwhelming weight, because under such trials and afflictions they were so specially and peculiarly "helped of God." Oh, what but this experience, dear reader, that led David, under the dejection of the 42nd Psalm, to exclaim, "O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar" (Psalm xlii. 6). Without doubt those spots had witnessed aforetime some very special and unspeakably blessed interpositions of the Lord's hand and manifestations of His divine favour. And where is the dear child of God who has not more or less in remembrance his "Bochims" and his "Bethels"? Ah, reader, but for some of these there are those who in after experience would not know what to do. Under a felt present desolation of heart and deep depression of soul, there has been the falling back upon divine unchangeability, a covenant ordered in all things and sure, with the plea, "And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good;" "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope."

But to pass on. "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me," &c. The mind of the Psalmist is now led on from the review of the past to the contemplation of the future. He looks to "the word of the Lord" respecting him; and by this look he is cheered and comforted. He feels a holy and devout persuasion that the Lord will abide by him, uphold him, supply him, nourish him, and at length will bring him off "more than conqueror through Him that hath loved him." David has no confidence in himself. He calculates not upon grace received or strength in store; but his heart reposes in the alone confidence of what God has been—is—and has covenanted to be. Volumes are contained in that brief utterance, "THE LORD will perfect." Ah, yes, there is no ground for hope, or trust, or confidence, in anything short of this. Here is the grand centre. This is the pivot upon which (so to speak) the vast machinery of redemption and salvation turns. It is with the Lord. It is "of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." Oh, who that knows some little of the human heart has the slightest confidence in himself? "It is not my light, nor my love, nor my zeal, nor my strength—no, nor my experience," says such an one, "is the ground of my hope, of my holding on or holding out; but it is wholly and solely of Him who has pledged Himself never to leave nor forsake. He has encouraged me to hope in Him, to look to Him, to depend upon Him. He was never known to lie. He has more at stake than I. I am His property—His possession. He has covenanted to stand by, to strengthen me, to defend me; and has declared that He will bring

me finally to His heavenly kingdom. He has said, 'My shoes shall be iron and brass, and that as my days so shall my strength be.' He has comforted me again with the assurance, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' Past deliverances are but proofs and evidences of His power and ability and willingness to save, and pledges of what He will be and do in time to come. Therefore, venturing upon Himself, and in nowise looking to creature wisdom or strength, I hopefully exclaim, 'The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.'

'Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.'

Dear reader, here for the present we leave the subject.

4, *Havelock Park, Southsea, May 13, 1869.*

THE EDITOR.

THE BODY OF CHRIST.

"My substance was not hid from Thee." Here is Christ's material part spoken of as a substance. In Psalm xl. we have the same thing: "A body hast Thou prepared me"—a material body, human nature—that God was to inhabit; a substance in which God was to tabernacle here below, as our Emmanuel. The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and so here David, in our text, speaks of this wonderful Person, the God-Man, "My substance was not hid from Thee;" for after the lapse of 4,004 years, the Christ of God was to appear in the body prepared for Him.

Now this body, the material substance, represented the mystical body, which is His Church, as you will see in Eph. i. 23, and the figure referred to in our text; and here you have this substance in a twofold point of view: first, as the material body; second, as the mystical body.

And now let us consider this with reference to God's prescience, and by this I mean His foreknowledge. This substance, though not in existence, was yet known to God—"known unto God and all His works from the beginning." All things are naked and opened to Him, all things are before Him. This body was not a casualty, a contingency, but prepared. Here is the prescience of God; and, if the material body was known unto Him, and prepared by Him, so the mystical, the spiritual body, the Church of God in Christ, just as if you had existed then, so certain are all things with Him—no casualty, no contingency, no uncertainty, but all fixed, predetermined, appointed, and concerning His Church, cause and effect; all originating in His own will. Next, you have this "substance" in its formation. "My substance was not hid from Thee;" when it was formed *in secret*. Here we have the secret counsel of God's will when this substance was formed, and, as the apostle says, created in Christ Jesus, according to divine purpose, foreknowledge. This is the secret place where all the elect are hid, formed in secret, set up in Christ before all worlds, hid with Christ in God. The Psalmist speaks thus: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under [the shadow of the Almighty]." Now, what is this dwelling-place? The place

where many of you are, where you have a dwelling-place ; otherwise you can have no abiding. This secret place is the hiding in Christ, in electing love, adopting grace. Have you found out your hiding-place ? You had a right and title to it when you were formed in secret. In Prov. viii. we see the Church's hiding-place. There we have the setting up of God's Christ, and in Him all the elect of God : " I was with Him," &c. But, further, we have this formation spoken of as to its creation in Adam—" and curiously formed." Said the Lord to Adam, " Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return." Human nature is only dust as to its material part. Now, this refers to both creations ; for all spiritual souls created in Christ, and chosen in Him before all worlds, are materially formed in Adam.

And now let us consider this creation and God's satisfaction with it, not only as a whole and complete in Christ Jesus, but even in its *unperfect* state ; and I would call your attention to this word. There is a vast difference between *unperfect* and *imperfect*. The Holy Ghost here speaks of the Church as *unperfect*, but not deficient. Like a building in erection, perfect as far as it goes, but *unperfect* as respects its completion. So the Church of God, *unperfect* with regard to numbers, but perfect as in Christ. Ye are complete in Him. The Colossian Church, individually and personally, was complete in Christ ; but as a Church, manifestedly and collectively, they were not complete in numbers. Some were not called, some not born ; therefore the body was *unperfect*, incomplete, unfinished. For instance, you and I were not born ; all the Church of God was not then brought into being—were not yet made to pass through the burning fiery furnace of this world, which some of you have found it, according to God's own declaration : " I will bring the third part through the fire." The wicked go into the fire of hell, and there remain ; but God's saints go through the fire of this world, and that is hell enough. God's people are to have no stripes hereafter, but they must pass through the torments of a time-state in a sinful world ; but they shall pass through it, and come out of it, and enter into an eternal rest, where they shall know no more woe, and enjoy everlasting bliss. God's Church is complete in Christ, but not as to numbers. As far as it goes it is complete, and so far God is satisfied ; and this point of divine satisfaction is a very blessed point. Can you realize it ? God satisfied with you, personally and individually ! Now, this is, and must be, a matter of divine revelation ; for if you view yourself aright, as a lost, ruined sinner, how is it possible you can think God satisfied with a wretch like you—a polluted sinner, a vile thing like you ? I say, how is it possible that God can be pleased, satisfied with such an one as you feel yourself to be ? " Oh," say you, " it is God's work in a precious Christ that satisfies Jehovah. Then He is pleased, and it is God's work in Christ to be satisfied with me, notwithstanding all I have done." Now, must not this be a matter of divine communication, to reveal to a soul that God is satisfied in Christ with a sinner, because He is satisfied with Christ, and views all His people *in Him* ? Why, this it is to receive the Gospel, to be gospelized, to feel and find God a Father, and, having once found Him, to be assured He will never cast away a soul that He is thus satisfied with. God can challenge Satan in this matter. He never had, and never shall have, a child of God.

Now, I do think this is to look at the foundations of Zion—to mark well her bulwarks—to count her towers—to walk about Zion, as some of you have done aforetime, no doubt. But let us consider this substance in connexion with divine decree. All salvation comes out of decree ; no

decree, no mercy. Says the Psalmist, "In Thy book were all my members written." Thence a matter of decree: the names of the family all enrolled in the book, one day to be called over. What if your name should be left out? Did you ever think of that? Did you ever contemplate the consequence? Left out? The family called over, but your name passed by—no enrolment, no call. But, oh, the blessedness of having an interest in divine decrees! Jesus rejoiced, and called upon His disciples to rejoice, that their names were written in heaven, and therefore, as interested in divine decrees, were saved with an everlasting salvation. Hence, all that came in as a hindrance—the introduction of sin, the fall of man, the power of evil—only rendering Christ's work necessary; the Church saved in the Lord by omnipotent power, nothing short; and this exercised on behalf of the elect, and that because their names were found in the Lamb's book of life. And, oh, how the sight of it melts the heart, satisfies the soul—humbles it at the feet of Jesus, and makes it ashamed of all its transgressions. So, you see, God is not content—if I may so say—with being satisfied Himself; but He will bring His people to the same point, and make them satisfied, too, and that by a knowledge of divine decrees. "In Thy book were all my members written." Now, nothing short of this will satisfy you—to know your name is in the book. Oh that God would graciously extend this knowledge, so that ye may be divinely persuaded that when your material part is dropped into the grave, you shall awake to find you are eternally blessed in the presence of God! Now, we must consider this formation with regard to divine order having been created, continued, or in continuation fashioned. We turn to the marginal reading, which throws a little light upon a somewhat obscure clause in our text: "What days they should be fashioned." Here is divine order observed in bringing out manifestly divine decrees, what days each of the elect should be formed—that is, appear in a substantial body, in a time state—and this for the purpose of being called in grace to know the Lord. Now this points out God's order; so you could not have been born two hundred years ago. The Church was fashioned day by day, but it was matter of divine ordination what days they were to be fashioned; and this is God's daily bread, His food, His joy, His support, made for His glory, brought into the world day by day. It was a matter of divine ordination what days Abraham should appear, Isaac, Jacob, and what day you and I should appear; for God has as much care for the little ones as for the great ones of the family, for the vessels of small quantity as of large quantity. He has chosen out the way of each and all, yea, and sits chief, ordering, ruling, regulating the days of their unregeneracy—what days you should live without Him, trampling His truth under your vile feet, seeking your peace and blessedness from every or any source but Himself. All those days numbered that you should run so far and so long from Him, and then what days you should be cut down, laid open with that sharp two-edged sword that divides the joints and marrow asunder. What days God should show you up your desperately-wicked black heart; that you were a rebel against Him, that you hated His truth and His saints, that you despised them in your heart. Oh, my friends, it is profitable to review those days when God *interposed*—broke into the midst of those very days with *grace*; for we did nothing to merit it; we were far off from Him—helpless, hopeless. But what days we were to be fashioned were known to Him—what days we were to have a new nature, and be born again of the Spirit.

One word more upon this wonderful "substance," which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them. They had no existence as a whole, and yet as a whole were all known to God. The Divine Architects saw the whole building complete before a stone of it was laid. Not a soul was in existence, except in the divine mind, but all fashioned according to divine purpose. How fashioned? when fashioned? "Created in Christ Jesus," when as yet there was none of them. These are great truths—some may call them speculations; but they are matters of divine experience, personal realization, matters of divine revelation, given to man by divine favour. But the wickedness of man disputes with God, and holds that light which God esteems precious. What mercy, then, if you have been taught to value that which once you despised, and to love that you once hated! Verily, you can say, "What hath God wrought!"

J. A. W.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

"And when Peter was come up to Jerusalem they that were of the circumcision contended with him," &c.—Acts xi. 2—18.

WE are taught in these verses that it is wrong for Christians to contend so earnestly for non-essentials, instead of talking on points in which all who love the Lord Jesus Christ can agree. These Jews found fault with Peter for eating with the Gentiles. And how often do we fancy we see little inconsistencies in our fellow-Christians, when, if we heard the matter explained, it would most likely be brought out quite to our satisfaction, as in the present case!

The next hint we may take is, what is so delightful, but so little practised, viz., that of the Lord's people recounting His dealings with them to one another. "Peter rehearsed the matter from the beginning, and expounded it by order unto them" (ver. 4). We are all attention to hear about each other's worldly concerns, but so slow to open our mouths respecting the weightier matters of the soul. The heirs of such an inheritance as ours should love to talk of the things of the kingdom; this would stir us up to greater activity in the service of God, and rouse our sleeping faculties to speak the praises of His matchless love, and wonderful care of His dear children. How many of us have been disappointed when we had hoped to spend a little time in soul-communion with a fellow-pilgrim, to find, when our meeting together was over, there was little or nothing of our conversation upon which we could look back with pleasure! "These things ought not so to be." In days of old "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels" (Mal. iii. 16, 17).

We pass on to the 18th verse, "When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." This should teach us to rejoice when we hear of the new accessions to the kingdom and grace of God, and cause us to glorify Him on their behalf.

W.

The strongest believer of us all is like a glass without a foot, which cannot stand one moment longer than it is held.

Upside Notes.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR GOD'S AFFLICTED SAINTS.

"I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord."—ZEPH. iii. 12.

AND surely the Lord has fulfilled His promise; for, go where we will, we find that the majority of the Lord's family are a poor and afflicted people. As we take up the pen, we hear of one exceedingly poor and destitute, and apparently fast nearing her end; and yet it is wonderful how grace supports her, and with what thankfulness she receives the least mite; and her language is, "The Lord, I know, will never leave me, nor forsake me; I can trust Him; He has never failed me yet. I am not afraid to die." It was said to her, "Then you do not murmur at your lot?" She replied, "Oh, no! I have many mercies, and Jesus is dear to me." Well, beloved, a religion that will thus support and even keep one cheerful when there is but a crust in the cupboard is real and genuine, and worth possessing; and now, as there are many like the one referred to, who are struggling to obtain the bread that perisheth, or, if not, have yet trial and care in some form or another, we would at this season address such, trusting it may be the Spirit's pleasure to cause us to pour into their souls the balm of consolation, that they may trust in the name of the Lord; and first, beloved, let me remind you that—

God has appointed thine affliction in love.—For "whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." It is a father's hand that holds the rod; it is a father's hand that guides the strokes. If He chastises His children, they are His children still. A parent's rod does not alter a parent's love. The discipline is well, and proves relationship. The worldlings go on smoothly enough; it seems all joy and mirth with them; and, when they come to die, the wicked have no bands in their death: but the children of God are an afflicted, tempest-tossed, but not *lost*, people.

"Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear—
I should prove a castaway?"

"Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might."

Love to His people, then, is at the bottom of every dispensation of God's providence they have to pass through. And then—

There is a needs-be for them, or we should not have them.—Afflictions are sent to bring us to our Bibles and our knees: and what a solace in the hour of trial is prayer! How, under such pressure, our ejaculations become heart-felt! How mixed with tears the meltings of a subdued and softened spirit! We have been cold enough at the throne when all has gone well with us; fine and formal have been our polished sentences when we have gone to the throne by way of duty, instead of having been driven to

Z

it by distress. But all sentiment vanishes when the weight of affliction is felt; the heart becomes in earnest; the need is great, and our petitions are to the point. Ah! beloved, can we not look back to the place of affliction, and think how we poured out our soul in agony before the Lord, how, in answer to our cries, He blessedly calmed the troubled heart, delivered us from our many fears, and made us rejoice in His salvation? Such seasons are memorable in our experience; we feel that we would not have been without them. They have been growing times, and we have been—

“Taught obedience to our God
By the things we have endured.”

Furthermore—

The Lord will most certainly support under them.—He giveth “songs in the night.” Mark, “*He giveth;*” then we sing, not otherwise: and, when we thus sing through our tears, we sing away our fears. It is well to silence our doubts by singing praises unto the Lord.

“*Come,*” would Luther say to Melancthon, when prospects looked dark and distressing at the beginning of the Reformation, “*Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm, and let earth and hell do their worst.*”

Oh, shame upon some in the present day who under-value what those dear men of God were raised up to achieve, and would drift our beloved country again into the thralldom and tyranny of popery!

But to return. The Lord will blessedly support His afflicted ones. “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,” are His own words; and we have Jesus’ sympathy when in trial. In all their afflictions He was afflicted; that special one of thine, beloved, is included in the “all,” and Jesus is looking on. Therefore can we appeal to Him, and say, “Thou tellest my fitting, and puttest my tears into Thy bottle; are not these things noted in Thy book?”—

“God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of dark distress invade;
E’er we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.”

Oh, how truly valued is grace when it is felt to sustain under trial! And then we may recollect that—

They work for our good.—Sanctified afflictions work spiritual advancement. Rich mercies are often hid under dark providences. “All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.”

God’s providence is like a beautiful piece of machinery, all working with its little wheels within wheels for some purpose, and that purpose the eternal good and profit of His people.

Dark and mysterious as the way may often be to us, yet God knoweth the way we take; and, when He hath tried us, we shall come forth as gold; and the gold that is brightest has been tried in the refiner’s fire. The tree that bears the most fruit has been well shaken by the wind. The wound that is most effectually cured has been well probed. The vessel that sails steadiest is that which has its proper proportion of ballast.

How frequently is a heavy load of miseries followed by a joyous train of mercies; and, when we behold the waggon-load of blessings, like good old Jacob, our spirits revive. Then—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Their duration is brief.—They are but for a moment, while the joy in reserve is for eternity. The day of adversity ends, but the morning without a cloud never terminates. It is true we meet with Christians whose trial is of long standing; year after year, it may be, they have been heavily burdened, yet for their comfort we may remind them that, if long lasting, they are not everlasting. Life is but a span, a vapour which soon passeth away, and, brief as it is, the Lord will not let us linger on the way. We often try to feather our nests and settle upon our lees, but all attempts to be at rest in the wilderness will always prove a failure. God knows that wild beasts abound there, and therefore that carnal rests would be fraught with danger, so He gives that which will keep us stirring and pressing homewards. And then,—

They are calculated to teach us how frail we are.—When we think of the sickness and disease that this poor mortal frame is subject to, surely there is no room for creature-pride.

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

We are fearfully and wonderfully made; and yet what a peacock kind of life many lead, strutting about in perishable plumage; but sanctified trials keep us humble—teach us our frailty, and cause us to see how dependent we are upon a covenant God for all.

"I must expect a daily cross;
Lord, sanctify the pain;
Bid every furnace purge my dross,
And yield some patient gain."

It is on the heights we crow; it is in the depths we cry. Too apt are we in prosperity to say, "We are lords, and will no more come unto Thee" (Jer. ii. 31). But in adversity our language is, "We are sinners; to whom can we go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Therefore adversity must be better for us than prosperity; as the wise preacher says, "It is better to go into the house of mourning than into the house of laughter."

There are few that go into such depths but what they will find some fellow tried one has gone deeper. Often must we acknowledge that our groanings are heavier than our stroke; but Job asserted that his stroke was heavier than his groaning. We are tried, but joy breaks in upon us; he declared that he was tried every moment. We have *many sorrows*, but our Saviour was "*A Man of sorrows*." And then,—

Affliction leads into the footsteps of the worthies, and of our divine Master Himself.—Yes; all the worthies who have gone before had to tread in the pathway of tribulation; their trials were diverse and peculiar, but all had their share. For instance, how specially trying was Joseph's burden, to be falsely charged with a sin he never committed, and thrust into prison when blameless; this was trying, indeed, yet how sweetly comforted by the Lord. The Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy. Again, look at Eli, how peculiarly painful his burden, even the wickedness of his children. The sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the

Lord. What a heavy trial this to a godly parent, and to a praying mother. It is no slight mercy when we see our dear ones walking in the fear of the Lord. Again, look at Nehemiah's trial, which was in connection with the sorrow and misery that was felt in his native land—"I sat down and wept and mourned and prayed before the God of heaven;" and how many of the Lord's children in the present day could sit down and weep on account of much that is going on in their beloved country that is Christ-dishonouring. And then look at poor Job. Oh, what a combination of suffering he had to pass through! His oxen taken away, his sheep killed, his servants struck down, his beloved children torn from him, his houses levelled to the ground, and his wife, who ought to have been a comfort to him, bidding him curse God, and die. Truly might poor Job say, "God maketh my heart soft; the Almighty troubleth me." And then, New Testament, as well as Old Testament, saints had to pass along the same pathway. Paul, for instance, tells us he "served the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations," while it is written of the apostles, "We both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwellingplace; and labour, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it: being defamed, we intreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." So it is, beloved, if we are tried and tempted, we are but following in the footsteps of the worthies who have gone before. And then it is but following in the footsteps of our divine Master, with this difference, that He went down into the depths; we only have to wade through the shallows in comparison. "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." Oh, to love Him more for what He has passed through for us! And then, further,—

Affliction brings fruit unto God.—"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept Thy word." A dear servant of God, now in glory, said, "I find afflictions good for me. I have ever found them so. They are happy means in the hand of the Holy Spirit to mortify my corruptions, to subdue my pride, my passion, my inordinate love to the creature. They soften my hard heart, bring me on my knees, exercise and increase faith, love, humility, and self-denial. They make me poor in spirit,—

"They make me sing, O happy rod
That brought me nearer to my God."

Well, this is bringing forth fruit unto God, but methinks we cannot all sing so clearly and cheerfully, "O happy rod." Have you not known what it is, beloved, to have a trial so acute that the promises of God have seemed blunted to you, and the very heavens only as brass over your head? You have felt, "I cannot pray," I cannot read my Bible, all is too much for me. But still, beloved, when the thick cloud has passed away, then how softened it left you, and how pointed and precious and penetrating did the word of God become; they afterwards did yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, although you cannot, it may be, quite sing, "O happy rod." And lastly, think, beloved,—

They all end in a crown of glory.—"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." Yes, the diversity of the pilgrims' trials all work out one end—viz., to meeten them for glory; and

this is the reason they are to count it all joy when they fall into diverse temptation. Let us not then be murmuring at the cross, but keeping the eye of faith fixed upon the crown; thus shall we forget the former, and reach forward after the latter; in this way we shall "so run that we may obtain." And recollect, tried one, we but bear the cross for time, yonder we shall wear the crown for eternity. Many a Christian has carried his afflictions to the grave, but no Christian has ever carried them beyond it. This is our consolation—they will be left behind with all our worldly goods and chattels—no sorrow can enter in at the pearly gates, for it is said of the inhabitants of the celestial city, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Let, then, the consideration of these things cheer us; pick up the crumbs of comfort we have been led to scatter for afflicted ones, and think, as reminded, that the Lord has appointed thine affliction in love; that there is a needs-be for every one, or we should not have them, and the Lord will most certainly support under them; and then, depend upon it, they work for our good—they teach us how frail we are, and lead us into the footsteps of the worthies who have gone before, and into the pathway of the Divine Master Himself; and, while the duration is short, they end in a crown of glory, a mansion of bliss, everlasting rest and joy.

"Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God.
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all."

Ilford.

G. C.

A VERSE ON AN OLD SAMPLER.

"Jesus, permit Thy gracious name to stand,
As the first effort of an infant hand;
And while her fingers o'er the canvas move,
Engage her tender heart to seek Thy love:
With Thy dear children may she share a part,
And write Thy name Thy love upon her heart.
Sarah F—, 1798."

I have every reason to believe that the prayer breathed in the above was answered, as the worker grew to be a very godly old lady. She loved her Bible, and would talk freely of God's dealings towards her both in providence and grace, to all who visited her; and, when through age and infirmity she was prevented from going to the house of God, she was greatly pleased to hear from others an account of the sermon. She was a lover of truth, and would impress again and again on her young visitors that "excuses were lies." She had little of this world's goods, but God gave her a "grateful heart to taste His gifts with joy." Her end was peace; she was taken from this world at night in the unconsciousness of sleep. "Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man comethh."

R. W. J.

There may be, and often is, much of true grace when there is not a drop of comfort, nor a grain of consolation.

Pilgrim Papers.

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 244.)

TRUE RICHES IN THE DEPTH OF POVERTY.

IN the first stage of R. R.'s ministry, before he became settled over a people, he preached at different villages in the neighbourhood where he then lived. On one occasion, after preaching, he was invited by many to go home with them to take refreshment, but there was one man and his wife amongst them who were determined that he should go with them. He went and found when he entered their hut that there was no furniture in it; not so much as a chair. There was a three-legged stool; that was all. They had no food of any kind, and no money to buy any. Having a trifle of money with him, he sent the woman with it to buy a loaf. When she returned he asked a blessing upon it of Him who once blest and brake and divided to the multitude, in the days of His humiliation. They then partook of the food, and he has often expressed himself that he scarcely ever had such a season of enjoyment; but, what struck him the most, was to see the woman so happy and cheerful. This is one among many instances, that God hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom. It does not say that the poor of this world are they that are rich in faith; but God hath chosen and called many of these, and made them of a broken and contrite heart, and to know what poverty of spirit is, and where their true riches are. Thus, having nothing, they possess all things in their glorious Head, and out of His fulness they receive all needful good. Blessed be God, He hath not left Himself without witnesses even in this evil time—"that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of His mouth." There are many about who know what a hungered body is, and also a soul-thirsting, to follow Him in all the way of His appointments. A lean body and a fat soul is better than a well-fed body and a lean soul. It is said of our brethren of old they lusted, &c.; and God gave them their requests, but sent leanness into the soul. There is many a poor enfeebled body furnishing on beds of affliction, but there is a fat and flourishing soul. "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to shew that the Lord is upright: and there is no unrighteousness in Him."

"But be ye doers of the word, not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—

JAMES i. 22.

THE application of the incarnate word is an inwrought treasure that cannot be hid, and an undying life that cannot be diminished. It is suited for the pilgrim in his journey home, in his darkest moments, trials, and cloudy seasons. "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path." Oh, Jesus, the revelation of Thy everlasting self, in Thy incarnate testimony is my heritage and the joy of my heart. Oh, my soul, here is the spring of all comfort that allays thy thirst; the full brook by the way and the river that overflows her banks. By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and their myriad hosts settled by divine order; the

incarnate word opens the windows of salvation, and spreads redemption's honours in holy title of Immanuel's blood, and makes ministers to proclaim these treasures, and to be doers of the Gospel word, as ministers of our God, spiritually led to feed the hungry flocks. May the Spirit and the bride say, "Come" to the feeble and the faint. Jesus and His Church are one. May the will of the holy Three on earth be done.

COVENANT CARE AND COVENANT PRIVILEGE.

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation."
—PSALM xci. 14—16.

A PRAYERFUL contemplation of this Psalm cannot fail to produce in a loving, hoping, trusting, and waiting soul some measure of confidence and encouragement. The very thought of any of the sons and daughters of the first Adam dwelling in the secret and secure place of an eternal covenant, and for ever abiding under the shadow of the Almighty's love, mercy, faithfulness, and care must warm the soul up to, and inspire it with grateful love and praise. They that dwell in the secret place of the Most High dwell in His love, and hath dwelt there from all eternity; by covenant union with Christ, and at the appointed time, that love and divine covenant relationship is manifested by writing the details of its laws, with the pen of the Holy Ghost, in their hearts and minds, and showing them the true and faithful conditions of the covenant: as the Psalmist saith, in another place, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will shew them His covenant" (Psalm xxv. 14). The word of God might be entirely silent as regards an eternal covenant; so little is it alluded to by many of the present-day teachers, and by still a greater number not at all. But there are a few to whom the secret has been revealed, and its vital importance has been shown. The removal of the covenant would be fatal to the Gospel of peace by rendering the death of our most glorious Lord of none effect: utterly destroying the foundation, and doing away with the Lord's purchased possession, and not a single soul sealed unto the day of redemption. But, blessed be the Lord our God, the covenant is revealed, and sure; and it can never be annulled, as saith David, "Although my house be not so with God; yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although He make it not to grow" (2 Sam. xxiii. 5). By virtue of the covenant the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth His own inheritance, His own purchased possession, which the Holy Ghost hath sealed unto the day of redemption. The revelation of covenant love by the Holy Spirit in the hearts and minds of the beloved ones must and will have the effect of inspiring love to our covenant God in return. The apostle John tells us, and our own individual experience tells the same thing, "that we love Him because He first loved us, and that we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love, and He that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him." Therefore the love that the dear children set upon their covenant Lord is a new covenant blessing; a fruit of the Holy

Spirit, and is exercised in the heart without dissimulation; and blessed are they who have it in possession.

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him."—These are indeed very blessed words: words spoken by our most glorious Christ, by the mouth of the Psalmist, and refer to the precious souls of them that know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, with the love that He Himself hath put into their hearts. And with what promptitude and faithfulness does He attend to the work of His own hands. The Lord delights in His own work, and always honours it with His divine presence, to give help to His beloved ones in every time of need, and saith, "I will deliver him." The Lord's beloved ones, and who also love Him, have many enemies to contend with, that require far more strength than they possess in themselves to vanquish. Some of these enemies are prefigured in the preceding verse as the lion and adder—the young lion and dragon. No mean enemies to meet in the dark, and it is chiefly in the darkness when the beasts of prey creep forth; but, nevertheless, such have to be encountered and trampled under feet. These natural enemies will represent the mystery of iniquity living in our carnal nature, but not reigning; according to the word of promise, "sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law but under grace." Therefore it is by the grace and power of our Lord Jesus Christ given to and reigning in the heart of the new man—for then the poor soul can do all things, mighty things, through Christ that strengtheneth him—that these enemies are subdued, and their power overthrown; so that the poor soul is able to walk over and trample upon their prostrate (but not slain) bodies to the hiding-place in the glorious person of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is Conqueror of sin, death, hell, and the grave. Thus the Lord delivers us from all our enemies; and the very worst of them are they of our own house—our own vile and carnal corruptions and the heart's deceitfulness, the power and dominion of which the special promise of our most glorious Lord is, "Therefore will I deliver him."

"I will set him on high, because he hath known my name."—They who know the preciousness of the name and person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and who love Him for His own sake and for the glory of His power, are sometimes very low down in the scale of recognizing faith. It may be that the pressure of external circumstances, which sometimes weigh upon the heart with a peculiar depressing effect, crushing it down into the very depths of the earth, turning the thoughts toward earthly things, more than to the spiritual privileges in a precious Christ. Darkness of soul is sure to follow such a state of things, and great mourning and sorrowing the consequence. Like the case of Hezekiah in his dire extremity, "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes failed with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me" (Isa. xxxviii. 14). This is very low living, far below spiritual privileges; yet, notwithstanding this low state of affairs, the spiritual life of such a poor soul is not quite extinct. There is still the smoking flax discernible in the remembrance of the great forbearing mercies of our covenant God; as David says, "When I said, My foot slippeth, Thy mercies, O God, held me up." This is indeed a very low state of things, but not lower than what falls to the lot of some poor souls while treading in the footpaths of tribulation; of which the writer can testify. But the promise of our covenant Lord saith, "I will set him on high, because he hath known my name." As Job saith, "To set up on

high those that be low : that those that mourn may be exalted to safety." And as David confidently affirms, "Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things : O God, who is like unto Thee ! Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side" (Psalm lxxi. 19—22). This is very blessed and most precious faith, and very encouraging to a poor soul that is bowed down, looking and waiting to be lifted up. Isaiah also sets his seal to the same blessed testimony. "He shall dwell on high : his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks : bread shall be given him ; his waters shall be sure" (Isaiah xxxiii. 16). These declarations are indeed very precious and blessed, because they breathe forth the special privileges of them who love and know the name and person of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour and Deliverer, and the Lifter-up of all that be bowed down, and the only One in whom they trust. As the psalmist again says, "And they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee : for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee" (Psalm ix. 10). The poor soul that is down in these deeps of trouble and sorrow, longing, looking, and waiting to be raised up, is sometimes just able to breathe forth his desire in the ear of Him who bears the precious name that he hath known in time past. "Yea, in the way of Thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for Thee ; the desire of our soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee" (Isaiah xxvi. 8). The highest and most exalted state that a poor sinner can aspire to in this life is a faith's recognition of an interest in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and can join with the Apostle Paul in saying, "I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me : and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer-him."—If a poor praying soul has one desire greater than another, it is that God would hear and answer his prayer. If we consult the whole book of Psalms, we shall find that the chief desire of the soul of David was, that God would hear and answer his prayer. "Hear me when I call, O God. Give ear to my words, O Lord. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee. In the day when I call answer me speedily." These and all such kindred expressions pervade the whole book, and which breathe forth the desire of his soul. The Lord Jesus Christ here promiseth to fulfil all the desires of them that call upon Him in spirit and out of the abundance of the heart, as necessity lays it upon Him. But the faithfulness of our gracious Lord is sometimes beforehand of the call of His dear children ; as it is written by Isaiah, "and it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer ; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." But our gracious Lord's declaration in the words before us is, "He *shall* call upon me." Not when will call, or when he does call ; but he *shall* call upon me. The thing is a certainty ; imperative necessity has laid it upon him to call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and he finds it his highest and most blessed privilege in the day of his trouble ; because his circumstances compel him to ask the Lord for help and deliverance, and the Lord hath graciously promised to answer him. "He shall call upon me, and I will answer him ;" and, blessed be God, "He is faithful that promised."

"I will be with him in trouble."—This is a very blessed and precious promise, an encouraging promise. The presence of the Lord Jesus Christ is very precious under any circumstances, but especially so in the time of trouble. The Psalmist speaks of it as a sure antidote to fear and despondency. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof" (Psalm xvi. 1—3). The blessed and gracious presence of the Lord Jesus Christ with a soul overwhelmed with difficulties, troubles, and sorrows, arising out of external circumstances, puts away fear and dread from his heart, of any or all consequences that may appear likely to arise out of them; because he knows that help and sustaining grace is at hand, and his faith recognises deliverance in prospect. It is such help that his soul can hope and trust in; for "vain is the help of man."

"The Lord shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy." But Job tells, "That affliction cometh not forth from the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." No, there is no chance-work in our troubles, be they of whatever nature they may. Whether of afflictions, distresses, privations, bereavements, poverty, in spirit or out, circumstances, persecutions, temptations, and tribulations of every kind; all are appointed by infinite wisdom. How merciful, how kind, is our covenant Lord, that while appointing the rod, He is present to superintend and count off the number of stripes! He sees to it, that no more are inflicted than He gives strength to bear. He is there also to strengthen, sustain, comfort, and help the poor soul, that he may be able to bear the appointed number. He regulates all things according to His own sovereign will, to bring out of troubles mighty events to accomplish His own wondrous purpose. We might just instance Joseph's great troubles—"And the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt: but the Lord was with him, and delivered out of all his afflictions, and gave him favour, and wisdom in the sight of Pharaoh king of Egypt; and he made him governor over Egypt and all his house" (Acts vii. 9, 10). Thus was the Lord with Joseph in all his troubles, and what mighty events, divine history unfolds, were brought forth, and which seem to have hung upon that one sin of envy, which moved the patriarchs' hearts to commit such grievous wrong, and which brought forth also the sins of deceit, treachery, and dishonesty. They sold him to the Ishmaelite traders for money; but their primary sin was hatred and wrath, which testifies the solemn truth of the words of David, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, but the remainder of wrath wilt Thou restrain." Thus was the patriarchs' sin and Joseph's troubles minister in the hands of our eternal God to some of the greatest events of the world's history. But some of the dear children who are down in the depths of sorrow and trouble through adverse circumstances have also appointed unto them sore and trying temptations, from the common enemy of their souls, when looking about for some means of escape. Not unfrequently does the arch-fiend suggest the awful sin of suicide as the shortest and most convenient way of escape. We might enlarge much upon this subject, but space and delicacy forbid. Suffice it to say that the Lord is faithful, and is also with His dear ones in this trouble, and reminds them that "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man:

but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation [not without it] also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. x. 13).

"I will deliver him and honour him."—Deliverance from trouble is indeed a very great blessing, an invaluable mercy to a poor soul in difficulties and troubles: but to be a subject whom a gracious King delighteth to honour is a glory. The Psalmist exclaims, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted. For Thou art the glory of their strength: and in Thy favour our horn shall be exalted" (Psalm lxxxix. 15—17). This is a glorious honour, a distinguishing honour, an honour that even they who are exalted to its enjoyment cannot fully describe. Walking in the bright light of the countenance of the glorious King in His beauty, rejoicing in His all-glorious name, and beaming in the sunshine of His presence; being clothed in the all-glorious robe of His righteousness; partaking of His strength and the glory of His mighty power, and, in His grace and favour, exalted to the dignity of princes and kings. As the Psalmist says, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dung-hill, that He may set him with princes, even the princes of his people" (Psalm cxiii. 7, 8). Beware, all ye teachers and preachers, of the declaration of Christ by Samuel: "For them that honour me will I honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed" (1 Sam. ii. 30).

"With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation."—The natural life of man is but short, even at the very longest; therefore the long life here spoken of cannot have reference to that. Our Lord tells His dear children that "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. And he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; and the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." Therefore this long life that is here promised can be no other than spiritual and eternal life. The life that is supported by eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ could never be satisfied with anything short of being eternal, and in the exact likeness of Him and His life who is its divine Author and Support, as confirmed by the Psalmist—"As for me I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." Natural life is born of the flesh, possessing an immortal soul, partaking only of the fallen nature and qualities of the first Adam, from which it is born; it ends with the flesh, and the immortal soul passes downwards into eternal misery, carrying all its sinful qualities with it; for the natural or carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. But spiritual life is born of the Spirit of God, and created in the image of Him who created it, who is the Second Adam, partaking of the divine nature and qualities of its divine Author, in distinction of the natural life of soul and body. "For that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Therefore natural life and spiritual life live in the same soul, and are ever at enmity. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh: and are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Spiritual life, as the offspring of God the Spirit, can only live in a spiritual element; it minds only spiritual things, and they that possess

this spiritual life, sow to the Spirit, and consequently reap the fruit of everlasting life, which is inconceivably glorious. This spiritual life is the only life that can be called a long life, and they that possess it shall be abundantly satisfied; for they shall see the salvation of God. Their souls shall be washed and purified from every taint of sin by the blood of the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world, so that when this mortal and natural life ceases to breathe, they will still live, and their souls will pass upward, carrying with them those precious qualities of the divine spiritual life, the offspring of the Spirit of Christ, the only life that can ever satisfy the longing and upward-looking soul.

Prestwich.

W. G.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON "STIRS."

IN Isaiah xxii. 2 mention is made of a place "full of stirs." Is not the child of God very often "full of stirs?" The Lord stirs those whom He intends to save: "Stir up Thy strength, and come and save us" (Psalm lxxx. 2). The Christian is subject to stirs through afflictions, trials, fears, and cares. What a stir there is in the will sometimes when the Lord in His providence crosses it! He having fixed this way for us, and we want to go the other. How often there were stirs among the Israelites while journeying through the wilderness! What a stir in time of war in preparing for it, when commencing it, while engaging for it, and also at its close. So with Christ's soldiers, who "fight the good fight of faith." How liable every child of God is to be stirred by Satan! He stirred David, Solomon, Peter, and others. How much there is in "God's elect" that the adversary can stir. There is nothing in Jesus of this kind: "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." What a stirring world we live in. No stirs in heaven. What else but stirs in hell? Hear the language of the rich man: "I am tormented in this flame." "They rest not day nor night." Now mark the difference in what is said of Lazarus: "He is comforted." What a stir there is in the conscience when the Holy Spirit applies the law! What a stir in him who said, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died" (Rom. vii. 9). It is clear that the work of conviction produces a stir within. When the Lord Jesus, by His Almighty voice, called Lazarus out of the grave, the divine power, conveyed by that call, caused him to stir who was before unable to do so. Lazarus kept stirring till he came out of the grave, "bound hand and foot with grave clothes." Lazarus had been stirred while dead and in the dark; but the bandages were not removed the very instant he was first stirred. He could not stop in the dead-house long after he was stirred. Reader, do you know anything of being stirred in this way? You may have been stirred by the Spirit of Christ and yet have bandages on. Every step Lazarus took after he had been stirred brought him nearer and nearing to Him who had stirred him. A sinner who feels a divine power in his soul, moving him to come to Jesus, is one who has been called by him. What a stir there was in the jailor when he cried out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" What a stir amongst the people on the day of Pentecost. Oh, when will there be such a stir as that again! What a stir in the valley of dry bones!

As long as the people of God are here below, with two opposite natures within them, there will be stirs—inside stirs. What a mercy to know anything of these inward debates! Ah, the believer's soul is sometimes like a debating society; one takes one side, another the other side. One

says, "that is right;" the other says, "it is wrong." So the conflict continues, and will continue, till He shall say, "It is enough." What a stir a riot causes in the place where it occurs. Even the reading of the Riot Act does not always produce instant order and quietness. Believer in Jesus, you know from experience there is such a thing as an inward riot, even when you are sitting still on your seat, and lying down on your bed. What inward stirs David had, as the Psalms clearly show. Ah! we need a good deal of stirring to keep us from sleeping. Peter was found sleeping, then slipping, then weeping. But what stirred him up to weep? "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter." When the Saviour's powerful and gracious look reaches a sinner's heart, it will most surely cause a stir there. Oh for more of such stirs! What a stir in Saul of Tarsus, when he fell to the earth, and, while in Damascus, neither eating nor drinking for three days! What was he doing then? How was he spending his time? "Behold, he prayeth." The stir he felt within set him praying; and, oh, what prayer! The stir Peter felt set him weeping. Now, reader, do you know anything in your soul of these kinds of stirs? Has the Lord ever looked on you in mercy? Have you ever felt stirred to pray and weep before the Lord?

When a fire takes place in a city, what a stir it occasions! What efforts are made to put it out! What property lost thereby, and sometimes valuable lives! When the fire of wrath is felt in the conscience of a sinner, what a stir there is then! So there is a most glorious stir felt within when the blessed Jesus makes the heart to burn with His love. How the enemy would like to put out this fire! O Lord, in all simplicity I would ask in Jesus' name, that the reader and writer may be blessed with the "baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire." How lively this fire makes one! How warm! How it makes the feet to run in the way of His commandments! How it melts one!

The receiving of a letter from a friend will often cause a stir within; I am sure the receiving of a message from the Lord Jesus into the heart causes a stir there of a right sort.

The birth of a child will sometimes cause a stir. What a stir the birth of the holy Child Jesus caused! "When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him" (Matt. ii. 3). What a very different stir among the angels of God! Did not the birth of Christ cause a stir among angels, men, and devils? When the new birth takes place in a sinner's soul, there is a stir there. There is frequently a stir when a wedding takes place. And oh! when the Lord says to a poor sinner's soul, by His Holy Spirit, "Thy Maker is thy Husband," "I am married unto you," what a stir, a blessed stir this causes within! The good Lord makes us truly covetous after these stirs. People are sometimes stirred when they hear of property being left them by the will of some departed relation; and, when the Eternal Spirit assures a sinner's soul that he belongs to Christ, that all things are his, that he is an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ, will not this knowledge produce a stir within? It will; and it will be a difficult thing to stop it. This will make the soul to sing for joy of heart. Reader, have you ever been stirred in this way? What a stir in a large city during the day! What business is being done while this stir continues! So with the soul. It is while the soul is being stirred by the fire of God's love, by the power and graces of the Holy Spirit, that business is being done of a very profitable kind.

What stirs are occasioned by the wind, especially at sea, and among sailors. When a wreck is feared, what a stir! When a wreck actually takes place, what an awful stir then for awhile! So with the believer. He fears being wrecked by this "contrary" wind and the other; and sometimes the Lord permits a wreck to take place, as in the case of Job, in order to show out His great power and goodness to His chosen people. What a stir among the disciples when "there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but He was asleep." How stirred they were when they came to Him, and awoke Him, saying, "Lord, save us: we perish" (Matt. viii. 24, 25). The dear Saviour was near all this time amidst the storm and tempest. The stir brought the disciples together, drew them towards Jesus, and led them to offer Him a short, feeling, and united prayer. That is the sort of stirring needed in these days; that which draws Christ's disciples closer together, and nearer to Him, in real united prayer.

What a stir there was in Jonah when in "the fish's belly!" Also when, in answer to a question put to him by the Lord, he said, "I do well to be angry even unto death." Who was the Author of this stir? Also in Job, when he cursed his day; in Peter, when he denied Jesus.

God's righteous judgments have, and do, cause stirs. What a stir when the world was drowned; Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed; the first-born of Egypt slain. When the earth opened and swallowed up Dathan, Korah, and Abiram, what a stir then. Also when Belshazzar saw "the handwriting on the wall," what a stir he felt within; so much so as to "change his countenance, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another" (Dan. v. 5, 6). "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power" (2 Thess. i. 7-9). Oh, what agitation there will be then! Where shall you and I be then, dear reader? Christ's enemies said of Him, "He stirreth up the people" (Luke xxiii. 5). There is a precious sense in which this is true. He stirs up His people to repent, believe, pray, beg, cry, sigh, crave, pant; to hope, to hang on Him; to seek, to weep, to search the Holy Scriptures; to desire His company, to depart from evil, to delight in Him; to attend prayer-meetings, to Gospel diligence, to flee from sin, to fight the good fight of faith, to praise, to rejoice in His salvation, to love one another, to labour to enter into "that rest which remaineth for His people;" to forsake the world and its charms, to take hold on Him, to do His will, to come to Him, cling to Him, choose Him, to lean on Him, to learn of Him, to love Him, to glory in His cross, to adore Him, to "tread in His steps," to see His face, and to sit down on His throne.

A child of God may feel, at the same time, stirred by Satan's temptations to sin, and also by the Holy Spirit's grace to resist the tempter. What a mercy it is to be preserved from saying or doing anything when being stirred up by satanic agency! May the reader and writer be thus preserved.

Tetbury.

F. F.

No thanks to sin if the Lord overrule it for the good of His people. It is still the abominable thing which His soul hateth.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HANNAH's song (1 Sam. ii. 1—10), which contains prayer, praise, and prophecy. Hence it is here said Hannah prayed; thanksgiving is an important part of prayer—yea, thanksgiving for mercies received are accepted as petitions for repeated and continued mercies. Praise is that tribute we owe to God; it is our rent, and we are unjust to God if we withhold it; a believer is under infinite obligation to offer the incense of praise. Her prayer was mental, not noisy (chap. i. 13); but in her praises her lips were opened, and her voice is heard shouting forth the mercy of God.

Mary's song is something similar (Luke i. 46). Three things we have in this song.

I. She speaks great things of God, and what He had done for her. He is indeed great and glorious—a peerless Being, of infinite perfections. Jehovah! this is expressive of the unity of His essence: Elohim! this teaches us the three distinct subsistences or personalities in the divine Essence—a Trinity in Unity, a Unity in Trinity; Hannah extols the divine perfections. 1. His unspotted purity. 2. His almighty power—no rock like our God (or Elohim) ver. 2, or as the word rock may sometimes be rendered strength. 3. His unsearchable wisdom. 4. His unerring and inflexible justice, ver. 3, for by Him actions are weighed, and He will render to every man.

She delights in these things. "*My heart rejoiceth!*"—her joy is a holy joy; she triumphs; and her triumph, too, is a holy triumph. "*My horn is exalted in the Lord.*" My horn, &c., means, Thy praises very much elevated to an unusual strain. How Hannah silences her enemies (ver. 3): "*Talk no more vainly,*" &c. (Mic. xii. 7—10.)

II. She proclaims the sovereignty of the divine providence in some of its righteous acts.

1. The strong are weakened, and the weak are strengthened (ver. 4).

2. The rich are impoverished, and the poor enriched (ver. 5).

3. Empty families are increased in number, and numerous families lessened in number. In the Jewish historical traditions it is related that when Hannah bore one child, her enemy Peninnah buried two (ver. 5).

4. God is the sovereign Disposer of life and death (ver. 6). "*The Lord killeth, and maketh alive.*"

5. Advancement of some and abasement of others (Psalm cxiii. 7, 8).

6. An incontestable reason is assigned for all these dispensations of divine sovereignty (ver. 8). "*For the pillars of the earth are the Lord's.*" This may signify His almighty power, by which He upholds the whole creation; or it may signify the Prince and great ones of the earth (Psalm lxxv. 3), and is declarative of His absolute sovereignty in their appointment, and who may say, "*What doest Thou?*" It may also signify His saints and people, who are indeed the pillars, &c. (Rev. iii. 12.)

III. A prediction of the preservation and advancement of all God's faithful friends, or in other words His Church and people (ver. 9, 10). This prophecy may refer (1st) to the government of Israel by Samuel and David, whom he was to anoint, and the birth of Samuel was the dawning of that day. But (2nd) it looks farther even to Him who is David's Lord, and predicts the kingdom of Christ and the administration of that kingdom of grace. And here is the first time in Scripture that we meet with the name Messiah, or anointed. Ancient expositors, both Jewish and

Christian, make this prophecy to look beyond David to the Son of David; glorious things are here spoken of, of the kingdom of our most glorious Christ, both before and since His incarnation. It is predicted concerning that kingdom,

1. All the subjects of it shall be carefully and powerfully protected (ver. 9): "He will keep the feet of His saints."

2. No power shall prevail against it.

3. Its enemies shall be destroyed.

4. It shall extend its conquests and its government to distant regions (ver. 10). "The Lord shall judge the ends of the earth."

5. That the power and honour of Messiah the prince shall grow and increase more and more (ver. 10). He shall give strength unto his King, &c., for the accomplishment of this great undertaking (Psalm lxxxix. 21; Luke xxii. 43), strengthen him to go through the difficulties of his humiliation, and in his exaltation he will lift up the head (Psalm cx. 7), lift up the horn, the power and honour of His anointed, and make him higher than the kings of the earth (Psalm lxxxix. 27). His crown's the triumphant song of Hannah, and is more than anything the matter of her exaltation. Her horn is exalted, because she foresees the horn of the Messiah will be so. This secures the hope the subject of Christ's kingdom will be safe, and that his enemies will be ruined, for the Anointed, the Lord Christ, is girt with omnipotent strength, and is able to come and destroy unto the utmost the wicked and all the nations that forget God (Amos ix. 8; Micah v. 10, 1 Cor. i. 19.)

A GOOD MAN.

"For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord" (Acts xi. 24.)

A good man is one who is made so by the grace of God. By nature we are all alike guilty before God. St. Paul says, "For I know that in me [that is, in my flesh] dwelleth no good thing. For to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." And David says, "There is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become unprofitable. There is none that doeth good, no, not one." This is a very sad but very true picture of the heart of man in an unregenerate state; but, when it pleases God the Holy Ghost to quicken a dead soul, He implants within that soul His own nature, which is holy in every sense, clothes him with the righteousness of His own dear Son, whereby he is rendered complete even in the eye of spotless purity, and then it is he becomes a truly good man, and infinite justice looks upon him with satisfaction.

That is a wonderful passage, "And they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." We do not half realise this as we ought that God in very deed dwells in us; we can understand in some measure the indwelling of Christ and the Holy Ghost in the heart of a believer, but are too apt to forget that God Himself dwells there too; this is because we so often let go the truth that Christ is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, therefore it is the triune God we should always be careful to acknowledge. This train of thought has arisen from remarking that the new nature implanted in a child of God is God's own nature, and this alone constitutes "a good man."

W.

HALF AN HOUR'S "CHAT" BETWEEN "GEORGE AND MARY."

George. Well, my beloved sister, I am glad to see you once more, it brings to my remembrance those sweet lines—

"And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band."

Mary. Ah, my dear brother, but shall I join that "glorious band?" I assure you that that causes me many an anxious thought. Oh, if I were quite certain of that at all times, I think I should be as happy as an angel—

"My summer would last all the year."

But still I trust, fearing, as I am sometimes, poor, weak, and worthless as I am, I can yet go to Him at times as *my* Friend, *my* Beloved, and tell Him of all my wants, all my cares, all my sorrows. Yes, spread all before Him; yes, things that I could not tell my own beloved husband. Yes, I trust I can, at least, sometimes say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison of Thee."

George. Well, my dear sister, did the poet say of that "great multitude who stand before the throne, and before the Lamb," some of whom we have known—

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears."

But sorrowing, fearing, and doubting are now for every fled away. This happiness, my dear sister, will be yours by-and-by; yes, He will perfect that which concerneth you. Remember it is He, the mighty One, that will do it, not you. Yes, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" (Isaiah xxxv. 10).

Mary. If I among them stand by-and-by, methinks I shall sing the loudest of them all; yes, cry with a "loud voice," "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Oh, that that may be my happy portion!

George. And so I hear our friend Mr. R— is at last gone "to his long home." I trust he is now "present with the Lord." And, oh, what a blessed exchange it must be for him, sufferer as he has been, more or less for so many years. "Far better" it must be indeed.

Mary. Yes, he died on the 3rd of this month (February, 1869); I trust you have a good foundation for your hope concerning him. I have known him now for some years; but, for my part, I had my fears about him. I thought there was a great deal of self-righteousness about him, and you know that won't do to stand before God in, for "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags;" his views also were misty or "muddy," and therefore his expressions tinted with Arminianism. Still I know "nothing is too hard for the Lord;" and I must say this of him, that, notwithstanding his being reduced, as it regards this world's goods, and notwithstanding

A A

ing his sufferings, I never heard a murmur escape his lips; he seemed to be the most patient man I ever knew.

George. Yes; I have known him also for many years, and believe all you say of him is true; and it was painful to hear him at times so warmly taken up with politics, and "declaiming," as dear Newton says of "Querulus," "against the management of public affairs." Nor was he quite free from these kind of things, even since the time he considered himself—and I trust he was—converted. But well may we say, dear sister, especially in these days of spiritual declension, when bright 'lights' are indeed few, in the language of the Psalmist: "If Thou, Lord, wert extreme to mark what is done [and spoken] amiss, O Lord, who among us could stand?" Sad it is to hear and witness what we do in these days, not only of those who we fear are only professors, but of those also who we trust are possessors of true religion. May the Lord pour out His Spirit upon us, and take us by the hand and draw us from the world to Himself. But, however, I am glad to be able to give you a reason for my hope concerning Mr. R——. You know twelve months ago he was sick "nigh unto death," and, from the conversation I then had with him, my hope of him is principally founded. You shall hear the substance of a few of those conversations as scribbled down at the time, then you will be able to judge whether I have not a good foundation for my hope.

Sunday, February 16th, 1868. Visited Mr. R——. He related to me again that up till about one year and a half ago, he was building upon his own righteousness. The Lord about that time, it seems, began to open his eyes to see that that would not do; it was a sandy foundation, till at last he was "*driven*," he said, "to the greatest despair;" his "*agony of mind was very great indeed*," he could not "*express how great*." He, in this extremity, driven to the last point, it seems, went to some secret place, "and cried unto the Lord, and cast himself on Him," just as he was. And the Lord delivered him out of his sore trouble by speaking these words into his soul: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," which made him "*dance for joy unspeakable*." The 12th of Isaiah was then most precious to him. And several times before my visits, and since, I have seen the tears run down his cheeks when speaking of his deliverance, at the time mentioned. He never, it seems, lost his confidence wholly—always, I think, referring to that precious chapter. He told me he could now sing the whole of that chapter (the 12th of Isaiah) in spirit. He had often sung it when a boy, he said, as an anthem, but knew it not in its *spiritual* meaning. He had had "*raptures of joy*" at times, he said, during the last day or two, while lying on his bed. Yesterday, he said, he had been cast down for some little time, but those words: "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul*," &c., came to his mind, and were the means of restoring him again, bringing peace and liberty into his soul. I read, "*Rock of Ages, cleft for me*," &c., to him, which he spoke highly of.

He told my dear wife, two or three days before this, how happy he had been for a day or two.

Monday evening, February 17th. Again visited Mr. R——. He spoke of his delighting in former years to keep the Sabbath outwardly, not seeing the need of anything more till the time the Lord opened his eyes. Spoke again of the agonies he was then in, "no tongue could tell his agonies." I mentioned how distinguishing the case of the thief on the cross was—one taken, the other left. "*Grace must make all the difference*," I said. He feelingly responded in the words of that precious verse,—

"Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it from Thy courts above."

I spoke of the old nature being the same till the last; he said, "Yes." He again spoke of Isaiah xii.: "How *delightful* to be able to repeat it in *the Spirit*." He also spoke of our Lord's being brought up before Pilate. He had been, it seems, led to remember, to think, to view him as it were before Pilate.

Tuesday, February 18.—Just saw Mr. R—— this morning. He told me the "joys," the "raptures," he had had for some days previously were "relapsed," meaning they were not so great; were stayed in a measure. The pain of body had almost overcome him; made him unconscious at times; but no murmur did I hear escape his lips.

Evening, seven o'clock.—Again visited Mr. R——. Read the hymn—

"Nothing either great or small;
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it; did it *all*,
Long long ago.

"When *He* from His lofty throne
Stoop'd to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
Hearken to His cry:

"*It is finished!*" yes, indeed,
Finished every jot!
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?

"Weary, working, plodding one,
Why toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago!

"Till to Jesus' work you cling.
By a simple faith,
'Doing' is a deadly thing;
'Doing' ends in death.

"Cast your deadly 'doing' down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in *Him*, in *Him alone*,
Gloriously complete!"

"Yes," he quickly replied, "that's where I stood," referring to the time when he went out in solitude to cry to the Lord, with his sins like a "*mountain*" on him, and the Lord gave him the "release," which he so often spoke of; the "rapturous joy" he could not "express." Again spoke of the "raptures of joy" he had for a few days before, saying, his wife on one occasion asked him what he was grieving about. He told her he was not grieving; it was "tears of joy." Told me also how precious the anthem taken from Cor. xv., on victory over death, which he used to sing in the church when a boy, had been to him, I think during the day. "A song of triumph;" he had often sung it with his voice when a boy; he could now sing it in spirit. It seemed to be read into him, causing him to rejoice in spirit. I asked him if he was troubled with evil thoughts or suggestions of the devil? "No," he said, "I am free from them all for the present; Satan is kept at a distance."

Wednesday, Feb. 19.—Again visited Mr. R——. He quickly said to me, "Oh, Mr. H——, the Lord has granted me a renewal," meaning of peace and joy, having had, as he said, a "season of dulness." I replied, "Rejoicing in tribulation." "Rejoicing in hope," he said. He then told me of the "glorious views" he had had that day of the agonies of

Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. Told me also how much he had that day entered in spirit into Luther's hymn or anthem—

“Great God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.”

He really seemed to enjoy it in spirit as he repeated it to me. I then spoke to him of the Lord's distinguishing mercy to him who was not any better by nature than others. No not one “bit” better, he replied, or words to that effect. He spoke again of the time when he was brought so “low”—“to the lowest scale,” he said—and what effect the words spoken into his soul produced—could not “express the joy.” He mentioned “peace in believing,” I think as descriptive of his feelings on that day. Spoke of Paul's hearing a voice—had been speaking of it to his wife. Seemed to rejoice in the prospect of death.

Friday, Feb. 21.—Again visited Mr. R.—. He spoke of that “beautiful” hymn, “Jesus, Lover of my soul,” &c. It had been in a measure precious to him that day, read into his mind it seems, but still the rapturous joys of which he had spoken on my previous visits were, I believe, in a great measure abated. On his asking me to pray with him, I asked him what I should pray for. “A renewal,” he said, meaning a renewal of the great joy and peace he had been favoured with before. Satan had been kept from him, he said. Hoped the Lord would keep him till the end. He gradually recovered from that time. I would just say, he sent for me at the time of his “release” spoken of, to tell me of it; but I confess I was doubtful concerning it at the time, and by my prayer or what I said at the time, he knew it, and more than once reminded me of it afterwards.

Mary. Well, I cannot but hope you have a “good foundation” for your hope of his end; that the Lord was indeed “merciful to him” in his old age, for he was arrived to the advanced age of seventy-seven. Yes, I do trust Jesus was indeed what he said to me a few days before he died. He was *his* “Surety,” and that, therefore, all our fears concerning him were groundless; for who shall lay anything to the charge of that man or woman whose Surety is the MIGHTY GOD? He has answered for ALL!

George. Good-bye, my beloved sister. The Lord deliver thee from all thy fears, and make thee a living epistle of Jesus, read of all men.

Mary. Good-bye, my beloved brother, till we meet again. May “His lovingkindness break through the midnight of thy soul,” and deliver thee from that “oppression” of the enemy to which thou art subject. May the God of heaven “bless thee and make thee a blessing.”

Martock.

G. H.

It most demonstrably appears that true grace is of that nature that the more a person has of it, with remaining corruption, the less does his goodness and holiness appear in proportion, not only as to his past deformity, but as to the present aspect of sin that now appears in his heart, and in the abominable defects of his brightest affections and highest attainments.

MISSIONARY RESULTS.

We have heathens in Christendom, and savages in our religious communities; therefore we have no need to cross sea and land to find enemies to God and man. They meet us everywhere; but, if there is unity with regard to sin and alienation from God, there is oneness in the remedy. And, moreover, there is oneness and unity in the manifestation of that remedy in the life and walk. Poor, feeble, and small, it may be, but the principle is there, and the fruits appear more or less in every Spirit-taught child of God.

The following brief memorial, extracted from missionary records, carries with it this proof, and may convey rebuke or encouragement to some tossed and tried believer struggling under the burden of a strong wayward will, desirous to maintain a Christian demeanour; but finds daily the cross of a mind naturally angular, and that defies subjection in heart to the persons and things wherewith he is connected. The work of God so signally displayed in the conduct of the poor heathen girl may stir up a spirit of prayer and holy emulation in the heart of some believer whose eyes God hath opened to see the evils of an unsubdued temper. Some there are, and we may say, without fear of contradiction, the great bulk of professors, deem every one wrong but themselves, and the blame of all they do that is evil they push off upon others. A feeling sense and acknowledgment that they are in fault is unknown to them. But the work of the Spirit is on this wise, "He smote upon *his* breast, saying, God, be merciful to *me*, a [or the] sinner."

When God begins with a soul it is personal work. Sin and salvation comprehend the feelings, fears, and desires of the new-born soul, and all this is matter of individual experience. This makes a humble Christian, and this breaks the neck of a proud self-confident spirit. But there is a large class of humble talkers, who speak of themselves in lowly language; expatiate upon their evil tempers, and enlarge upon their shortcomings and misdoings, and there it ends. They expect in this instance to be contradicted; the only spot where opposition is sweet. The anecdote is not out of place here of a wife who was confessing and bemoaning her frequent outbreaks of ill-temper to her husband, who quietly observed, "*'Tis all true enough.*" This was a remark neither expected nor desired, and very unpleasant results followed, showing that the woman's ill-temper far exceeded her own confession.

Humility, meekness, patience, these are the characteristics of a Gospel spirit, not to the self-satisfaction of the believer; not as the prerequisite for grace or glory, but for the manifestation to others of the work of God on the soul. Partial and comparative we admit it is in the best, and under the most advantageous circumstances; but the struggle is there to do right, the conscience is kept tender, the soul is humbled because of sin, and the desire is given to walk in accordance to the mind and will of God. Observers who see only the failures little comprehend the trial that goes on within, to keep down the wrong and manifest the right. They little know at what a cost the war is maintained, in the breast of a child of God; while they eat up the sin of saints as though it were bread, and are ready at all times to say, "Ah, so would we have it." But this triumphing is short, for the last day will prove that the saints were robbed in a better righteousness than their own, and that their attempts to walk in holiness of life amidst countless failures was well pleasing unto God, who created them unto good works in Christ Jesus.

There were some things about Hannah and the work of divine grace in her that demand grateful record. She was the daughter of one of the most intelligent and wealthy Nestorians, who placed her in the seminary as early as 1845. She was then quite small, and the teacher objected very much to taking her, but paternal importunity prevailed. As soon as her father turned to go she began to scream, but he left, saying, "She must remain and learn wisdom." The kind teacher took her in her lap to soothe her, but it was of no use. Her bleeding hands bore the marks of the nails of her new scholar for weeks. She called for her father, but he was intentionally out of hearing. The child remained, but learned wisdom very slowly. She had her fits of rage so often that she was sent home, sometimes for weeks, and again for months. She made little progress either in study or other good, till the winter of 1850, when she seemed to begin to have a desire for spiritual things. Though her general deportment was correct, she often showed such a determined will, that her instructors feared that she had never been humbled, and said from the heart, "Not my will, but Thine;" and often told her that if she was a Christian, God would in love subdue that will. She could not feel her need of this, and thought that they required too much of her. So they were obliged to leave her with God, and He dealt with her in an unusual way. The mission premises had formerly been occupied by an oriental bath, and here and there were old pits, once used for carrying off the water, but now covered up so that no one knew where they were. One evening Miss Fiske called the girls together, and told them some things she wished they would refrain from. They promised compliance and went out, but hardly had they gone before their teacher heard the cry: "Hannah is in the well!" She ran there, but all seemed right. Then they led her to an opening just before the back door, saying, "The earth has opened and swallowed her up." The covering of one of the pits had given way, and she had fallen, perhaps twenty feet below the surface. Providentially, as in the case of Joseph, there was no water in the pit, and in a few days she was able to resume her place in school, but much more gentle and subdued than ever she was before. The change was marked by all. Months after, in a private interview with her teacher, she gave an account of the whole matter. She said the girls went out saying, "We will obey our teacher;" but she, stamping her foot, said, "I did what I liked before, and I shall do so again."

With these words on her lips she sank into the earth. At first she did not know what had happened, but remembered all that had been said and felt that God had been dealing with her. Lying there helpless and bruised at the bottom of the pit, she was humbled, and made willing to renounce her own will. From that time she was a most lovely example of all that was gentle. She seemed to give up everything, and bear all things. Her father saw the change, and one day said to her teachers, "I am not a Christian, but Hannah now seems to know nothing but God's will. If she was to die now, I should believe she was with Christ, she is so like Him." Her Christian character was beautifully developed. The school learned of her what it was to be Christ-like. She longed to do good, and was ready to make any sacrifice for the good of souls.

The parting prayer-meeting with four girls, one of whom was Hannah, going as missionaries to the mountains, was one of the pleasantest memories that Miss Fiske carried away from Oroomiah. She left soon after, but often heard from Hannah and her companions, that she was happy in her

life of privation for Jesus' sake, and did what she could. She suffered, however, from the change, and was advised to visit Oroomiah for her health. It was hoped she might soon recover, but she went only to leave her sweet testimony to the blessedness of knowing no will but God's, and then go home. She sent the following message to Miss Fiske from her dying-bed, "I love to leave God to do just as He pleases. I thank you for all your love, and especially for teaching me about my Saviour." She died in December, 1860. Having given herself to missionary work among the mountains, it is interesting to know that her little property also went to the same object. In the remarkable reception of the Gospel in Oroomiah in the Spring of 1861, her brother gave her inheritance, which had fallen to him, to sustain Christian labours in the mountains. Thus, after Hannah's life had been laid down in the work, all her living went to carry it on.

Correspondence.

THE SINS OF SERVICE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I was very glad to meet with you once more, and strange I should not have recognized you till you came into the vestry. I am getting now very infirm, and cannot preach more than one sermon in the day. My working days are nearly over. I am trusting my work will never arise against me, for I know it will not stand the test; and soul-sins, as Tiptaft said, stain deep. To "finish transgression," was a wonderful work for the Saviour to come for, and so to put souls into a position as if they had never transgressed at all!

Yours in Gospel affection,

J. A. WALLINGER.

[We fully sympathise with our dear brother in the foregoing remarks; and, whilst wondering at the Lord's condescension in making any use whatever of such poor vile instruments, we take comfort from two thoughts: first, that he has declared that "the treasure is in *earthen vessels*, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us;" and, secondly, that the Lord said, "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants," clearly intimating, that their labours (poor and imperfect as they were) were kindly and graciously recognized. Oh, what would become of "the sins of our holy things," to say nothing of our other sins and transgressions, but for "the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel?"—ED.]

THE RIGHT ROAD, THOUGH ROUGH AND THORNY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Having a long time purposed to write you some account of myself, I thought it not an unsuitable time to do so, that you may receive it on your birthday, as I think you would as much, or even more, rejoice to hear how the Lord blesses your labours than in a costly gift; and further, I desire that you may increasingly testify to the faithful loving-kindness of a covenant-keeping God. I most sincerely and heartily wish you *very many* happy returns of this *day*, and may it be the Lord's will to spare you, not only to your own family, but to His living ones, for their comfort and encouragement for very many years to come. You little know *how much* your services are valued, perhaps it is not

necessary you should know *how much*; but for your encouragement, I do think, persons should not be slow in speaking when the Lord has done anything [for a poor cast-down one, for there must be in the ministry much oft-times to discourage. During the past year, you have been so led to trace out from time to time, so exactly and minutely the path I have had to walk, that sometimes I have thought some one must have told you of the then occurring circumstances, but I found it not so; then, again, there have been times when *none* but God and my own soul knew what I was enduring; and on the borders of despair I have come to the church, and to my utter astonishment you have taken a most suitable text to my case, and held up as it were a picture of myself too. Never to be forgotten times! I will name the first: "The Lord knoweth *how* to deliver the godly out of temptations." I came as if it were to be the *last time* to see if anything may be said to give me the least hope that the Lord would have mercy on me, and give me a particle of encouragement to hope I was among the number of the saved; and, oh, I can never forget how you seemed to plead with my poor tried tempted soul, and how precious you spake of the "*how*." I returned home, like one having gone out with a heavy load and been relieved of it. Not long after I was in a similar state; but so far worse as to feel *unable* to *ask* the Lord to give me a word. I felt as if it were useless; yet amidst difficulties to come, I felt I could not keep away, and, most despondingly entering the church, you gave out these words, "He hath ascended up on high . . . and received gifts for men: yea, even for the rebellious also." Oh, my heart seemed broken! I burst into tears, and could hardly bear to remain, as you so minutely went into the then state of my mind. I thought, Surely it must be of God, and I felt such sweet encouragement flow into my heart, that, although at times very low and distressed, I have never been brought *so low* as then. I could write a list of texts which have been most sweetly blessed to me during the past year; and, although it has been a year of the greatest trials I ever was called to endure, yet I was never favoured with so many tokens for good; those two sermons from these words were very precious too. All seemed for me; nor have I ever had such comfortable hope to believe that my name is among the number of the redeemed with precious blood. At the beginning of my troubles, I was filled with self-pity, self-will, and anger; with a host of rebellious feelings, and a determination to have it put right in my time and way, I was led to open upon the passage in Micah, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned, and wait till He arise and plead my cause." I was so instantly cut down with shame and confusion and distress. The sins of my whole life were presented to my view. The sins of my very earliest years—tender years—seemed enough to leave me without hope if anything in the leastwise depended upon me for salvation. So that I was so brought to self-loathing and self-abhorrence, that I cried, "If I perish I perish, but it must be at His dear feet," begging for mercy; and I felt that, though I did not deserve at the hand of man such cruelty as I was called to suffer, that there was nothing I did not deserve at the hand of God; and honestly I can say,

"If my soul were sent to hell,
His righteous law approves it well;"

but those precious lines for weeks were in my mind,

"Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovers round Thy word," &c.

The Lord has so wonderfully sustained me ; and, truly, to this moment, I can testify to His making good His word to me, "As thy days, thy strength shall be." I never was so blessed with health and bodily strength, for I was never before accustomed to menial work at all. And now, with comparative ease, I can do what I should once have declared an impossibility. As growing necessity has appeared, so has fresh strength been imparted; and, although the trial is in no wise lessened, I feel I am in my right place—the Lord so graciously and condescendingly sustains and gives (blessed be His name) increasing patience. I used to think, as Hart's hymn describes, that patience would come before the trouble; but I have had to learn the mistake. I do still cry and beg, and at times beseech the Lord to appear and deliver, for sure I am that none short of Him can do it, and on this I rest; but I have, indeed, dishonoured Him, by trying many schemes of my own, and do even now plan and plan when I am greatly desiring peace and comfort. I remain, yours respectfully, —

RECOLLECTIONS OF DEPARTED MINISTERS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Reading the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for this month, I came to page 202—

"The cause of love is in Himself,
And in Him we'll rejoice."

My mind, as though by electricity, called up the author of the hymn, with whom I was well acquainted. Who was he? Sixty or more years ago he was one of the "poets" of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, then edited by Mr. Row, a staunch friend of the immortal Toplady, and his pieces were inserted under the signature of "A Nazarene." These pieces, or hymns, he afterwards published, with many others, under the title of the "Nazarene's Songs."

Still the question remains, "Who was he?" He was a poor ribbon weaver, a native of Attleborough, in Warwickshire, and finally one of the most eminent ministers of the gospel in his day, contemporary with Huntington, Hawker, Watts Wilkinson, Nunn, &c., &c. He was none other than the celebrated William Gadsby, of Manchester, made a blessing to thousands. Here is the hymn in full:—

"Let saints lift up their hearts,
And, with a cheerful voice,
The wonders of their King proclaim,
And in the Lord rejoice.
"Whatever be your frame,
Though dark and cold as ice,
No change has taken place in Him;
Then in the Lord rejoice.
"Till God can change His mind,
And swear He has no choice;
The soul that in the Lord believes,
Shall in the Lord rejoice.
"As sure as God is God,
And Abram heard His voice,

He'll love His saints unto the end;
Then let them all rejoice.
"Rejoice in Christ your King;
All that He has is yours;
His life, His honour, oath, and blood,
Your happiness secures.
"Nor sin, nor death, nor hell,
Can make Him hate His choice;
The cause of love is in Himself,
And in Him we'll rejoice.
"He made an end of sin,
And bought us with a price;
Our life, our hopes, our all's in Him,
And we'll in Him rejoice."

ANOTHER NAZARENE.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Croydon, April 14, 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS,—It will interest you to hear that the Lord has gathered to her rest the partner of my wilderness journey, with whom you first met, in Gloucestershire, when on your way to Ireland, in the year 1846. What torrents of mercy have rolled over our souls since then! and looking back, with what sublime emphasis can we exclaim, "Not for works of righteousness which we have done, but of His mercy hath He saved us" (Titus iii. 5), simply and solely because the Almighty Father, who hath power over the clay to make one vessel to honour and another to dishonour, hath been pleased in His sovereignty to appoint us, not unto wrath, but to obtain salvation! (1 Thess. v. 9.)

The departed was from her earliest years one of that numerous class of whom Cornelius is a type, a sample: "a just man, and one that feareth God, and of good report" (Acts x. 22), but a stranger to the peace and joy that saturates the soul when the Holy Ghost is pleased to make a full revelation of the person of the Lord Jesus, and of His finished work on Calvary.

It is so much the fashion of the Revivalists of the present day to regard souls as lost that cannot boast of the joy in God which comes when we "receive the atonement" (Rom. v. 11), that it is consolatory, instructive, and corrective of error, to revert to Peter's experience, when he opened his mouth and said, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him" (Acts x. 34, 35). The Hebrew fisherman, who by direct revelation knew Jesus to be "the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matt. xvi. 16, 17), was instructed by the remarkable vision of the great sheet, knit at the four corners, and filled with four-footed beasts, creeping things, and fowls of the air, to lay aside his narrow, exclusive Jewish prejudices, and learn that Gentiles, though ignorant of Moses, and as yet strangers to the Gospel, were accepted of God, "because they feared Him and worked righteousness." The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom (Psalm cxl. 10); and this fear, inspired by the Spirit of God, is the sure precursor of eternal salvation, though the subject of it may lack full assurance, and may mourn inwardly, "because fear hath torment." "He that feareth is not made perfect in love," for "there is no fear in love;" "but perfect love casteth out fear." As the work of grace proceeds, the most timid and apprehensive soul will find the garments of heaviness fall off, and make way for the spirit of praise and perfect love (1 John iv. 18).

Something like this was the rather protracted experience of her who, to borrow the apostle's figure, now "sleeps in Jesus" (1 Thess. iv. 14). A beautiful and an expressive figure (but only a figure), for we must by no means understand that a soul which has departed to be with Christ is in a state of torpor, coiled up like a slumbering dormouse, to await the resurrection of the body. The late Archbishop Whately, with that power of paradox of which he was complete master, and which induced him to say that the *natural* death of a felon is on the gallows, labours, in his treatise on the "Intermediate State of the Soul after Death," to show that *practically* it is all one whether the soul is or is not torpid till it

rejoins the body; whether it dozes for a thousand years, or rushes at once, without a moment's delay, to cast its crown at the Redeemer's feet, he would persuade us, comes to the same thing, as if insensibility and enjoyment were synonyms. That this was not the conviction of the apostle Paul is plain from his desire to depart and be with Christ, which he thought far better than to remain in the body (Phil. i. 23), rejoicing in Christ Jesus, as he did (Phil. iii. 3). A state of somnolency in the next world could not appear to him better than a life of glorious activity here. Still less could he mean by being with Christ no more than being asleep! Thus we may feel satisfied that the expression "sleep in Jesus" relates only to the outer visible appearance of the body, which resembles sleep; but conveys no information as to the condition of the spirit that has deserted its tabernacle, and returned to God who gave it. "For ever with the Lord," necessarily implies life, wakefulness, and joy; though whether glorified souls need intervals of repose to heighten their bliss—as sunrise and sunset, action and rest, have charms for us—is a question beyond our present knowledge, if, indeed, it be not settled by the bold declaration about the four living creatures (be they what they may) who *rest not day or night*, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come" (Rev. iv. 8).

About two years before the "anxious inquirer" was delivered from this present evil world, her soul being in much darkness, and her body in a very afflicted state, my spirit was led out into a vehement prayer, which resolved itself into the verses that accompany this (marked No. I). A few months afterwards the Lord did graciously answer the first part of my prayer; for one night He was pleased to manifest Himself to her soul with great sweetness and beauty (as she told me), the words, "I have redeemed thee, saith the Lord Almighty," coming at the same time into her mind with satisfying power and comfort. From this period till the day of her dissolution (nine months afterwards) there was a manifest increase of that repose of soul, that hush of spirit, which the presence of the Lord ever gives, and which seemed to keep pace, deepening with the gradual decay and wasting of the already sadly wrecked, but once graceful tabernacle and benignant countenance with which her Creator had favoured her. I was constrained to be much from home on the Lord's service during the latter weeks of her pilgrimage, and was thus not permitted to have much intercourse with her; but about a week before she closed her poor eyes in death (she was already nearly blind) my heart was cheered by hearing her bestow on me her favourite benediction: "My precious husband, the Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious to thee" (Num. vi. 24, 25). These were her last words to me, and her prayer has been signally answered. I have been kept—wonderfully kept—sustained, and comforted by the God of all grace, the Father of mercies, who has arranged everything for me. This year, on the anniversary of her departure (she passed away on the 15th of March last year), the Holy Spirit filled my heart with great joy on her account, giving me the fullest assurance of her eternal happiness, and leading me to see how completely the prayer in the verses already mentioned had been answered. He is a prayer-hearing, He is a prayer-answering God; and I glorified Him as such. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord" (Job i. 21).

The next day I was enabled to set the words to music, and I can thus

with a piano accompaniment) frequently offer up my own song of praise to the Redeemer, to His Father who gave Him, and to the Holy Spirit who reveals Him to *sinner*s as their Saviour. About the same time my soul was led out in a strain of thanksgiving and praise, incorporated in the verses that accompany this (marked No. II). The Spirit who leads me to make this communication, will, I do not doubt, kindle in your soul a responsive sympathy, and induce you to give my letter and lines a place in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, where they may be used to whisper a word in season to some member of the Lord's mystical body, and where they certainly will be read with joyous satisfaction by many who loved the departed; for they will thus learn that, at the bottom of the cup of affliction which her Father put into her hand, she at last found the pearl of ETERNAL PEACE. Ever yours, dear brother in the Lord,

WILLIAM MUSHETT.

NO. I.
PRAYER.

Oh, rise on her soul with the day-dawn of glory,

Let darkness and sorrow be changed into praise;

While the Spirit reveals the eternal love-story
Of Jesus, the crucified Ancient of days.

Behold Him! behold Him, deserted and bleeding,

Forlorn on the cross with the thieves by His side;

As King overruling, as Priest interceding,
The Saviour Almighty bled, languished, and died.

Thy sins, where are they? In the purple stream flowing

From wounds in His bosom, His hands, and His brow;

Behold, to oblivion thy guilt quickly going,
God seeks, but He finds no iniquity now!

Absolved in that crimson for aye and for ever,
Thou standest all fair in the sight of Thy God;

While Christ in His glory cries, "Father, forgive her!

The elect of Thy love, the redeemed of my blood."

"Come hither, come hither, my blood-redeemed daughter,"

The Father of glory exclaims with delight;

"As a gem for His diadem Jesus hath bought her,
And clad her in robes now eternally white.

"A mansion in heaven, prepared for her dwelling,

Awaits when her spirit escapes from its clay;

And glorified bosoms with rapture are swelling,

To think that ere long she'll be happy as they."

NO. II.
PRAISE.

SHE is gone to the glory where Jesus now reigns

Supreme with the saints that He bought with His blood;

Her spirit in darkness no longer complains,
But soars in the light of the kingdom of God.

Blest change for Thy mourner, Thou God of all grace,

Her wilderness trials and sorrows now done,

Thy child doth behold Thine invisible face,
In the visible face of Thy glorified Son.

Incarnate Jehovah! I magnify Thee!

Son, Father, and Spirit all centred in One;

O loving, beloved, ye eternal blest Three;
Her sufferings are ended, her glory begun!

And now through the future, so boundless and vast,

With glorified comrades her hours to employ,

The sorrows of time, like a dream that is past,

Are lost in the blaze of eternity's joy.

Her crown at Thy feet, O crucified Lamb,
She casts with a thrill of seraphic delight;

Creator, Redeemer, I am that I am,
Arrayed in the splendour of glory and light.

O holy, O hallowed, sweet Bridegroom,
Priest, King,

Thy river of rapture that waters my soul,
Still tokens of love let it graciously bring,

Till I, too, a victor am crowned at the goal!

The Protestant Beacon.

PRAYER FOR THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

[The following truthful and important letter appeared in *The Rock* for April 16th. We trust the suggestion for special prayer meetings at this very critical juncture, as respects, not merely the Church, but the nation at large, may be widely adopted. Our cry is, "Lord, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness." "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"—ED.]

SIR,—To every thoughtful mind, the great crisis through which this nation is passing must appear one of no ordinary character; and surely, whatever difference of opinion may exist in men's minds as to the subject of a State religion, there can be but one impression as to the proposition to take so large a sum as about seven millions of Protestant money for the purpose of weakening Protestantism, and endowing a religion the avowed principles of which are in direct antagonism to the Word of God, and to all those glorious truths so precious to the family of God—truths especially dear, as sealed by the blood of our martyred forefathers. It is not my intention, nevertheless, to dwell further upon the historical fact, painfully as I feel our position nationally in God's sight, and much as I mourn the blind infatuation of so many of whom I could have hoped better things. My one desire in addressing you is to say, I should rejoice if the *praying* people of God in this hitherto highly-favoured realm were led to take the weighty cause in hand to that throne of grace where *real help* alone is to be obtained.

Surely it is left on record, for our encouragement, how Abraham pleaded on behalf of Sodom, and that God assured him that if ten righteous were found therein, the city would have been spared; and we are, moreover, informed of Hezekiah's success, when Sennacherib was not allowed to shoot an arrow into the cities of Judah; and when the angel of the Lord smote a hundred and four score and five thousand Assyrians in one night. We have, too, illustrations in the case of Mordecai, of Elijah and of Daniel, men of like passions with ourselves. And why all this, if not to bid the children of God to a Father's throne of grace, that they may find help in this as well as in every other time of need? And I am more than sure that if those who constitute the one family of God were united here, and were led to fly to the only place of refuge in this hour of dire necessity, when we are upon the surface of a heaving volcano, prayer would prevail, and it should be seen that the Lord is still a wall of fire round about His people, and that they are truly blessed who have the God of Jacob for their help; and, assuredly, the enemies would find that God still, as of old, turns wise men backward, and makes their devices of none effect—that the wrath of man is made to praise God, and that men of might lose their hands.

We have had three prayer meetings amongst the members of our congregation, and, much as the men of the world may scoff, I believe the Lord's presence was realized in our midst; the meetings were of a solemn and quiet character, and it is computed that from 600 to 700 attended each meeting. We held them in our schoolroom after Sunday evening service. I trust we may yet again be blessed with similar gatherings; and your many readers will not, I hope, think me wishing to assume or dictate, if I state I should be rejoiced if thousands of such prayer meetings were held at this critical juncture.

Southsea.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN C. MARTIN.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." —PSALM xxxvii. 37.

A "WISE SON," WHO MADE A "GLAD FATHER."

(Continued from page 267.)

It is the soul of a 'weaned child' only that behaves itself wisely and quietly before the Lord. But how is mortal man to wean himself from himself, or from others that are near and dear, when he is without either will, desire, or power? Well, the Lord can teach him; and if he is destined to "live," "move," and have his everlasting "being" in Christ, he will come under the provisions of that prophetic covenant promise, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

Now, how delightful the thought of being "taught of the Lord!" how pleasant and desirable to possess this "peace!" Ah, my dear brother or sister, easy is the truth to read, but hard to learn. To gain in grace, we must lose in nature. To live unto God, we must die to ourselves. To follow Christ, we must leave our all. 'Tis at a suffering cost only that the faithful servants of righteousness are made free from sin. Therefore, beloved reader, if the "truth" is yours, you will have to "buy" it. If "peace" is with you, there will be the "tribulation" also; and, in proportion as "great is the peace of God's children," so will be their sacrifice and suffering. For each and all the procurements of Christ for His Church, are imparted only in parallel, though subordinately apportioned affliction; whilst to be "taught of the Lord" (which in its essential particular is "to know Him and the power of His resurrection"), we must have "fellowship with Him in His sufferings," and be made conformable to Him in His death. And this is crucifixion to all the flesh of man.

Now this is where it seemed to me the Lord had brought my suffering son Josiah, for he only laid hold of eternal life as he lost his hold of his own. And it was truly marvellous to see how unmoved he surveyed his dying state, and, amidst so much that was distressing for affectionate 'lookers-on' to behold, for the suffering one to be the least disturbed of us all. Surely the Lord was here as the purifier of silver and the refiner of gold; for he that was in the "furnace" repined not at the purging away of his dross; and, though no man apart from grace ever yet hated his own flesh, yet such was his consciousness of its worthlessness that he looked with calmness and composure upon its destruction. Indeed, my wise-made son, who had now suffered the loss of all his endearing things, seemed in no way moved even at the sight of his own life's blood; hence, when it was painful for us to see the 'hæmorrhage' that was now mingled with his increased expectorations, and I went to put the basin containing it aside, he said, "You need not do that, father; I don't mind it, I could lie and look at it all day long."

Oh! I sometimes stand aghast even at the remembrance of the sick-room revelations: there is such a conflict within at the attempt to understand that which I saw, and weak human nature seems afraid to encounter even the thought. "What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest, and thou, Jordan, that thou wast driven back?" Ah, 'tis the presence of God

that makes the earth to tremble, but, blessed be His holy name, He also maketh the hearts of His tried people to rejoice : for "the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous." And it was the presence of the Lord in our midst that sanctified the occasion to us all, so that in our "fearfulness and trembling," we were upheld and strengthened ; and it was no small mercy to see how God so manifestly took the bitterness of the "curse," out of the Lazarus-like "evil things" of this grievous malady to my son. It seemed "good" indeed for him to "bear the yoke in his youth ;" and he did bear it, sustained as he was by grace in the strength of Christ, and sufficiency of God. Indeed, this very fact formed the subject of one of our precious bed-room meditations, when we gathered around his couch with the word of God and prayer. The spirit of David (which was the Spirit of Christ) seemed to enter the heart, emboldening it to say, "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing"—and again, in coming boldly to the throne of grace, and more personally addressing Him who is the "hope of Israel," "Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

And so the Lord, in His faithfulness and merciful lovingkindness, did, literally as well as spiritually : for, what from the poor sufferer's restlessness through raging inward fever, and the irritation arising from his many outward sores, the nurse found it impossible to do, the Lord Himself came and did to perfection ; so that amidst all the multiplied sorrows and afflictions that had overtaken him, his mind was "kept" in "perfect peace," being "stayed upon the mighty God of Jacob." Thus, like as becalmed Peter in chains slept soundly between two soldiers in prison, so our dear bedridden "prisoner of hope" both lay him down in peace and slept, the Lord only making him to dwell in safety. Oh, I often wish I had anticipated the writing of these things concerning him, then would we have pencilled down some of his sweet and sensible remarks upon the solemn and important events that were now passing in review before us ; but the thought never crossed my mind till after he was removed from us. Well, in taking a review from Pisgah's Mount, I can truly say, how good, how gracious, and how merciful was the Lord God of salvation to my suffering, wasting, dying son Josiah. He in His faithfulness did indeed remember "the word" upon which he had "caused" His youthful servant to "hope"—namely, that He would not "plead against him with His great power," but "put strength in him." And I believe it was through being thus strengthened with all might by God's Spirit in the inner man, that he became so passively acquiescent in the decaying of his "outward and earthly ;" so that while his flesh rested in hope, and his body in peace, in patience he possessed his soul, and in keeping silence, renewed his strength.

How suitable and well-timed are all the Lord's mercies to His people ! Surely the events of this life are like links in a chain ; they all hang and work together, and, as His children's good is best promoted by that which secures to Himself the glory, He always acteth from Himself in wisdom and love, without consulting their wishes, or the feelings of corruptible human nature. Especially in the "way of judgment," which is the "path of understanding" to God's people, He taketh counsel and instruction of none. All that God works among the children of men is wrought for His own great name's sake. And thus I believe this sickness of my son was precisely similar to that recorded of Lazarus—"not unto death"—though he, like Lazarus, did die, but "for the glory of God,

that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." My soul, consider this in all the Lord's dealings with thee, and ever let the prayer of that "righteous Man," the Man Christ Jesus, be thine, "Father, glorify thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee." It was the knowledge and presence of this desire in our hearts, that so quieted the troubled minds of us all. It set us looking, thinking, hoping, praying. We were intensely anxious to know and see in what way God would glorify *His* Son in *our* son; and how he would straightway glorify Himself; also how this sickness was "not unto death," as I hope presently to be able to show.

Now, the sick-chamber, and our occasions of spiritual worship therein, were necessarily limited to those of our household; nevertheless, we were privileged to have the prayers of many of the saints scattered abroad, and which, as the heartfelt expression of Christian sympathy and love, we highly prized. Indeed, we incline to the belief that much of our serenity and soul-profit may be attributed to the Lord's gracious answers thereto. For when real prayer is offered up in the Lord's name, and for the Lord's sake, and for the people of God, *because they are the Lord's*, we are warranted to believe that, as He hath the pre-eminence in the supplications, so, by hearing the petition and granting the desire, He will acknowledge and confirm the honour.

But it was our mercy to be enabled to say of the poor sufferer also, "Behold, *he* prayeth." For God had sent forth the "Spirit of *His* Son," into the heart of our Josiah, whereby he cried, "Abba, Father." And this holy parental name he not only acknowledged in praying for the greater blessings that are spiritual and heavenly, but also for the lesser, even the earthly and temporal.

Thus for the "bread," the "fish," and the "egg," he gave himself unto prayer; and, though he was now so weakened and reduced that he could no longer take any solid food, yet so sensible was he of the goodness of God even in his now daily diminished supplies, that, if only a spoonful of anything was put to his mouth, he would gently press back the hand that presented it, that he might first ask the Lord's blessing upon it. And this was no hurried or formal act with him, but a solemn and important exercise; indeed, when I have thus waited upon him, and, through pressure of business, been scarcely able to spare the time, my wicked heart has said within me, "What a while you are, my boy." But oh, there is a world of importance even in the little things of life; and, if we are wise towards God, we shall not lightly pass them by. One spoonful of food for a meal! is that small quantity worth a long and solemn prayer? Yes, indeed it is, in the prospect of death and eternity; considering also the great and infinite condescension of the Giver, and the utter unworthiness of the receiver. There is nothing small or insignificant in the daily mercies of our God. All things bespeak His Almighty care of us, and His covenant faithfulness and lovingkindness toward us; and what we esteem not much when in health, He may teach us to highly prize in sickness. Our acts of solemn worship, then, will not be done in a hurry.

(To be continued.)

Upright souls are always more humble and prayerful by every false step they make, and see greater power in Christ, and the glorious operations of His grace in restoring and renewing them.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE May meetings this year seem to have been very successful, notwithstanding unfavourable weather. At the meeting of the Church Missionary Society, it was stated that the ordinary income of the society for the past year was £155,194, being a larger amount than it has ever received, and £1,197 more than the ordinary income of last year. The expenditure was £152,398, leaving a balance in hand of £2,796 (together with £506, the net surplus of last year). For special objects the society received £2,135. The local funds raised in the missions, and expended there upon the operations of the society, independently of the general fund, are not included in this statement. The committee express much thankfulness to Almighty God for this satisfactory result, as in consequence of several disturbing influences the financial prospects of the society were very gloomy at one period of the year. The annual record of missionary work is also very encouraging; especially in Africa, India, and China considerable success has been granted, converts have been multiplied, the native ministry has been largely increased, and the divine blessing manifestly has accompanied the missionaries' efforts. During the past year, too, the society has been enabled to withdraw from 77 stations, containing 10 native clergy, 4,356 communicants, and 12,866 scholars, leaving them in charge chiefly of the parochial establishments in the West Indies, and of the native church in Sierra Leone.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society reports its home receipts to have been £109,661, and from foreign sources £36,387, making a total of £146,048. The expenditure has been £146,071. The mission work abroad—including China, India, Ceylon, Africa, America, and Australia—has gone on during the year in a most satisfactory manner, while the home mission has been equally satisfactory. The contributions to the Jubilee Fund, now closed, amount to £179,000.

The anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society was more than usually interesting, inasmuch as its new building has just been completed. Three years ago the first stone of that building was laid by the Prince of Wales, and now it is finished, and has been opened by an inaugural service in St. Paul's Cathedral, the sermon being preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was stated that no loss of life had occurred during the erection of the building, and that the sum of money originally mentioned for it had not been exceeded, a circumstance seldom known in buildings of such magnitude; also that the cost had been met (with the exception of a debt still remaining of about £500) entirely by extra contributions, no part of the general funds of the society being touched for the purpose. The total receipts were £187,952, being an increase of £8,234 on those of the preceding year. The expenditure was £187,537; and the issues for the year were 2,140,620. The report contains many interesting details of the Society's work, particularly with regard to Syria. It states that "in 1855 a large edition of Bibles and Testaments was printed at Madrid; but circulation was afterwards refused, and the only concession which could be obtained was permission to withdraw the books from the country. They were conveyed to Bayonne, where they were kept up to last autumn to be ready for any possible

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opening in the future. As soon as the revolution of last September had occurred, the committee opened a correspondence with friends in Spain, and at once set about replenishing their stock of Scriptures in the Spanish language. A communication was addressed to General Prim, who, while in exile in this country, had often declared that if he ever rose to power in Spain the Bible should be free. His reply was favourable, but difficulties arose which occasioned anxiety. In the meantime Mr. Cury, Chaplain of the Prussian Embassy at Madrid, was appointed chief agent of the society in Spain, and at once entered heartily into the work. He was authorized to take suitable premises in Madrid, and he acted upon the instructions he received with promptitude, energy, and judgment. He traversed the entire Peninsula, visited every chief centre of population, and secured facilities for the development of the work, both in reference to the establishment of permanent depôts and in reference to colportage, which had proved very advantageous. Having been supplied with numerous copies of the Scriptures, he opened a depôt at Madrid, set some colporteurs at work, and provided, as far as possible, for the wants of the numerous depôts scattered over the country. Some Christian correspondents in Spain suggested to the committee that a scheme should be originated for providing one million Gospels at a small price, or for gratuitous circulation. The committee have adopted the suggestion, and appealed to the friends of the society in this kingdom for funds for that special object. The printing operations in which the society is now engaged on account of Spain are very large and costly, but the committee has had no hesitation as to the course of duty. A door had been opened that might be suddenly closed, and they feel bound to seize the opportunity. The editions in progress at Madrid include 200,000 Gospels, and 40,000 other books, 10,000 Bibles of large size, 25,000 of smaller size, and 10,000 in duodecimo, and 25,000 copies of the New Testament. Altogether there are 310,000 copies of Scriptures in preparation in the Spanish capital, all the editions being in conformity with the text adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A portion of the special edition of the Spanish Gospels before referred to is being rapidly dispersed. At Madrid the use of two kiosks has been secured for the sale of the separate Gospels. Depôts are established at Seville, Cadiz, Barcelona, Malaga, Granada, and in about sixty of the principal towns." An interesting fact was also mentioned at the annual meeting by the Archbishop of York. He said, "The little book which I hold in my hand is a copy of the New Testament, but on the title-page is written 'Vol. 1,000.' The reason of that is that there is a great publisher in Germany who has printed for the use of English people living abroad, and for the use of the Americans, almost all the English classics, and when he had come to the 999th volume of his great series he said to himself, 'I will present to the English people, in gratitude for the patronage they have given to me, the present that they love the most: I will give them a copy of the New Testament printed with the utmost care, and sold at a price which cannot remunerate me.' But the point of my story is this, that the book which was published two or three months ago has been so much appreciated on account of one peculiar feature in it, that the English public, instead of receiving it as a present, have paid for it as a matter of business. The book, instead of selling 8,000 or 10,000, has sold now some 30,000 copies, and the publisher, in spite of himself, has found himself enriched thereby. And what does this mean? Why, it means that there

is an almost passionate avidity among our people to read and study the Word of God. The peculiar feature in this volume is that besides the actual text of the New Testament there are two or three lines at the foot of the page, which show the variations of the three greatest manuscripts ever discovered. You may perhaps wish that there was no such thing as a variation talked of, but no volume will do more than this will do to confirm our confidence in the text of the New Testament as we have it, because, although there are variations, yet we have, on the one hand, manuscript authority for the New Testament such as exists in no other ancient work whatever, and because, on the other hand, these variations, such as they are, affect no doctrine, but leave the substance of the blessed New Testament to us entirely intact."

The Religious Tract Society has published, during the year, above 200 new tracts and books, together with the five periodicals, comprising, with the reprints of former issues, over 850,000,000 pages. The number of publications issued from the depository during the past year has exceeded 40,000,000. If to these be added the probable issues in foreign countries, the number will exceed 47,000,000; and the proximate circulation from the formation of the society will be 1,286,000,000. The society's total receipts, including the balance of last year, were £119,170 0s. 6d., of which £10,488 10s. 11d. were subscriptions, and other free contributions; and £4,818 9s. 9d. were legacies. The total expenditure was £112,611 3s. 2d.; £3,500 have been temporarily invested; and a balance remains in the treasurer's hands of £3,058 17s. 4d. The report states that in France the opportunity for tract distribution has been greatly facilitated; for whereas some time since it was scarcely possible or lawful to give away a tract, now it is a common occurrence, the police themselves taking them and reading them. The chairman of the meeting (Lord Shaftesbury) said that "the fact that the number of publications issued during the past year had exceeded forty millions spoke volumes; and this would act as a counter-balance to the fearful amount of demoralizing penny literature which was issued from the press week by week. This cheap literature took a very different form to that which it did when he (the noble Earl) was a young man. At that time it was so obscene and so vulgar, that, after looking at it, it was thrown away with disgust; but now Satan had come in the form of an angel of light. The cheap literature of the present day was got up exceedingly well and cheap. The engravings, in some cases, would not do injustice to some of the great masters; three or four of those engravings appeared weekly, and the periodicals circulated by tens of thousands, and even by hundreds of thousands. He would not mention the name of a certain periodical which made heroes of every criminal; there was not a crime committed in any shape or form but this production took note of it, and made the perpetrators of these deeds of darkness and violence very heroes. The influence of this dreadful state of things might not be felt now, but it would crop up in seven or eight years, and the worst feature in it was that it could not be touched by the law. Not all the wisdom of both Houses of Parliament could devise means to stop it, because it was done in such an insidious manner as to evade all law. But to counteract this the Religious Tract Society had done great things. Hand in hand with the British and Foreign Bible Society, there was nothing superior to counteract the evils of the day."

The Church Pastoral Aid Society and the Irish Church Mission still pursue their important work, the former with an income of £51,845, em-

ploying 729 clergymen and lay assistants in populous parishes; and the latter with an income of £24,445, expended in preaching the Gospel by thirty-one Missionaries in thirty-nine Mission churches and licensed school-rooms, as well as in the support of 127 day and Sunday-schools, and in the distribution of an immense number of leaflets and handbills (embodying Scriptural truths) in the Mission districts of Ireland.

One particularly interesting fact connected with the recent meetings was that at one of them (on behalf of Christian Missions in Egypt), the chair was taken by the former king of the Punjaub,—the lord of Northern India—His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh. His opening speech was brief, but well worthy of notice: he said, "It is with the greatest diffidence that I have ventured to accept the honour of being your chairman, and my excuse is, that I earnestly desire to help forward the great cause for which we are assembled to-day. It is now about nine years since, by God's grace, I, a heathen, was brought out of darkness into the knowledge of our Saviour Jesus Christ; and since my conversion, each year as it has passed, I have attached more and more value to God's inestimable gift to sinners. Must I not then earnestly desire and pray that the souls of others may be delivered from the state of darkness in which I once was? It is because I have witnessed the great work for the salvation of souls now being carried on in Egypt, and can myself testify to the true Christian character and conduct of the missionaries there, to their unremitting labours, their self-denial, and their zeal, that I am here to advocate the cause, and to commend to your support the American missions in Egypt."

A debate has recently taken place in the Spanish Cortes, which was of a very remarkable character. It was on the question of religious equality and liberty. Senor Manterola, a Roman Catholic canon of Vittoria, made a powerful, but very anti-Protestant speech. He affirmed that "religious equality and liberty of thought" was "an absurdity"(!) "What blasphemy!" he exclaimed, "what a satanic idea"(!) He stated that the fearful cruelties perpetrated by the Romish Church in Spain had not been done by her, but by the civil power. And he declared that the recognition of the Catholic religion as the only true one was "the sole base of all moral and social order," predicting that on that fatal day "when she has the misfortune to launch herself into the unnatural arms of freedom of worship, the Spain of the memories of the past, the Spain of the ancient glories, will have died." But his speech found little favour with the Cortes; and it was splendidly replied to by the great Republican orator, Senor Castelar. One by one Castelar demolished the arguments of the canon. He charged the Roman Catholic Church and its intolerance as having been the cause of the backward position of Spain in progress of every description. The assertion that the Roman Catholic Church never dealt in persecutions, never killed the heretics, but that the civil power did, he characterized as childish, and equivalent to the assassin saying he did not kill his victim, but his dagger did. The Inquisition had been the dagger of the Church. He exposed the soul-degrading character of the tyranny which Rome claims to exercise over the minds and the bodies of men, and, replying to the taunt of the ecclesiastic, that, although he had been "at" Rome, he had never been "in" Rome, in the sense of catching the spirit of its system of polity, he said: "Yes, I have seen Rome; I have visited its ruins; I have contemplated its three hundred domes. I have admired the gigantic Sibyls

of Michael Angelo which seem to launch eternal maledictions. I have seen the sun penetrate into the basilica of St. Peter's. I have sought in those an atom of religious faith—I have only encountered deceit and doubt. Yes, I have been in Rome, and I have seen, in the 'Sala Regia,' painted by Vasari, a fresco of the emissaries of the King of France, who sent to the Pope the head of Coligny. I have seen the apotheosis of the great ecclesiastical glories of the executioners—the assassins of the night of St. Bartholomew." This speech is said to have given a blow to the power of the priests in Spain which they will never get over. It electrified the House to such an extent that when the orator resumed his seat, almost the whole of the deputies on both sides crowded round him, embracing him, patting him, shaking his hands, and even kissing him. Ministers, majority, and even the President Rivero, were quite as enthusiastic in these expressions of approval as the Republicans. The excitement has spread all over the country. It is also a singular coincidence that just at the time at which this discussion was being carried on, a fearful discovery was made at Madrid. While levelling the ground for the new square of the Dos de Mayo, the labourers hit upon the vestiges of the old Quemadero de la Cruz, the place where the bodies of heretics and other public enemies by hundreds were burnt in olden times by the tribunals of the Inquisition. Layers of black dust, with remnants of bones and other relics, turned up at every stroke of the spade, and the whole scroll of that darkest record in human history stood unfolded and broadly revealed before the astonished gaze of the present generation. People repaired to the spot as in a pilgrimage, and the grim Quemadero, with its ghastly "diggings," became the theme of the world's talk. Senor Echegaray, a young man of genius, whose voice has just been heard for the first time in the Chamber, took hold of the fearful topic, and dwelt upon it with extraordinary vividness and minuteness. "Go," he said, "to the Calle Ancha de Sao Barnardo, turn to the right, and there, near the statue of Daoiz and Velarde, you will see the Quemadura of the Cross. I could have wished that these discussions should have taken place over that horrible spot, so that those who defend religious unity might see it. The Quemadura of the Cross is a grand geological cutting. Nature is a grand book, and it opens its pages to us in the geological strata. The Quemadura is a grand book, and it opens its pages to us in the strata of calcined human bones, earth, coal, then earth, bones, coal again, and so on. Not many days since I saw a boy turning over that rubbish with a stick, and he drew from it three grand discourses in defence of religious liberty, three objects of great eloquence—they were a piece of oxidized iron, a human rib almost all calcined, and a plait of hair, burnt at one of its extremities." In this strain the young orator proceeded and carried the sympathies of the assembly with him in his vehement protestations in favour of religious freedom.

The Irish Church Bill has passed through Committee in the House of Commons, and is about to be laid before the House of Lords. It has undergone no material changes; certainly no change for the better, but rather some slight changes for the worse. It is, in fact, more unjust, more severe, than it was at first. As a writer in the *Quarterly Review* has pointed out, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's distinct assurance last year that his course, and the course of his colleagues, should be to "respect every vested interest, every proprietary right, every legitimate claim, and, in every case of doubt that may arise, honestly to endeavour to strike the

balance in favour of the other party, and against ourselves;" yet in the Bill as actually framed, in every case of doubt a decision has been strained against the Church. And so pitilessly severe are its provisions, that its advocates found it impossible to make any professions of generosity. "The Bill is sweeping and severe," said Mr. Chichester Fortescue, "and it would be weakness and folly if it were anything else." And Mr. Lowe observed, "There is no pretence for saying that we have been generous, as I cannot understand people being generous with *other folk's money*." On the clause respecting Maynooth, where a considerable split was expected in the camp of Mr. Gladstone's followers, considerable discussion occurred, and Mr. Gladstone was repeatedly reminded that at the elections the country had distinctly understood that no part of the revenues of the Irish Church should be given to the support of that institution; but eventually the clause was passed by a large majority. Consequently, if this bill passes into law, the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth will (as it was too justly feared) be really and permanently endowed out of property stolen from the Protestant Church! Well was it observed by a Scotch Presbyterian member, Sir J. Elphinstone, that "had it not been believed, especially by the Scotch members, from the whole tenour of the speeches made by members of the present government, that not a single farthing was going to Popish purposes, the Government would never have obtained the majority they had obtained. If the designs of the Government had been known, the Government would never have existed. He would say to the Scotch members opposite, that by their conduct they were flying in the face of every tradition of their forefathers. He was a Presbyterian, and he considered that whatever grant was made from this Protestant fund should be made to Protestant sects, Presbyterian or not, and he would support all who opposed spoliation and robbery." The injustice also with regard to the difference in the compensation awarded to the professors of Maynooth and the Protestant clergy (which we pointed out in our April number) is still perpetuated in the Bill as it at present stands; and the arbitrary date of 1660 for private endowments is still adhered to, thus confiscating all the private gifts (including the noble one of Archbishop Bramhall, said to be now worth £400,000) bestowed on the Church previous to that date. What is this but wholesale robbery? May we not expect that the Divine displeasure will be shown towards so unjust a measure as this? It is already, we think, being so. See the fruits which it is now producing. Instead of pacifying Ireland, as it was said it would do, it has disquieted it from end to end. A riot at Londonderry, during Prince Arthur's visit, at which two persons were killed, and for which the city had to be proclaimed; several additional murders; seditious language publicly used by the Mayor of Cork, of such a nature that even the Government was compelled to take notice of it, and to bring in a special bill upon the subject; together with general depression of spirit, and universal depreciation of property;—such are some of the untoward results of this unjust and revolutionary scheme. The *Times* newspaper even confesses that "an extraordinary alarm has possessed Irish landowners and tenants of the better class;" and this, it says, "is a very grave evil." And a Liberal nobleman, Lord Westbury, stated in the House of Lords: "The agitation began with the introduction of the Suspensory Bill. Men of property in Ireland knew not upon what conditions they were to hold in future. The alarm increased—increased to an enormous extent—owing to the speeches made on the hustings by

gentlemen who have since become members of Her Majesty's Government. The alarm has reached its acme by reason of provisions in the Irish Church Bill and the discussions which have attended that measure." The value, too, which the Roman Catholics put upon it is manifest by a remarkable article just published in one of their chief papers, the *Westminster Gazette*. It says, "The disposition to do justice to Ireland on the part of the people of England is shown in the manner in which the Irish Church Bill is being carried. But will the abolition only of Protestant ascendancy satisfy the people of Ireland? It is already but too evident that it will not. Its highest value is that it is an indication and pledge of a radical change in the policy of England towards Ireland. The legitimate object at once capable of satisfying Irish national feeling and possible of attainment is the Repeal of the Union, as advocated by O'Connell and supported by the bishops and priests of Ireland. Now that the Irish Church is on the point of being abolished, *the great obstacle in the way of Repeal is removed.*" The writer then goes on to show what is the still further aim and hope of his party, viz., to have an Irish Parliament wherein should be "a lower house elected by manhood or universal suffrage, and a house of peers, *in which the bishops of the National Church should be entitled to sit.*" This, he says, "might do much to satisfy national aspirations as well as to pass laws regulating the tenure of land and settling the great and vital question of national education in accordance with the wishes and principles, not of a dominant faction, but of the nation. The *Times* admits that although after the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act of 1830—from which so much was expected by its promoters—a favourable change seems to have taken place for a few years in the condition of Ireland, yet that this favourable change was not permanent; and the succeeding ten years, beginning with 1840, are perhaps the darkest in the modern history of Ireland." We shall be very much mistaken if a similar admission will not have to be made in the future, should this unrighteous bill pass into law. We doubt very much whether it would be followed by even a temporary improvement in the state of Ireland; but, however that might be, we have no doubt whatever that the future of Ireland would be eventually dark in the extreme. We have hope, however, even in the very manner in which this measure has been driven through the House of Commons; for, had it been met there in a just and conciliatory spirit, it would in all probability have been so considerably modified as to have met with little opposition in the House of Lords; but in its present form it is so palpably dishonest and impolitic, that there is every reasonable expectation that the lords will either immediately reject it altogether, or throw it on one side until fresh developments of the government's policy towards Ireland are made, by which time the whole aspect of things may be completely altered, and the House of Commons may be more disposed to listen to reason.

The falls of real believers become occasions to them of deeper humility—more simple dependence on the Saviour—more ardent love—admiring gratitude—more compassion for their fellow-sinners—more fitness for many kinds of service on earth, and greater meetness for the occupation of the saints in glory.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Religious Tendencies of the Times; or, How to deal with the Deadly Errors and Dangerous Delusions of the Day. By JAMES GRANT, Author of "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," &c. Second and Concluding volume. London: William Macintosh.

The first volume of this work having created a great sensation, and met with so rapid a sale, that in a few months a second edition consisting of a second thousand copies has been published, Mr. Grant has been called to complete his task at the earliest possible period by the publication of his second and concluding volume—which is now before us. He states in his preface to this second volume, that not one single charge of the many grave charges which he has preferred in his first against particular individuals of entertaining God-dishonouring and soul-destroying errors has been disproved,—nor, indeed, even denied. And he refers with evident gratification to the other fact—that not one of his arguments has been answered in relation to that most momentous question,—the question of the duration of future punishments. He holds, therefore, that the awful doctrine of the eternity of misery in the world to come is placed beyond doubt. On this solemn subject he has published his correspondence with the Rev. Samuel Minton, the Rev. Dr. Leask, the Very Rev. Dean Close, the Rev. Andrew Jukes, and the Rev. T. R. Birks. This correspondence forms a great part—extending to upwards of 130 pages of the volume. The doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul comes next,—the denial of the immortality of the souls of the wicked being one of the great and growing errors of the day. The astounding and most pernicious opinions of Baron Bunsen are next enunciated and answered. So, in the chapter which follows, are those of the Rev. T. R. Birks, the son-in-law of the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth, relative to future punishments. Mr. Birks believes that the punishment of the lost will be everlasting; but, while believing that it will be of endless duration, he is no less fully persuaded that there will be so many qualifying circumstances connected with it, that it will in reality be, compared with the general views on the subject, hardly any punishment at all. Mr. Grant meets Mr. Birks' extraordinary views—so extraordinary that it may be doubted whether another person could be named who shares them—at great length. "Prevalent Practical Errors," is a subject to which a chapter is devoted, Mr. Grant feeling that some of this class of Errors are most dangerous, though largely, indeed, generally, overlooked.

But the subject to which Mr. Grant devotes the greatest space in this new and concluding volume of "*The Religious Tendencies of the Times*," is the History and Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren. He states in his preface that he has been at great pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted alike with their history and their heresies, the latter being numerous and vitally at variance, in several instances, with the doctrines of the Gospel. Mr. Grant points out copiously and explicitly the pernicious effects of Plymouth Brethren principles in family and social circles, wherever they obtain a footing. Some of the illustrations of this fact which Mr. Grant has given in the volume before us will startle those who are not acquainted with Plymouth Brethrenism.

But, instead of endeavouring to give an analysis of this second and concluding volume of Mr. Grant's work on "The Religious Tendencies of the Times," we deem it better, as we have done on several former occasions in reviewing his works, to present our readers with the preface to the volume, of which it will furnish our readers with a good idea.

"In bringing before the public," Mr. Grant says, "my second and concluding volume of 'The Religious Tendencies of the Times,' my first duty is to express my grateful appreciation of the gratifying reception which the first volume has met with. In saying this, I do not so much refer to the fact of an edition of a thousand copies having been exhausted in a few months, as to the way in which it has been received by the religious public. It is to me a pleasant thing to be able to say, that not one of the many grave statements which I have preferred of deadly error being entertained by many of our leading divines, has been disproved,—nor indeed even specifically denied. The second edition, therefore, is now in the hands of the public, without any alteration whatever in its contents.

"It is also a remarkable fact, that, as none of the more serious charges of fatal errors which I have preferred against particular parties have been denied, much less disproved, so, in no instance, with a single exception, has an attempt been made to answer my arguments in favour of eternal punishments. The only exception was in the case of the *Spectator*. Its answer was brief, but it is evident that it thought it a conclusive answer. It is in substance this: Mr. Grant maintains that only a portion of the human race will be saved. The Apostle Paul says, that the *whole* of mankind will be saved. 'All Israel,' he says, 'will be saved.' A sentence or two will dispose of this argument in favour of Universalism. Even supposing that all *Israel* were destined to be saved, that would not prove the salvation of the entire human family. Israel, or the Jews, have never formed even a three-hundredth part of the race. But it would have been well for the *Spectator* if it had remembered that the same Apostle, speaking in relation to the same Jews, says that only 'a *remnant* shall be saved.'

"With regard to what I have said in my previous volume, in relation to the astounding rapidity with which the doctrines of Universalism and Annihilation are spreading, proofs are accumulating every day. The Rev. Mr. Minton states in a leaflet which he has circulated in thousands, that he has received a great number of letters from clergymen of the Church of England, stating that they fully share his views in opposition to the doctrine of eternal misery; while with respect to the professedly evangelical Congregationalists, I have just learnt that at a comparatively recent period, it was proposed at a meeting of the members of the Congregational Union, that a minister who has for years been perhaps the most ultra of all the opponents of the doctrine of eternal punishments, should be admitted into that body. He was elected. But by what majority, it may be asked? By no less a majority than about a hundred to one! It is believed that there were no fewer than four hundred present, and only *four* persons were found to be opposed to his election.

"Mr. Joshua Wilson, who, next to Mr. Morley, M.P., is the man of most note among the Congregationalists, has lately published an appendix to a third edition of his little work, entitled, 'The Power of the Pulpit.' In this appendix Mr. Wilson expresses his concurrence in part of what I have said respecting the progress which the belief in the non-eternity of punishments in the world to come is making in the Congregational body,

to which he belongs; but he thinks, or rather, perhaps, I should say, hopes, that matters are not so bad as I represent them to be.

"But before I make any observations on what Mr. Wilson says, it is due to him to give his own words. After quoting both from the preface and the body of my first volume, that gentleman proceeds to say: 'Mr. Grant, I admit, is correct in reference to the "Religious Tendencies of the Times," but I must avow my own conviction, that although his representations as to the holding and preaching by Congregational ministers of Rationalistic opinions on the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity may to a very limited extent be correct, those opinions are not held by the majority of our ministers, or preached in most of our pulpits. On the contrary, I believe that those who are justly amenable to the charge are a very small minority; but erroneous opinions, like leaven, once admitted, are apt to diffuse themselves through a religious community. With respect to the non-eternity of future punishment, there are, I believe, few, if any, Nonconformist pulpits in which it is "dogmatically preached," although it may be held as an opinion by some Nonconformist ministers.'

"Mr. Joshua Wilson misconceives, on some essential points, my most important statements. I still adhere with all confidence to what I have said in my previous volume, with respect to the extent to which the Congregationalists hold Rationalistic opinions, and also to the extent to which they do not believe in the eternity of future punishments. But I did not say that they 'dogmatically preached' these semi-infidel opinions. On the contrary, it was with me a great aggravation of their grave culpability, that they do not 'preach dogmatically,' nor, indeed, preach at all, the contrary opinions, though nominally professing to entertain them. I charged them, too, and renew the charge more emphatically than before, with practising dishonesty of the worst kind, because the matter is one which involves the salvation of souls, in concealing their Universalist or Annihilationist views,—of which, since the publication of my first volume, we have had a most painful proof in the case of the Rev. Dr. Leask.

"Within a few weeks of this expression of Mr. Joshua Wilson's opinion or hope, there comes a statement, never contradicted, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the effect that the question of eternal punishments is hereafter to be made an open question in the Congregational body. And the statement is accompanied by the announcement, that the most magnificent Congregational chapel in the country had been opened at Halifax the previous week, and that in the trust-deed of that chapel the minister was to be allowed either to preach or not to preach, just as he pleased, the doctrine of eternal misery in a future state, as the doom of those dying in their sins.

"What a change on this point has come o'er the spirit of Congregationalism within the last twenty years! Any Congregationalist proved not to believe in the eternity of future punishments would then have been at once excommunicated. Of course, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with its views of religion, exults in the fact that the eternity of future punishments is henceforth to be an open question among the Congregationalists. This, surely, will satisfy Mr. Wilson that he is grievously mistaken, when he expresses his conviction that the doctrine of the non-eternity of future punishments is only held by a few of the ministers in the Nonconformist denomination. It is due to him to say, that towards the end of his 'Appendix' he makes the admission that 'a latitudinarian spirit is rapidly spreading among Nonconformists.' He says: 'I am very apprehensive that unless some

strenuous effort be speedily made to repel, if not the incursions of error, at least the spread of a latitudinarian spirit, in respect both to doctrine and discipline, we shall ere long be deprived of all that has hitherto constituted both our glory and our defence.' This is an important admission from Mr. Joshua Wilson, a gentleman who, as I have said, occupies, with the single exception of Mr. Samuel Morley, a higher position among the Congregational body than any one else belonging to it.

"The first portion of the present volume is devoted to a correspondence which I have had in relation to my first volume with the Rev. Samuel Minton, the Rev. Dr. Leask, the Dean of Carlisle, the Rev. Andrew Jukes, and the Rev. T. R. Birks.

"With regard to my correspondence with Mr. Minton, I feel assured that no one who has read my former volume will hesitate to admit that he has not answered a single one of my arguments in opposition to the views on eternal misery which he has advocated in his work, 'The Glory of Christ in the Creation and Reconciliation of all Things.'

"I regret to learn that, notwithstanding the vehemence with which the doctrine of everlasting punishments is denounced by him, as 'horrible,' 'monstrous,' 'revolting,' and so forth, he still continues to make a practical profession of His faith in it, by reading that part of the Litany in which the prayer occurs, that God would be pleased to deliver those using the prayer from everlasting damnation. The prayer stands thus—'From Thy wrath and *everlasting damnation*, good Lord, deliver us,'—the latter four words of response being said by all the congregation. To me there is something inexpressibly awful in the fact that any man holding up, both in the pulpit and through the press, the doctrine of eternal punishments as one which is absolutely frightful, and deeply dishonourable to God, could bring himself to proclaim publicly, Sunday after Sunday, his belief in that 'dreadful doctrine,' by praying himself, and asking his people to pray for deliverance from 'everlasting damnation.'

"With regard to my correspondence with Dr. Leask, it is calculated to inspire mingled emotions,—emotions of sorrow and emotions of joy. It is truly lamentable to think that a minister of the Gospel should, for more than a quarter of a century, have been statedly preaching, and often publishing books on evangelical subjects, and yet, during all that long period, have so carefully concealed the fact that he did not believe in eternal punishments, that not even his most intimate friends ever for a moment suspected that he did not unreservedly believe in the everlasting misery of the lost,—which he solemnly declared he did at the time of his ordination. But one's sorrow at this fearful dishonesty, for more than twenty years, is, to my mind, much diminished by the fact, that I have, as will be seen from the correspondence between us, effectually torn the mask from off Dr. Leask's face, and that he now stands before the religious world in his true colours. He not only openly avows himself an Annihilationist, but has converted the *Rainbow*—a monthly magazine established for the sole purpose of advocating Millenarianism—into the organ of Annihilation; and Annihilation, too, in its most revolting form, namely, that those who perish in their sins, will, for an indefinite period, it may be for millions on millions of years, be subjected to most terrible torments in a future state, and then be annihilated for ever.

"To the advocacy of this frightful doctrine Dr. Leask is hereafter

mainly to devote the *Rainbow*. It is much to be regretted that some one who has the requisite talents and leisure to conduct such a periodical does not forthwith establish a sixpenny monthly magazine, expressly for dealing with 'The Deadly Errors of the Day.' Were it not that my professional duties are of so onerous and unremitting a nature as to preclude the possibility of my undertaking such a task, I would willingly do so. Should, however, any one else adopt the suggestion I have thus thrown out, I would gladly give him any assistance in my power. I regard the establishing of such a periodical, whereby to expose and combat the pernicious errors on vital points which are now so prevalent and still spreading, as one of the most urgent religious necessities of the day.

"In the meantime, it becomes a serious question for the consideration of those who hold Millenarian views, and have been subscribers to the *Rainbow*, solely on account of its being established as the organ of Millenarianism,—how far Millenarianism, and, indeed, themselves individually, are compromised by this sudden avowal of Annihilationism on the part of Dr. Leask, and his declared intention to make the *Rainbow* the medium of propagating Annihilationist views. It was thought by many persons who were not so conversant with the facts of the case as myself, that in mentioning, in the preface to my last volume, that no inconsiderable number of Millenarians disbelieved in the doctrine of eternal punishments,—I had done injustice to those who hold Millenarian views. If some steps are not taken to prevent it, the conviction, now that their recognized organ has been turned into an avowed organ of Annihilationism, will become general,—that there is a closer connexion between Millenarianism and a disbelief in the non-eternity of future punishments than any of us ever before suspected. Though I cannot see eye to eye with the Millenarians on the question of the personal reign of Christ on earth, it is my happiness to be on terms of the closest personal friendship with many of the most eminent men amongst them; and my esteem for them is so great, that I should indeed be grieved if they, as a body, or any large number of them, should suffer injury through this deplorable step on the part of Dr. Leask.

"To return to other matters connected with the 'Religious Tendencies of the Times.' It is not, to use their own language, in the mere 'progress of opinion' that the Nonconformists of the present day are setting aside all Scriptural authority. There is a want of even outward reverence—I might use a stronger word—for the house of God, which painfully contrasts with the hallowed feelings with which it was formerly regarded. All sorts of secular meetings are now held in many of our Dissenting sanctuaries. I look on the want of reverence for a house especially built for, and professedly devoted to, the service of God, as one of the worst signs of the times. As a natural consequence of this desecration of the sanctuary, comes the prostitution of the pulpit to secular purposes. This is already a prevalent evil, and is still rapidly growing. Not long ago I chanced to hear a sermon in one of the most popular Nonconformist chapels in the City of London, which not only did not contain one atom of Christianity in it, to say nothing of evangelical religion, but which might have been delivered to a congregation of Secularists. Emigration, the poor laws, colonization, population, and other kindred subjects, were the sole topics discussed. I could not have conceived a more shocking desecration of the Sabbath, the sanctuary, or the pulpit, than occurred on this occasion. Nor, it is right to add, is this prostitution of the pulpit,

this violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, confined to the Nonconformists. We see the same thing in our Churches of England. Indeed, among the Rationalistic or Broad Church party in the Establishment, it is developing itself into a system. In the months of September and October last, eight clergymen of the Church of England delivered a course of lectures on Sunday evenings in a church in Whitechapel, on purely political questions, all of which were advertised in the public journals.

"The same sort of thing, I regret to see, is going on in New York, under the auspices of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular preacher in America; and on that account, one who, with his views, which are rapidly approaching those of the late Theodore Parker, is calculated to do all the greater mischief. The following paragraph from the *New York Independent*, professedly an organ of the Evangelical Nonconformists in the United States, refers to this fact: 'Dr. Willard Parker, of this city, by request of Mr. Beecher, has consented to deliver a course of Sunday evening lectures, at the Plymouth Bethel, in Brooklyn, upon anatomy and physiology. The first lecture was delivered last Sunday evening. Many people will shake their heads sadly in view of what they will regard as a violation of the law of the Sabbath; but we believe that the managers of the Bethel Mission, in view of all the circumstances, will be sustained by the Christian public. "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-day."'

"And the *English Independent*, the organ of the Congregational body in this country, quotes this paragraph approvingly,—at least, if approbation may be inferred from the absence of a single word in the way of censure.

"Even in Oxford, whose University is traditionally the buttress of Christianity, the rankest blasphemy is to be found in association with Atheism, in its most hideous forms. A weekly journal, only a month ago, gave the following extract from a work, 'Essays on Robert Browning's Poems,' by J. Nettleship. Speaking of Christ, this author bursts out into this blasphemous exclamation, 'And, oh, maddest and sweetest of dreams, He dreamed that He was the Son of God, and He set Himself to make the world believe it!' On the subject of prayer, this same writer pens this piece of unmitigated Atheism: 'This is a quality which, when it possesses a man, makes him create for himself more or less distinctly and personally, and in the teeth of his reason, a God to whom he can cry; and makes, and has made, all existing ideas of God. Further, the spirit of prayer imperiously desires its possessor to spend his whole force in doing, or getting something far beyond his reach. It so drives him till he falls nerveless to the ground, "and then tells him that in the darkness stands a formless thing, a shrouded power, his God in fact, who will now, or hereafter, do, or get for him, the thing he desires."'

"This is bad enough; but what will be thought of the fact which is publicly stated in several journals, that a work containing such blended blasphemy and Atheism should be found exposed publicly for sale on the counter of the publisher of the University? The paper from which I quote gives it as a report—and reports of this nature are generally correct—that the work is actually to be met with in the rooms of some of the Oxford teachers.

"But, probably, of all the melancholy and astounding things which we see and hear, in relation to the progress of Infidelity and Atheism among us, there is none which can equal the fact that within the last few months an organization has been formed for the systematic teaching of Atheism in its most revolting forms. One of the instrumentalities to be employed for

this purpose is that of Sunday-schools for instructing children in Atheistical principles. 'The Atheists of London,' says a paper published in Pimlico, 'are now engaged in attempts to imitate or parody the forms of Christianity. It is not very long ago that, with feelings of revulsion, we witnessed at Cleveland Hall the reception of an infant into the Atheistic body. Its mistaken mother publicly placed the child in the arms of the notorious lecturer, Mr. Bradlaugh, who bestowed upon it his Atheistic blessing, in some sort of way imitating the forms of Christian baptism. The journal conducted by the same individual has also recently contained forms for ceremonies at burials and marriages. The latest movement is an attempt to establish a Sunday-school, of which we believe that Mr. Charles Watts, Mr. Bradlaugh's *alter ego*, is the secretary, and which is to be opened next Sunday.'

"Nor is this all, frightful though it be. 'Ladies,' it appears, are as busy in their endeavours to propagate Atheism by organized instrumentalities, as the Atheists of our own sex. It is proposed, it seems, to establish a 'Ladies' Secular Club'—the word 'Secular' meaning 'Atheistical'—and the two 'ladies' most active in the business are, according to the *London Review*, Mrs. Bradlaugh and Miss Emily Faithful.

"Surely these are signs of the times which possess an awful significance. They clearly portend the near approach of the period when the terrible conflict which is pointed to in so many prophetic portions of the Scriptures will take place. The great practical question will ere long be, not what form of religion we are to have, but whether we are to have any form of religion at all—whether we shall recognize the existence of God, and a future state, or whether we shall not, in imitation of the French at the time of the Revolution of 1794, openly proclaim in the ears of all mankind, 'That there is no God, and that death is an eternal sleep.'

"It will be seen that I have devoted much of the present volume to a succession of chapters on 'The Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren.' I mentioned in my previous volume that I had, in my day, including my literary works, written *fifty-two* volumes; and now cannot refrain from saying that I never, in preparing any work, met with anything approaching the amount of difficulty I experienced in getting at the more important facts connected with the 'History and Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren.' The difficulty chiefly arose from the perpetually-recurring contradictions of each other's statements, which I had to encounter, in conjunction with the flat and frequent contradictions which their leaders made of themselves, owing to changes in their opinions at various periods of their lives. I hope, however, I have succeeded at last, although I have not been able to go so fully into the subject as I could have wished. But I trust I shall be able, before long, to republish in a separate form, very considerably enlarged, what I have here written. My intention to do this is grounded on a profound conviction that the heresies of the Plymouth Brethren have not hitherto been as effectually exposed, as it is not only in the interests of religion, but in the interests of society as well, that such a system of religion as Darbyism should be fully comprehended, and its pernicious tendencies made manifest to all. It will, of course, be understood that there are exceptional cases to those I have described, as there are to every rule, but I pledge myself that there is no exaggeration in what I have written in relation to the Plymouth Brethren as a body.

"Before I close my Preface, I am desirous of saying that it was my intention to have written at much greater length on the deplorable advances

which opinions of the most pernicious kind not only have already made, but are at this hour making, in what is called the religious world; but the extent of the space to which I was obliged to limit myself has precluded the possibility of my going further into the subject than I have done.

"I will only say, in concluding this Preface, that to me it is one of the worst signs of the times that the appalling progress which error, in every form, alike dishonouring to God and destructive to souls, is making, appears to excite scarcely any concern on the part of thousands of persons filling the pulpits of the land, and who profess to hold and inculcate Evangelical principles. Instead of sounding the alarm in trumpet tones in the ears of their hearers, one may listen to their ministrations for weeks and months together, without a single reference escaping their lips, to the fearful position in which we are placed. The responsibility to God and to souls under which such unfaithful ministers of the Gospel have laid themselves by this indifference is something immeasurably more awful than the mind can conceive; but the day will come—and no one can tell how near it may be—when those on whom the responsibility rests will realize it in all its tremendous proportions,—in all its crushing power. But, as it is not impossible that this volume may meet the eye of a greater or less number of such ministers of the Gospel—of those, at least, who are conventionally so considered—let me, in the hope of their escaping such a doom, earnestly ask them to weigh well the dreadful denunciations on those unfaithful pastors and priests who lived in the days of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, &c., which abound in the prophetic books of Scripture. They are, it might be supposed, sufficiently terrible to make all unfaithful ministers of the Gospel in the present day tremble at the thought that they should be applicable to them. As a parting word to those unfaithful preachers who crowd our pulpits at the present day, I would entreat them to remember that it is not those only who preach doctrinal errors of a deadly kind that have placed themselves within the limits of the dreadful denunciations to which I have referred. No less guilty are those in the sight of God, and no less certainly do they come within the scope of those severe threatenings, who do not faithfully preach the grand central truths of the Gospel, though professing to entertain them,—those truths whereby alone souls can be saved. I regard, indeed, the suppression of vital truth as the great besetting sin which attaches to our present pulpit ministrations. It is my profound conviction that more mischief is done through our modern preaching, by withholding the saving truths of the Gospel, than by the actual inculcation of positive error.

"JAMES GRANT.

"*London, April, 1869.*"

We have thus enabled Mr. GRANT to speak for himself. We would only add, that his many years' intimate connexion with the literary and newspaper world has given him an opportunity above most other men of knowing what is transpiring in the world at large. Hence Mr. GRANT is entitled to the greater consideration in his expression of opinion. We have long thought with him, that the varied secular and carnal uses to which the professed houses of God, more particularly among dissenting bodies, are of late applied, are among the marked and lamentable features of our times, as confirming and illustrating the fact, that we live in a day of great declension and soul-destructive dissipation and error. Mr. GRANT has likewise dwelt with too good reason upon the extreme apathy and indifference exhibited by those making a great profession of religion,

in regard to the fearful and fatal fallacies of our times. A spirit of supineness seems to have come over the community at large. We have long said that the tone of mind exhibited by men high in authority in the so-called religious world, with respect to the progress of evil, has been that which we are wont to consider was selfish and criminal in Hezekiah: "There shall be peace and truth in *my* days," as much as to say, "As to what follows, I must leave to those who succeed me; they must take care of themselves." Humanly speaking, had there been less of self, and more zeal for God, and a becoming concern for our sacred privileges and advantages, the undermining and threatened annihilation of those privileges and advantages would not have progressed as it has done.

Mr. GRANT's book will, we are sure, like its predecessors, be read with deep and but too painful interest, and it is well that men's minds should be aroused to the facts it contains.

A Handmaid of the Lord. Some Records of Johanna Brooks. London: Morgan and Chase, Ludgate Hill,

ALTHOUGH we by no means approve of *women-preachers*, but feel they are never so much in their right place as when "keepers at home," and "guiding the house," JOHANNA BROOKS was a remarkable character, nevertheless. We dare not say her labours, in itinerating among the wilds of Devon, were not to some extent owned and blessed of God. She died at the age of 71.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Our Own Fireside.—Sunday Magazine.—Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine.—The Rosebud.—Recollections of Past Mercies. By F. Farvis, Tetbury.—The Shipwrecked Mariner.—The Record of the Priests' Protection Society.—Nelly Scott; or, The Orphan Child.—Peace with God; or, The Sinner's Refuge.—Words of Wesley; or, Constant Communion.—An Essay upon "The Greatest of Created Beings."—None but Christ.—The Two "Co-ops;" or, Geoffrey Trundle's Christmas Home. By Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.—The Lord's Love. Rev. H. L. Harkness, M.A.—"It is Finished." A Sermon for Good Friday.—Our National Church: Its true Glory. A Sermon by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.—The British Workman Out and at Home.—The Evangelical Church Union.—The Gardener's Magazine.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

LOED, whisper to our hearts
Thy messages of peace,
Let patience have her perfect work,
And faith and hope increase;
We long to love Thee more,
To do Thy righteous will,
While trav'ling on from day to
day,
Oh! whisper *peace* be still!

How that sweet Word of Thine
Will cheer our drooping heart,
Forbid our unbelieving fears,
And solid peace impart.
Birmingham.

Then, though the dark'ning clouds
May hover o'er our way,
We linger not, we murmur not,
We're looking for the day.

Thou art Thine Israel's God,
Oh! guide us by thine eye;
Shield us from every treacherous
snare,
And fix our thoughts on high;
We're journeying on to rest,
And soon shall reach our home:
A few more struggles here below,
And we no more shall roam!

E. B. M.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No 43,
NEW SERIES. }

JULY, 1869.

{ No. 1,243,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

THE END! THE END!

"Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew."

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of Thine own hands."—

PSALM cxxxviii. 8.

BELOVED READER,—In once more taking up this subject, let us again remind you of the satisfaction and blessedness couched in the very opening of this declaration. Mark you, it is *the Lord*, and *the Lord* alone, is the Doer! With Him, and with Him only, originated the plan, the purpose, the design of all His wise and merciful and gracious arrangements in regard to His Church and people; and as He designed, so He has maintained and carried on to the present moment; and as He has carried on, so most assuredly will He perfect and complete! Beloved, we earnestly desire that both your mind and our own likewise may be increasingly led forth in a contemplation of this great fact, that it is *the Lord*—THE LORD—is the Designer, the Maintainer, and will finally be the Accomplisher of each and all the great and the glorious things bearing both upon the time-state and the eternal condition of His redeemed. The more our poor finite minds are enabled to cherish and to dwell upon this rich and distinguishing mercy, the more stable will those minds be, and the less ruffled by the merely passing circumstances of our wilderness-course—our merely temporary sojourn in this vale of tears. Oh to be privileged to enter into the fulness of that precious declaration of the psalmist, "I have set the Lord always before me. Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." Now from this arose his satisfaction. Here was his stay—here his consolation. So continuously do we find, dear reader, that David's mind was led off

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from passing circumstances to an appeal to and a resting upon the Lord Himself! His thoughts and His words were so constantly directed to Him—the Person—the Divine Person—of the Lord. Again we say, “Oh to be thus privileged!” If we mistake not we once before stated how much our mind was impressed, more than forty years ago, with a quotation from one of our great poets, as inserted upon a tablet on the wall of St. Mary’s Church, Southampton:—

“His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll,
Nor feels her idle whirl.”

Ah, here is the secret—a taking hold of His strength; a faith’s grasp of the Person of Christ; a fleeing to and a sheltering in Him, as the Lord our Righteousness; as having all power both in heaven and earth; a knowledge of and a rejoicing in the fact, that “the government is upon His shoulders.” How blessed is the prophet’s testimony, with regard to the Person and the power of Jesus: “And I will fasten Him as a nail in a sure place; and He shall be for a glorious throne to His Father’s house. And they shall hang upon Him all the glory of His Father’s house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons” (Isa. xxii. 23, 24).

We speak particularly of the Person of Christ, beloved, because “it hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.” Again we read, “Of His fulness have we received, and grace for grace.” It is with the Person of Christ we have to do. He is the one, and the only “one, Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.”

That was a precious testimony, beloved, of our most glorious Christ, in answer to Philip; and it stands remarkably as being among his last assurances and His parting words to His disciples, just prior to the agony of the garden and His Calvary sufferings. “Philip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works’ sake” (John xiv. 8—11). Hence it is most clear that the Father is revealed in the Person of His dear Son, and that all our access to and our dealings with the Father must be in and by the Son. This is very blessed, beloved, because it is so expressive of nearness. When the Holy Ghost is pleased to lead us into a knowledge of Christ, and into a contemplation of His mediatorial undertaking and personal acts as well as gracious promises, during His personal sojourn in this vale of tears, it so diverts the mind from

self, and leads to that "LOOKING UNTO JESUS" which is so fraught with peace, serenity, and a calm reposing upon the covenant mercy, that "as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom He will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him" (John v. 21—23).

Further, beloved, with respect to the Person and work of Christ, we have this blessed assurance, that "we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. iv. 15). Here we have Him in a oneness of nature and in His divine sympathies. Then, in regard to His triumphs and to that security and everlasting preservation which His Church enjoys in Him, we read the apostle John's testimony, "And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the First and the Last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. i. 17, 18).

Beloved, we have dwelt somewhat upon these facts as being embodied in the opening words of our text, because we feel that all blessedness and satisfaction are to be found here, and here alone. And, if so be the Lord the Spirit is but graciously pleased to lead us into a personal knowledge and apprehension of Jesus, in His indissoluble oneness and relationship in and with His Church, and His covenant engagements on her behalf, then will there be such a holy rejoicing in the fact that He—"the Lord—will perfect that which concerneth us." Yes, beloved, it must be His doing, and His alone. And, depend on it, He will continue so to work, that each leading and every movement will indicate wisdom and love and power, and shall be clearly and unmistakably stamped as *His*! Sure we are, beloved, that "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working" as the Lord has been in regard to His past leadings and dealings, yet, as He proceeds to fulfil His word, "I have shewed new things from this time, even hidden things, and thou didst not know them," they shall all equally bear the Divine impress. Upon every gracious interposition and merciful deliverance there shall be the old and familiar endorsement, "This is *the Lord's* doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes." And thus will He secure to Himself the glory of His own work.

We too well know that, in the contractedness of our own little finite minds, we may at least at times imagine that we have almost exhausted the Lord's mercy and kindness towards us, in the ceaseless and immeasurable benefits which He has been pleased to bestow upon us; but, no, assuredly it shall be otherwise. In proportion as we are enabled to look off from self and the creature generally, and to live and walk by simple faith, in that very proportion shall we be able to

rest in the covenant word of a covenant Lord, "Thou shalt see greater things than these." The Lord never raises the hopes and expectations of His people for nought. He graciously keeps in view His own word: "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name. Ask and receive, that your joy may be full." "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Sure we are that it would be most unlike the Lord to guard and to guide His people for a certain time, and up to a certain point, and then to leave them. Oh, no:—

"His love in times past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help us quite through."

Of what avail would it be, and where were the benefit thereof, if the Lord were to undertake for His people, and to deliver only in part? No; it must be a perfected, a complete, salvation. Anything short of this were of no real value. It would only be raising the expectations of His dear children to frustrate them, which would be directly contrary to His own gracious promise, "The expectations of the poor shall not be cut off."

The conviction, then, of the Psalmist, in the words before us, is, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." He will *perfect*—David means, He will *finish, accomplish, execute*—that which He has undertaken and thus far carried on. He will not leave it; it shall not be forsaken; the work shall assuredly be completed, aye, and that, too, in a way and manner worthy of the great and the glorious Designer. Men are wont to put a good finish to their work. Wherever thought and skill are required in connexion with an undertaking or enterprise, there is the greatest anxiety on the part of those interested that all should finally reflect the wisdom and the strength and the perseverance of those engaged in such undertaking or enterprise. The same idea, only in an infinitely larger and fuller sense, applies to our God in His redemption and salvation work. That was a solemn appeal of Moses, and a most powerful argument with the Lord, at the time He was angry with Israel on account of their rebellion, as we read in Numb. xiv. 13—16: "And Moses said unto the Lord, Then the Egyptians shall hear it, (for Thou broughtest up this people in Thy might from among them;) and they will tell it to the inhabitants of this land: for they have heard that Thou, LORD, art among this people, that Thou, LORD, art seen face to face, and that Thy cloud standeth over them, and that Thou goest before them, by day time in a pillar of cloud, and in a pillar of fire by night. Now if Thou shalt kill all this people as one man, then the nations which have heard the fame of Thee will speak, saying, Because the Lord was *not able* to bring this people into the land which He swore unto them, therefore He hath slain them in the wilderness."

Dear reader, would that our faith and our hope and expectation kept pace with the Lord's kind and gracious leadings and dealings. Would that we could remember that as the Lord is pleased to lead us

onward and homeward, there shall be the more marked and the more gracious manifestations and discoveries of His wonderful love and grace and power. "Now is our salvation nearer," said the apostle, "than when we believed." Towards the close of a long, and it may be dangerous, voyage, the passenger is looking anxiously for its termination, and his very heart leaps for joy at the first tidings that land is seen. So with regard to the Lord's *perfecting* His work. Not only has much—very much—been passed through with respect to affliction and trial and temptation, but home is nearer; heaven is at hand; rest, eternal rest, about to be entered; and Christ, in His unveiled loveliness, presently to be seen; and all the glories of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," everlastingly realized. Oh, the wonders and the fulness and the blessedness of that saying, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." Rely on it, dear reader, that every hope, each feeble desire, the veriest expectation in connexion with some of your brightest and most blessed times and seasons, were all taken notice of by God—yea, all infused and strengthened and prompted by Him, and shall all at length issue in the fullest and completest perfection. Oh, yes, if He hears the groanings of His prisoners; if the sighing of the needy comes up before Him; if He bottles up the tears of His sorrowing ones; if the very hairs of their heads are all numbered; surely He will treasure up, and ultimately bring to a blessed issue, their every hope and expectation. This is most clearly implied in that precious Scripture: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him" (Mal. iii. 16, 17). Mark the marginal reading, dear reader, for the word jewels, namely, "special treasure." Oh, see you not how much the Lord has at stake?—more, yea, infinitely more, than the highly-privileged recipients themselves; for "the Lord's portion is His people;" and how can He part with His portion?—how surrender His inheritance? Verily, He *must* "perfect that which concerneth them."

"Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever." This was a sweet consideration on the part of the Psalmist, because, instructed as he had been in a knowledge of the deceitfulness, treachery, and desperate wickedness and depravity of the human heart, he knew full well that he should ever stand in need of the exercise of that mercy. He knew that, as a poor sinner, he must be continuously drawing and drawing—yea, day by day and hour by hour—upon that mercy. He never could be independent. He never could do without it. As a ceaseless sinner, he should require ceaseless mercy. Hence it was indeed a source of unbounded comfort and satisfaction to him that Jehovah's mercy "endureth for ever." It was what he wanted. Reader, is this *your* case, feelingly and experimentally? Has the

Lord taught you what a sinner you are? Are you day by day and moment by moment resorting to the footstool of mercy and the God of all grace? That was a notable saying of the never-to-be-forgotten WATTS WILKINSON, on his dying bed, "I can never get beyond the cry of the poor publican, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner.'" Equally striking was the saying of the God-honoured but man-despised WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, "I am sick of professors, sick of possessors, but, most of all, I am sick of myself." These servants of God, and thousands upon thousands in common with them, knew their need of *mercy*—rich, free, unmerited *mercy*; and hence they sing with the immortal TOPLADY—

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

"The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is, Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

"My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Oh, dear reader, we often think of the *last* tear, the *last* sigh, the *last* cry for mercy, and then—oh, yes, and then! What then? Why, one moment "in the tabernacle, groaning, being burdened," under the weight of sin, suffering and sorrow, the next freely—and that eternally—from all sin and all sorrow, basking in the eternal sunshine and unclouded glory of the King in His beauty, in that land which now, for the most part, seems "a very far off," and where "the inhabitant never says, I am sick, and the people who dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity."

"O glorious hour! O blest abode,
I shall be *near* and *like* my God;
Nor flesh nor sin shall ere control
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

"There shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

Oh, dear reader, into what thorough puny insignificance does all and everything of earth dwindle before the *contemplation* of these great and glorious verities! And, if the *contemplation* be so sweet, what must the *reality* be?

Well, again, does Toplady sing :—

“ If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee? ”

“ Forsake not the works of Thine own hands.” It is worthy of the most careful observation, dear reader, how dependent the Lord keeps His dear children upon Himself. He leaves them not the slightest ground whatever for *presuming* upon Him, but implants and maintains in them a holy, reverential fear of His holy and blessed name. Hence we continually find coupled with the expression of holy confidence in the love, power, and divine faithfulness of Jehovah, an equally ardent appeal to Him or beseeching of Him. Such is the case in the language before us. The Psalmist having, as we have seen, given utterance to his conviction as to the immutability and unchanging love of Jehovah, now adds his earnest entreaty that He would do the very things he had just said he was assured would be accomplished. This plea on the part of the Psalmist is in precise keeping with the Lord’s own declaration, “ For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do them for them.” Now, in the prayer of David, there is the distinct recognition of the Lord’s work. The work done in him and for him and by him he knew and testified to be the Lord’s work. So the apostle was taught in after-days, “ Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.” Upon these grounds the Psalmist would honestly avow, “ Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth’s sake.”

Beloved, the prayerful spirit which the Holy Ghost begets in the hearts of His dear people is one of the striking features of Divine, distinctive, and imperishable life. It was the turning-point in Paul’s eventful history, “ Behold, he prayeth.” That spirit is maintained throughout the whole pilgrim-course, and the language of the poet is strictly true :—

“ Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven by prayer.”

And how sweet, beloved, is the prayerful frame, whensoever and under whatsoever circumstances awakened by the Holy Ghost ! So distinctive is it, and so wholly unattainable by any creature-effort, that, when thus awakened and thus maintained, there is felt, at least now and then, in the soul a holy conviction and a blessed assurance that prayer in very deed shall be answered. Yes, it is indeed true that “ praying breath was never spent in vain.” And why ? Because all

real prayer is of the Holy Ghost, and is an essential and indispensable feature of Divine life. Upon this principle it is that you need not exhort the quickened sinner or the burdened saint to pray. They *must* pray, because prayer is the very element, the distinct atmosphere, in which true spiritual life is nourished and maintained.

St. Luke's, Bedford, June 9, 1869.

THE EDITOR.

THE FEAR OF DEATH REMOVED.

THOU speaketh of the fear of death, its ghastliness and gloom,
And dreary shadows flung across the portals of the tomb;
Thou sayest that the best of men must tremble like the grass,
When from the loved and lovely earth to unknown worlds they pass.
Thou picturest the love of home, the light of childhood's eye,
And askest who can leave such things with no heart-breaking sigh.

My heart was pained, and oft I thought "Can this be true of those
Who have on Jesus cast the guilt and burden of their woes?"
Till, as I mused, the truths of God, like beacon fires at night,
Gleamed forth from Scripture's vivid page upon my aching sight:
"I know that my Redeemer lives, and, though my flesh must die,
By dying He shall swallow up the grave in victory—
Aye, in the shadowy vale of death no evil will I fear,
For Thou art with me—Thou, my God, to animate and cheer."

So sang the patriarchs of old before the vale was riven,
Which from the pilgrim fathers hid the open gate of heaven;
But hark! what clearer tidings now our songs of triumph swell!—
"Christ Jesus hath abolished death, and holds the keys of hell;
He lives, and whoso trusts in Him shall never, never die—
He lives—this mortal shall be clothed with immortality;
The portals of the tomb are burst, ye ransomed captives sing,
"Where's thy victory, O grave? where, darksome death, thy sting?"

No wild dreams these—I speak of things which oftentimes have been,
Of parting words which I have heard, and death-beds I have seen;
Of a long-loved father, circled by his children and his wife,
With every joy to gladden earth, and bind him unto life:
Who calmly said, "My children must not stay me from my rest—
My work is finished, and I long to rest on Jesus' breast;
Death cannot part me from His love—Lord Jesus, it is Thou—
I have no fear, my children, for my Lord is with me now."

And gentle girls, too, have I seen, who seemed for earth too frail,
Tread with a firm confiding step adown that lonesome vale;
Aye, and on childhood's pallid lips have words of triumph played,
And tiny fingers, clasped in death, told, "I am not afraid."
But why speak on of scenes like these, when every heart must know
Some parent, partner, brother, child, who trembled not to go,
Where Jesus' steps had gone before, and He Himself is nigh,
Whispering above those boisterous waves, "Fear nothing; it is I."

Ours is the grief who still are left in this far wilderness,
Which will at times, now they are gone, seem blank and comfortless;
For moments spent with loving hearts are breezes from the hills,
And the balm of Christian brotherhood like Eden's dew distils;
And we whose footsteps and whose hearts so often fail and faint,
Seem ill to spare the cheering voice of one departed saint.

But oh, we sorrow not like those whom no bright hopes sustain,
 For them who sleep in Jesus God will with Him bring again;
 Love craves the presence and the sight of all its well-beloved,
 And therefore weep we in the homes whence they are far removed:
 Love craves the presence and the sight of each beloved one,
 And therefore Jesus spake the word which called them to His throne;
 "Father, I will that all my own which Thou hast granted me,
 Be with me where I am, to share my glory's bliss with Thee."

Thus heaven is gathering one by one, in its capacious breast,
 All that is pure and permanent, and beautiful and blest;
 The family is scattered yet, though of one home and heart,
 Part militant in earthly gloom, in heavenly glory part:
 But who can speak the rapture when the circle is complete,
 And all the children, sundered now, before their Father meet?
 One fold, one Shepherd, one employ, one everlasting home,
 "Lo, I come quickly!" Even so, amen! Lord Jesus, come!

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Wayside Notes.

"SALVATION IS OF THE LORD."

"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and He hath set the world upon them."—1 SAMUEL ii. 8.

BLESSED Lord, what poor empty things we are of ourselves; how utterly unable to grasp at anything that is spiritual by human wisdom. How brought to nought we often are! surely to make us feel our dependence upon Thee. Shut up in prayer, shut up in conversation, shut up in preaching, shut up in writing, until it is with us as it was with Lydia whose heart the Lord opened. Then how all is changed! what a glow is felt within! how the icy frame melts before the sunlight of truth, and the green pastures are seen. For this we pray. O Lord, let it be so with Thy poor worm now, as he once more in Thy good providence takes up the pen to testify of Thee. Precious souls are on the look out for spiritual unfoldings of Thee, and who is sufficient for these things? Be Thou, gracious Spirit, with the writer, by guiding into all truth, so that Jesus' dear name may be honoured and glorified.

Beloved, as we open that precious treasure, the word of God, the eye rests upon the portion which heads our paper, and it seems so suitable and sweet to one who is frequently feeling his poverty and nothingness. Now we know that in the early ages of the world it was considered a dishonour with the woman not to be a mother, and this dishonour being particularly felt by Hannah, she prayed to the Lord that the stigma might be removed; and the Lord favoured her in a special manner, for she became the mother of a servant of the Lord, and a prophet of the Most High. When she prayed in the temple for this blessing, Eli thought she had been drinking wine, for her lips moved while her voice was not heard; but it was not so, and she said, "Count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial, for out of the abundance of my complaint and grief have I spoken hitherto." Then Eli answered and said, "Go in

peace, and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition." Beloved, we pause here to ask you whether you do not know what it is to let the lips move in prayer while the voice is not heard by any that surround? Oh those precious inward wrestlings, those groanings that cannot be uttered! for no words we can use can convey their burden; those upliftings of heart to the throne of God, and the felt peace and intercourse and joy which results. It is the walking, seeing Him who is invisible, and the talking with Jesus, which makes our hearts burn within us. But to return. Again is poor yet favoured Hannah seen in the temple, her prayer answered, her blessing in her arms; and how melted and gracious are her words now to Eli. "And she said, O my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And she and her husband worshipped the Lord there" (1 Sam. ii. 26—28). And then, her soul full of gratitude and joy, she bursts out into that memorable song of thankfulness: "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord, mine horn is exalted in the Lord: my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies: because I rejoice in Thy salvation." And further on in her song of praise she sings: "The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and He hath set the world upon them" (1 Sam. ii. 7, 8). There is no doubt that her language had reference to her own circumstances; but it may have a wider scope, and we may look at,

I. The position of man by nature, in the dust and dunghill.

II. The awakening of the Holy Spirit makes him aware of his degraded state by nature, and he is led to see himself as in a bankrupt position.

III. The almighty power employed to bring him out of that condition. "He raiseth"—"He lifteth." It is an act of sovereign grace and mercy.

IV. God putting His people into a place of security and dignity. "Hath set them among princes."

V. The purpose of God in this wonderful display of His goodness and mercy. "To make them inherit the throne of glory."

VI. Who dares to gainsay His work, and say unto Him, "What doest Thou?" for "the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and He hath set the world upon them." Beloved, there is a grandeur and sublimity in this subject that we pray the Holy Ghost to unfold.

I. *The position of man by nature*—in the dust and dunghill; for it does appear to us that Hannah in her song preaches the important and humbling doctrine of the fall, which it is highly necessary to understand and realize before we can come to a saving knowledge of divine things. And Scripture is plain enough upon this fact: take one passage for instance, "Wherefore by one man sin entered into the world, so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Nothing can be plainer, and yet the tendency of the present age is to proclaim just the contrary, even to worship and exalt humanity. What was the prophet Isaiah instructed by the Lord to declare? "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the

flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever" (Isa. xl. 6—8). This is humiliating to human nature, but nevertheless it is a fact that cannot be too strongly insisted upon, and we must upon scriptural grounds believe that man is born in sin and shapen in iniquity; in other words, born a sinner, with no inherent good in him nor power to change himself from such a condition if he had the will, which by nature he never has: for the carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

Let us then, dear reader, be clear upon this point, or we build upon a false foundation. Dust and dunghill seem strong figures to use to describe our position by nature; but when we feel what it is to be a sinner, and behold in the world the consequences of sin, I think you will agree with us that no term can be too strong to describe the degradation of human nature through the fall of Adam our federal head. "And unto Adam the Lord Jehovah said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return" (Gen. iii. 17—19). And that you and I and all the children of men are included in that condemnation is evident from the passage already quoted. "Wherefore by man sin entered into the world, so death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." And now, beloved, let us come to

II. *The awakening of the Holy Spirit, which brings a man to see his degradation, and leads him to acknowledge himself a bankrupt.*—Because by nature a man does not feel this: "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked" (Rev. iii. 17). Now when mighty grace lays hold of man, he finds this to be true. Well do we recollect in personal experience that when a young man, sitting under the smooth ministry of a soft preacher, that we thought we were doing God's service, and really had within us "a most excellent spirit;" but, when led in the providence of God to listen to the searching testimony of the late dear Joseph Irons, our excellence all vanished, and we discovered that there was nothing good in us, but that "from the sole of the foot even unto the head there was no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores;" so that when divine grace melts, and the divine Spirit begins to teach, and the Lord opens the heart, we behold ourselves verily as perfect bankrupts: a debt of accumulated sins is shown us on the one side of the balance-sheet, and on the other "no assets." We have "nothing to pay," and there is the law taking us by the throat, and demanding "Pay me what thou owest," and nothing but condemnation stares us in the face; but oh, how gracious of the Lord not to leave us here! our extremity is His opportunity: and now He begins to show the awakened sinner His method of salvation. And this leads us further to,

III. *The almighty power which alone can bring the sinner out of this degradation—"He raiseth"—"He lifteth."*—During a late visit to the sea-side

we were standing on the top of one of the white cliffs of dear old England, with the broad blue ocean outstretched before us; upon looking down upon the rocks covered with sea-weed that skirted the coast, we discovered something moving. A closer inspection led us to see that it was a human being, so tiny and insignificant that we could scarcely discern what it was; and we thought in carrying up the eye to the blue canopy of heaven, "As I have been looking down upon that lowly one, God is looking upon us: that He sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers—that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them as a tent to dwell in. What an immeasurable distance there is between Him and me!" And this led us to think of how our dear Redeemer must have "stooped to conquer;" the Lord of glory descending to earth that His people might ascend to heaven; the Lord of glory dying a wretched death that His people might live a glorious life; the Lord of glory vanquishing hell that He might open the kingdom of heaven to all believers. He raiseth—He lifteth. Oh, this is a raising indeed, this is a lifting-up! And this leads us to think of

IV. *Jehovah putting His people into a place of security and dignity*, "to set them among the princes," and, as David adds, "even with the princes of His people" (Psalm cxiii. 8). Oh, we do love a religion that brings security; it appears to us that anything else is not worthy of the name. There is no security in the *joint-stock bank of free-will*; a run upon it at any time must bring it to ruin. To have to depend upon the caprice of the creature is an uncertain income indeed; it may be stopped at any moment, and leave the recipient a pauper. But, when we come to the work of the Eternal Three, settled, ordered in all things, and sure, this is firm standing. We can go with our cheques to this "*free-grace bank*," and they will never be dishonoured. We can draw, and draw indeed; there is a sufficiency for all our needs, and for the need of all who are drawing, or ever will draw, from that eternal treasury. Well, now, if salvation did not bring security, and eternal security too, we venture, with all reverence to our God, to assert it would be unworthy of Him; and yet how many in the present day are preaching a universal and uncertain salvation, depending upon the acceptance of the creature, and, when accepted, upon his will to retain it. Truth has indeed fallen in our streets; but, beloved, we have not so learned Christ.

"Eternal was the choice of God,
A sovereign act indeed;
And Jesus, the Incarnate Word,
Secures the chosen seed."

And then not merely has Jehovah put His people into a place of security, but also of dignity—"hath set them among princes." Now,

1. *Princes are of royal blood*.—And so are the Lord's dear people. The blood is the life; and they are blood-relations to the King of kings and Lord of lords. It is a wonderful mystery, but Scripture authorizes the assertion; for Jesus calls and owns His Church as "His sister, His love, His dove, and undefiled one." And again,

2. *Princes wear regal robes*.—And the Lord declares concerning them, "Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment." And what change of raiment is, Isaiah tells us: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of

righteousness" (Isa. lxi. 10). This is the best robe that the Father ordered to be put on the prodigal son when he returned to his mansion home. And then,

3. *Princes live close to the throne.*—And so do the children of God. The throne of grace is their constant resort; and, as Daniel when in trouble went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled three times a day and prayed, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime; so the Lord's Daniels know what it is continually to make prayer and supplication unto the Lord: often the lips moving, while the voice is not heard. Oh, to be kept near the throne! Oh, how we desire this!

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

4. *The purpose of God in all this work—to make them inherit the throne of glory.*—It is a matter of fact. Herein is security consummated, salvation completed, grace bursting into glory. Jehovah does not work without a distinct purpose in view; whom He calls, them He also justifies: and whom He justifies, them He also glorifies. What should we say of any man who worked without a plan? All we see that is ingenious and clever in man's working has been the result of much thought, deliberation, and human wisdom; nothing is attained without it. So it is with the great things of eternity. There is a first cause—the Eternal Three. There is a carefully-devised plan—the plan of salvation. There is the carrying out of this plan, which has been effectually done by our adorable Lord. There is the purpose of it all, namely, to make His saved ones inherit a throne of glory. O glorious consummation! sweet climax! My soul, aspire towards it—a "throne of glory."

"Eternal mansions! bright array!
Oh, blest exchange! transporting thought!
Free from the approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot."

5. *Who dares to gainsay this work?*—"For the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and He hath set the world upon them. He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness: for by strength shall no man prevail." Who dares to say this scheme of salvation "is not according to my notion of things?" "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another to dishonour? The pillars of the earth are the Lord's. He doeth as seemeth Him good in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say, What doest Thou?" No, reader; our position is to bow to His sovereign will, and, if there is anything we cannot comprehend, to ask the Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth. And shall there be any failure in this work? Shall there be any falling by the way, so that the crown may not be gained, and heaven may not be reached? Do note the next stanza of dear Hannah's song, which decides this matter: "*He will keep the feet of His saints.*" Oh, what a mercy! They are well kept whom the Lord keeps. He is too fond of His sheep to leave them to perish by the way. His own declaration concerning them is, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life: and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck

them out of my hand." Yea, as if to make them doubly secure, He adds, "My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Herein indeed is a glorious security. Beloved, our subject is fraught with divine consolation for the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. It reminds such of what they were once by nature, in a state of degradation; it shows how the mighty hand of a covenant God has rescued them, and put them into a safe position. It sets forth the dignity of the children of God, and that the divine purpose in all this display of His mercy and goodness is to bring them into eternal glory. What, indeed, hath God wrought for us!

"Redeemed and saved from sin and hell,
Divinely led and taught;
March on to Canaan's land and tell
What God—your God—hath wrought."

May the Lord keep us living as heirs of glory, loving as brethren, and looking forward to our glorious end; for our dear Redeemer's sake.
Amen.

Ilford.

G. C.

Pilgrim Papers.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

II.

"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."—PSALM xxxvii. 25.

I. THIS psalm has been a rich source of consolation to the Lord's children in every age and under every dispensation. It encourages the saint to trust in the Lord in the storms of adversity. It teaches him not to be envious when the wicked prosper, by reminding them of their end. It assures the man of God that his wants shall be supplied (ver. 3, 19).

And, what include, every blessing, Jehovah is his covenant God and *will never forsake him* (ver. 23, 24—28). Also the words of our text delightfully confirm this precious truth: from these words we present the following observations:—

1. The language of our text has an exclusive reference to the righteous.
2. It is the utterance of an aged saint.
3. We are reminded of the beauty and loveliness of religion.
4. Also of the blessedness of a righteous man.
5. The reason—God is his God, and never will forsake him.
6. The happy results of godliness often extend to the righteous offspring of the righteous.

These words have an exclusive reference to the righteous, a character admirably delineated in the word of God; the 30th and 31st verses are very comprehensive and descriptive.

II. Our text is the language of an aged saint, who could say, I have been young. The aged pilgrim is here taking a retrospect of the past; the aged may truly say they have been young, but the young have no right to calculate upon a long life. They cannot say with certainty they shall live to three score years and ten. Ah, how many children and young people are cut down ere they attain the strength and maturity of manhood. My dear young friends, seriously and deeply reflect upon this! They

are cut down as the flower of the field; even our pious youths are frequently taken from us. I will not say they are cut down; no, they are only removed—transplanted into a more genial atmosphere—into a richer soil, and to flourish in eternal beauty in the paradise above. There can be no doubt he who penned these words had devoted his youthful days to his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier: and how few such are found beautifying the Church of God! Oh, how I love to meet the aged pilgrim in the paths of righteousness, whose hoary hairs are laden with the fruit of the Spirit, and whose eyes glisten with delight when elevated toward his heavenly home. I love to hear such recounting the history of their trials and their conflicts, ending with, "Thus far the Lord hath helped me!" Oh, when contrasted with an aged righteous man, what a wretched character is a sinner grown old in sin.

III. We are reminded by our text of the loveliness and beauty which adorn a righteous character, and which are inseparably connected with godliness. This loveliness is substantial, solid; it will bear the strictest scrutiny; the more it is tested and tried the more pure and bright it will appear. It may be counterfeited, but the counterfeit will and must be detected; the form of godliness, the almost Christian we read of, will be stripped of this.

1. The commencement of a righteous life is beautiful. 2. Its progress is beautiful. 3. Its end is beautiful—the path of the just. It is like the shining light which shineth brighter and brighter to the perfect day. 4. Our text also reminds us of the blessedness of a life of righteousness.

(1.) It conduces in blessedness. (2.) As the righteous man advances in the life of God, blessings multiply and honours thicken around him. (3.) A life of righteousness terminates in a life of glory. (4.) The reason of all this, God is the covenant God of the righteous, and He never forsakes him. Hence the righteous man can emphatically say: "This God is my God for ever and for ever, and He will be my Guide even unto death." "My presence shall go with thee." Hence every attribute and perfection of God are engaged in behalf of the righteous.

(a) The experience of saints testify; witness Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Job, Daniel—Job, amidst all his affliction, on the rock.

(b) The purpose of God, the promises of God all present an irrefutable argument to prove this doctrine.

(c) The covenant of grace, and the work of redemption accomplished by the blood of the Incarnate Son of God.

(d) The whole tenor of the word of God; and let a few specimens suffice, Isaiah xlv. 3, 4, 9, the latter part of ver. 11, "Yea, I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it." And ver. 13, also Psalm lxxi. 5, 6, 15—18. Be of good comfort, O ye aged pilgrims! God will not cast you off; He will not abandon you now your labour and your toils are nearly ended. He remembers the kindness of your youth, He accepts your feeble efforts, though you cannot accomplish all your desires, He pities your infirmities; and, if the world be weary of you, He is not. The eternal God is your refuge, and underneath you are the everlasting arms, and, though the world sees it not, a halo of glory is encircled around you.

And what shall I say to the hoary-headed impenitent sinner? You, too, have been young; how have your youthful years been spent? The years of manhood, too? And you are yet promising yourselves a little longer? Infatuated men, "there is but a step between you and death!" Look back,

what a scene! Can you bear to look back? Time trifled, years murdered, now you are ripe for ruin. Oh, if there is on earth an object to be pitied, thou, thou art the man! How can I comfort you? There is hope concerning even you; such mercy extends to the old as well as to the young. Late repentance is often untrue; but true repentance is never too late. Oh, I entreat you, beseech the Lord of His great mercy to give you *true repentance*.

TO A FRIEND,

AFTER A LONG ILLNESS, DURING WHICH SHE HAD PASSED THROUGH
MANY TRIALS.

Her correspondent writes, "How pleased I am that the Lord permitted me to wet your lips with a sip of the Brook by the way."

BROOK of brooks, how sweet Thou
flowest
Through the land, my soul thou goest;
Brook of brooks, thou comest rolling
From the home where we are going.

Brook of brooks, no change Thou
knowest,
E'en when our poor hearts are lowest;
Never empty, never shallow,
Yielding fatness, yielding marrow.

Brook of brooks, Thou art a love-
stream
From the wounded side of Him
Who once died for you and me,
And proved His love on Calvary.

Never changing towards us, never—
Chosen first, and loved for ever.
Brook of brooks, thou choos'st the
way,
Coming to thee, day by day;
Leamington.

But, when weak and faint at heart,
Precious Brook, how sweet thou art
Brook of brooks, when all seems dry,
Thy dear stream is flowing by—

Never failing, on to flow,
Till no longer thirst we know.
Oh, my friend, I joy with you,
God has brought you hitherto;

Earthly trials, blow on blow,
Just when sickness laid you low.
But I guess, you asked not why?
Only prayed, *He* would be nigh,

Did not want the cup removed,
While His heart of love you proved.
And *one* sign He's proved true,
I have felt His love *through* you;

If we hold thus sweet communion,
Sure we must be His in union,
So that Brook, through all life's stages,
Shall endure—The Rock of Ages!

A. E.

ORIGINAL sin accounts for the remaining imperfections too visible in them that are born of God.

The brightest saints below ever had, and ever will have, their dark sides. Abraham, Noah, Job, David, Hezekiah, Jeremiah, Paul, Peter, John were sanctified but in part. On God's earth people are each a compound of light and shade. In glory, we shall be all light, without any mixture of shade whatever.

A believer cannot stand one moment longer than God upholds him, nor walk one step farther than God leads him.

A saint when he falls, cannot take that delight in sin which others do, because the will does not fully close with the temptation. Conscience, and partly a sanctified nature, declare against it; there is a secret dislike to it. Yet corruption, like a torrent, carries him away.

THE CHRISTIAN MAN'S DUTY, AS EMBODIED IN THE APOSTLE PAUL.

"And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons," &c.—ACTS xx. 18—35.

In analyzing this speech of Paul's and classifying it under the two heads of *duty to God* and *duty to man*, I have been struck with what the Holy Ghost sets forth in the first place as a Christian man's duty, under the first head, *Duty to God*, verse 19: "Serving the Lord with all humility of mind." This is very important to notice, being a grace we should more frequently pray for; as the apostle James says, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." And not only so, "But He giveth more grace." I do not think this grace of the Spirit can be cultivated or acquired, but must be asked of Him "who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given."

In verse 21 we find the Christian man's duty characterized in two more ways, "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Although repentance is placed first here, it succeeds true faith in the Spirit's work; but, as one cannot well exist without the other, we can understand why the apostle should not be over-nice (as too many are in the present day) in his manner of using terms, for we know there can be no repentance without saving faith in the soul, neither can there be faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, but it will produce great sorrow for sin; and "godly sorrow worketh repentance unto life." The more we see and believe in Christ as our Saviour, the more shall we see of what He saves us from.

In the 23rd and 24th verses submission to the will of God is set forth as a part of our duty to Him: "Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself." This is rather a difficult part of our duty to God, and one that requires great grace to fulfil. Sometimes a Christian man's trials make it hard for him to say, "Thy will be done;" yet, in the midst of all *his* afflictions, Paul's desire was "that he might finish his course with joy;" and, in this same verse (the 24th), there is another characteristic of this duty to God, namely, "to testify the Gospel of the grace of God," or, as it is said in the next verse, "preaching the kingdom of God." This is the duty of every Christian man, so far as he is enabled and finds opportunities of so doing, because in all things he should be seeking the glory of God and the good of souls, following the example of Paul: "For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." It is also a duty to God to feed His Church, which He hath purchased with His own blood, and to "commend it to God, and to the word of His grace" (verse 32).

In the 35th verse we are told "to remember the words of the Lord Jesus." What greater duty can there be than this? To remember the words, follow the example, and tread in the footsteps of the Son of God, that so we may grow up into His likeness, that God may be all in all. This we cannot do of ourselves, but are told to "ask and receive, that our joy may be full."

But we must now proceed to the second part of our subject, namely, *Duty to man*; which in these verses embraces a very wide field, which it will be somewhat difficult to keep within due limits. Praying the Holy

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Spirit will restrain us from saying anything that is not according to the mind and will of God, it appears that the first trace of a Christian man's duty in this respect is discoverable in the 18th verse, "Ye know from the first day I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons." In seasons of joy, seasons of sorrow, seasons of trial, and in seasons of temptation—yea, in all seasons—is the sympathy of our fellow-disciples a great comfort, and we should ask ourselves, "Do we always freely render it?" One is sometimes tempted to think it must be a hard thing to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," because we find so many mourners in Zion, who cannot tune their hearts to another's song, and who seem to take more pleasure in studying themselves than their blessed pattern. We are instructed to "look not at the things which are behind, but to press on to those which are before, to the mark, for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Why, then, should we not rejoice in so glorious a prospect? Yes, and rejoice with those who are even now looking "within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered."

The next point in this duty to man is shown in the 20th verse: "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house." There is large-hearted Christianity, to show others what we have been taught ourselves. "To do good, and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." And in this and the next four verses, faithfulness to his trust evidently marks the conduct of the apostle in a remarkable degree. "And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there." In Him truly was the promise fulfilled, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The Christian man is also anxious to maintain the truth of the Gospel, as far as in him lies, without reproach in the sight of men: "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men." He wishes to have "a conscience void of offence both in the sight of God, and in the sight of men."

The 28th verse is full of meaning, and contains a solemn warning to every Spirit-taught believer, showing them how comprehensive is their duty to the Church at large. "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." As Paul's speech was more particularly addressed to the elders of the Ephesian Church (ver. 17), how significant is this last advice to those who are placed over the Lord's people now to minister unto them in holy things! And then comes the solemn warning: "For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."

What earnest care was here! and how it puts us to the blush in the present day when we think of our lukewarmness as regards the souls of others. We sit silently by, and look calmly on, while our fellow-creatures are hurrying down to destruction and perdition. May the Lord make us more watchful, faithful, and prayerful! Then in the 32nd verse Paul's solicitude for his charge breaks out into supplication for them: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to

build you up," &c. Then the Christian man's duty is shown in his simplicity respecting the things of this life, and, when the principles of the Gospel are firmly fixed in his heart, and he is living in the enjoyment of them, he will to a considerable extent be free from the sin of covetousness: "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel." And the better to enforce these principles he teaches by example: "Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring you ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Thus, in this last verse, is the Christian duty of benevolence inculcated. It would be thought a very strange doctrine in these days that men should labour to support the weak, and give to them that need. It is easy to give of our abundance, but to work for the Lord's poor would be found to be quite another thing, and shows how far we have departed from the primitive simplicity of the early disciples.

And now, having very imperfectly analyzed these verses, the question arises, Where shall we find such a specimen of a Christian man now? The second commandment our Lord gave us is almost ignored in these times, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Is it because we think so much of the doctrines of the Gospel that we are apt in a great measure to forget the practical part of it? Or is it that divine life is at such a low ebb in our own souls that we have lost the fervour we once had, together with the zeal we possessed in God's service? The Church of Christ seems to be in a sad drowsy, sleepy state, saying, "I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on?" If these things are so, then are Christ's words being verified: "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

Surely there is more need than ever that we collect our scattered forces, and cry out, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our enemies are active enough, and lose no opportunity of gaining vantage-ground; the clang of battle is heard on all sides, while every power is engaged against us. Yet what a mercy! He who is for us is greater than all that be opposed to us, and in His strength we shall overcome. Then

"Soldiers of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror."

Manchester.

A LITTLE ONE.

THE SHEEP CRYING TO THE SHEPHERD.

THE Book of Psalms contains many precious prayers, and most of them were indited by the Holy Ghost in times of affliction. It is no uncommon thing for the Church of God to be afflicted. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all;" and it is encouraging to know, that all the afflictions God brings upon His Church are for her good; and for every affliction there is a "needs-be." Oh, how comforting to be assured that "In all her afflictions He is afflicted." Turning over the pages of my Bible my eye is attracted to the 80th Psalm,

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which was penned by Asaph; he commences the Psalm with a prayer—"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." These words were written under afflicting circumstances; what those circumstances were is uncertain. However, no Scripture is of any private interpretation, but is the common property of the Church of God, and intended for her benefit through all time, and, whatever be the afflictions she may be called to endure, she finds comfort in calling upon Him from whom all things come, as Asaph did when he said, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel," &c. In confining our remarks to this first verse, we see that the Being addressed is the *Shepherd of Israel*; and who is He? The Lord Jesus Christ. And who are Israel? They are God's loved, chosen, redeemed, regenerated people. They are called in Scripture by the name "sheep," in contradistinction to a non-elect world, called by the name "goats." The Lord Jesus is the Great Shepherd of the sheep (Heb. xiii. 20).

As the Shepherd of Israel He knoweth the sheep. The Lord says, "I am the Good Shepherd; I know my sheep, and am known of mine." This is most encouraging to the poor tried soul. However much he may be tried and exercised, whatever the circumstances in which he may be placed, the Lord knoweth. Nothing relating to any of the sheep is hidden from Him.

And then, as the Shepherd of Israel, He attends to the wants of the sheep. David knew this from experience, and therefore he said, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Depend upon it, if a sinner belong to the Israel of God, he shall not want any needful good. "The Lord God is a sun and shield; He will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk upright." Does the poor sinner want forgiveness? The Lord grants him this, because the Good Shepherd gave His life for the sheep. Does he want restoring grace to rekindle love? to restore the joy of salvation which often departs from him? The Lord grants this grace because it is treasured up in Him who is the Shepherd of Israel. Does the poor sinner want light to understand the Scriptures? strength to hold him up from day to day to enable him to persevere in the path of life? The Lord grants all this, and thus as the Shepherd of Israel He attends to the wants of the sheep. And then He will not suffer one of them to be lost. How can He? The Father gave them to Him not to lose, but to keep; and with His blood He bought them. True, they often wander from Him in heart, but then He looketh after them. He knows their whereabouts and will search them out; He will not leave them to themselves. If He were to leave them, they would certainly perish, but "they shall never perish." Turning to the parable of the lost sheep, we have beautifully illustrated the truth of the Lord looking after His sheep. "And He spake this parable unto them saying, What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." And thus we learn from this parable that the Shepherd of Israel will not suffer one of the sheep to be lost. "They shall all pass again under the hands of Him that telleth them."

"His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

And then the prayer offered to the Shepherd of Israel is, "*Give ear.*" The Psalmist who penned the words of the Psalm belonged to Israel, and therefore he was sure to gain the ear of the Shepherd. God's people often cry, "*Give ear.*" What times do they want the Lord to give ear? In times of *distress*. Such a time the Church experienced when the Psalmist penned this psalm. The Church of God is often in distress; it is God's will that she should experience times of distress, and He intends them to work together for good, which they do, since they make her feel her dependence upon the Great Shepherd. To notice some of these times of distress. There is the time of *anxious concern after salvation*; such a time is often experienced; when the sinner is first awakened, an anxious concern after salvation begins; and, when he has tasted that the Lord is gracious, and has found salvation in the Lord, there is often an anxious concern, whether he is interested in the salvation work of Christ, whether his sins are forgiven, whether he is built on Christ, the everlasting Rock of a poor sinner's salvation; sometimes there are doubts and misgivings on these points, and then the language of the poor sinner, as bespeaking an earnest concern after salvation is, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel." Then there is the time of *seeking needful blessings*. The Lord grants to His people a seeking mind for most of the blessings He bestows upon them, and therefore it is recorded, "I said not to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain." And what does the living soul seek the Lord for? For needful blessings; for fresh supplies of grace to enable him to continue in the way of life; for a sense of pardoning love and mercy; for the enjoyment of the felt presence of the Lord; for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit: and what is the language of the seeking soul? It is well expressed by the Psalmist—"Give ear, O Shepherd," &c.

Then there is the time of trial in providence and grace. God sees fit to try His people. He tries them in *providence*. Then they are brought into difficult circumstances, as was Abraham when he was commanded of God to slay his son; or as Jacob when there was a famine in the land of Canaan; and again when his youngest son was taken from him, and he said, "All these things are against me;" or as Job when he was afflicted and said, "Naked came I forth out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." At such times the living soul seeks the Lord, and what is the language of such a one? It is well expressed by the Psalmist, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel." There is also *trial in grace*. This is experienced when God hides His face from the soul, when the child of God cannot see his signs of grace, when he longs for communion with God, and yet he is deprived of it. He often prays at such times, and finds the heavens as brass; he is often dissatisfied with himself, yet unable to be different; his love is often cold, and yet he is unable to rekindle it; his faith is often very feeble, and yet he has no power to strengthen it; he is most anxious for the Holy Ghost to bear witness to his spirit that he is a child of God, and yet there is the devil harassing his mind, sifting him as wheat, and seeking his destruction. Beside all this there is an evil heart of unbelief, which is ever causing him to depart from the living God; and thus the path of the child of God is one of

trial. And what does he do in every fresh trial? He cries unto the Lord. And what is his language? It is well expressed by the Psalmist, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel." Is the Shepherd of Israel indifferent to the cry? No! "Call upon me," he says, "in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Again, "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers." Again, "I love the Lord," said a gracious man, "because He hath heard the voice of my supplications." The exhortation addressed to the flock of God is, "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Are the children of God in distress? let them cry to the Shepherd; if no answer, cry again and again, for so did the Psalmist who penned the words, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel," and in *His own time* He will hear. The Shepherd of Israel *cannot* be indifferent; He cannot be deaf to the voice of Israel. Indeed, He delights to hear the voice of His bride. "O my dove," He says, "that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs; let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice: for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." The voice of the Church, therefore, instead of being unheeded by the Great Shepherd, is that which He loves to hear. It is the voice of those whom the Shepherd loved with an everlasting love, and chose in Christ before all worlds to be the heirs of life; it is the voice of those who are redeemed with the precious blood of Christ; it is the voice of those who are united to Christ as the wife to her husband, as members of the body to the head, as the branches to the vine; and therefore it is a union which shall never be severed; it is the voice of those who are covered with the robe of the Shepherd's righteousness, and clad with the garments of His salvation. All through the wilderness the Israel of God will need to cry to the Shepherd; they will always have *some* confession to make, *some* request to offer, *some* want to be satisfied, and, since the Lord sees fit to keep them waiting, to make them feel their dependence upon His sovereign power, therefore the unceasing cry of the Church will be, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel."

And then as a kind of plea which the Psalmist seems to put in to urge the Shepherd of Israel to give ear, he reminds Him of His gracious dealings toward Israel: "Thou that leadest Joseph," he says, "like a flock." Joseph was one of the sons of Israel or Jacob, and the Shepherd of Israel led Joseph (that is, the posterity of Joseph, who sprang from Ephraim and Manasseh, the two sons of Joseph) out of Egypt through the desert to Canaan along with all Israel. How did He lead them? "Like a flock," *i.e.*, the shepherd leading the way, the sheep following. Blessed be our Great Shepherd, He still leads His people, and so He hath promised to do. "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which *leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.*" And well that the Great Shepherd is the Leader, else the sheep are sure to go wrong. In leading them He has much to contend with: there is in them all a tendency to wander; on the mountains of carnal dependence and worldliness they wander; in the broad ways of free-will, stubbornness, and self-will they wander. But then the Shepherd of Israel abideth faithful; He does not *leave* them; He in His grace overcomes all difficulties and obstacles, and causes them, as the effect of His drawing power, to follow their Leader. And then the Shepherd has to contend with the blindness and ignorance

of the sheep. They often walk as those who are blind; they cannot see their way. But He who leadeth Joseph like a flock says, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

The Lord does not *drive* His people by the *lash of law*; they are all *led*, sweetly led, by His gracious hand. This leading is a proof of their eternal sonship. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." To every poor crying distressed sinner, the Lord Jesus, as the great Shepherd of Israel, says,

"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

And what is the language of the poor sinner? He says,

"Only, Lord, my Leader be,
And I still will follow Thee."

And in what paths does the Lord lead His people? David answers the question in Psalm xxiii., "He leadeth me in paths of righteousness." What *are* those paths? Gospel paths, in which the righteousness of God is displayed in the salvation of sinners; and all who are led into Gospel paths are clothed with God's righteousness, which Christ wrought out, a righteousness imputed to them by faith. Yes, and all the flock of God are known by their desire to be "found in Him, not having their own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." And why does the Lord lead His people in paths of righteousness? The answer which David gives is, "For His name's sake." What name? His covenant name's sake; that name by which He has ever been known in the Church, viz., "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." Because of this covenant name, which God has revealed to the Church respecting Himself; therefore He leads His chosen blood-bought people in paths of righteousness, and all His dealings with His people are "for His name's sake;" and, when He hath brought them all in triumph to glory, the reason to be assigned is "for His name's sake." My earnest prayer to Almighty God is that both writer and reader may belong to the flock of God whom the Shepherd of Israel is *leading*; and after a few more setting suns, we shall be gathered to the heavenly fold, and see our glorious Shepherd as He is, be like Him, and dwell with Him for ever.

Tyldesley, Manchester.

JAMES JOHN EASTMEAD.

(To be continued, D.V.)

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 244.)

"Be not wise in your own conceit. Recompense to no man evil for evil."—

ROMANS xii. 16, 17.

"WISDOM is justified of all her children, and they drink pure draughts from her fountain." The wisdom of God is heir with humility, and always accompanies the joint-heirs of Christ, so that they are not wise in

their own conceits. "Recompense to no man evil for evil." Oh, my soul, no weapon for thee to fight these battles with, but wisdom's weapons, which are spiritual, and mighty through God to pull down strongholds; without hands, binding the triumph to her chariot-wheels, and carrying the trembling warrior to tread upon the neck of the heroes of pride, and the treasures of peace shine on their armour-girdle with refulgent delight.

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God."—ROMANS xiii. 1.

Subjection is a great honour and an ornament and a delight, so far as the truth as it is in Christ Jesus bears the rule. "Higher powers"—not having man for their author. The love of Christ and the truth of Christ are the higher powers; and such faithful rulers are ordained of God, and strike terror to the wicked, and are a praise to them that do well. May Jesus fill England's outer court with such rulers, and the courts of Zion be adorned with spiritual men, and the subjects of grace fed with Gospel treasures, and be conformed to the image of His Son!

"But in those sacrifices there is a remembrance again made of sins every year. For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."—HEBREWS x. 3, 4.

Christ our sacrifice and atoning High Priest shed the pure streams of His own precious blood for the salvation of His Church, from Abel the first, to the last heir of grace. That makes up the number of His elect—"without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins;" and without the application of His blood there is no peace. The price of redemption was not in human veins of the sons of Adam, though the hearts of myriads should have been drained of their crimson stain; the blood of beasts carried the type to the outer court, and the ashes of wrath bore witness to guilt. The types of slain beasts were ready receivers to carry to the great ante-type, that the full discharge might be from the privy purse of the crown in the hands of the mystic Paymaster, engaged to purchase the freedom of His Church. There was none to object to it, for none knew it but God the Father, and they to whom the Holy Ghost reveals it, which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they have known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. O my soul, rejoice in this—in the renewals of Jesus-visits, whose watchful care and very present help is my soul's delight.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word."—PSALM cxix. 67.

O my soul, has God the Father in Christ, His dear Son, put thee to the best of all schools, where He has by spiritual discipline taught thee to know thyself—a lesson which thou couldst never learn of thyself! O my soul, where wouldest thou have wandered had not Jesus brought thee back? Oh, how oft hath Thy gentle hand guided my soul safely by the hidden snare, and securely hid me from the deathly harm of the fowler's hand. O my soul, in thy afflicted seasons how oft has the word of promise been made sweet to thy case in these afflicted moments! How welcome the tidings and treasures that it brought to me when faint and ready to sink! Oh, how I love Thy word! I cannot forget the joy that it did me afford. O incarnate Christ, Thy word is Thyself to me. Holy Spirit, fill my soul's cup with draughts of Christ's undying love. Amen.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—ISAIAH lxy. 24.

The secret sigh of a burdened soul passeth the ranks of angels swifter than lightning, to besiege the throne of God, and lays the prize at the feet of the burdened mind before the mouth can speak. Oh the come-to-pass gift! "before they call." Here is thy answer unasked for; here is love on all sides—topless, bottomless, boundless love, undying, death-overcoming, better than life, death-destroying victory. Victory is Thy divine shield; "the first shall be last, and the last first." Both hands full, and a soul overflowing with praise; faith and love and prayer shout together. There is a jubilee feast, and Christ is in the midst. "While they are yet speaking, I will hear." "I will apply my blood and righteousness to thy conscience, and loose thee from thy bondage, restore thee to the joys of my salvation, give spiritual freedom for thy intercourse, and love and glory in covenant mercy shall be thy delight while thou art the subject of tribulation on this side of the bank of the river." Amen;

"And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."—GAL. iii. 29.

"O wretched man that I am!" the offspring of Adam, in this body of sin and death; the seed of Abraham in covenant promise, heirs of God in covenant gifts, joint-heirs with Christ in covenant fulfilment, heirs of grace in adopting love, and heirs of glory, our prepared home. O my soul, what a security, holy and divine. Thy genealogical line is in Godlike divinity. One is taken and another is left; prove thy sonship in Christ, and thy title is good; thy heirship reign was sealed on Calvary's rugged tree, and lines of blood mark the way. O first love, that I cannot forget! Mark, O believer, and look at this, however dark, dismayed, tried, or shut up thou mayest be! First love brings up all her train, and loves thee into love again, and lays her sweet memorials upon thy soul, and her perfumed odours upon the altar of thy heart. Her rightful claim drives all buyers and sellers hence, and all false lovers from taking the royal seat. Love is supreme in power as well as delight, the interim of heaven's glory, the endless love of Jesus, the glorious love of my soul.

"And they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away."—1 COR. vii. 31.

All creation stands obedient for the service of the lost man, whether in sickness or health; rest, healing, comfort stand in a divine order for him. A good servant ought not so to be abused, nor given comforts estimated so low. Lying vanities are serpents that breed in human corruption, and their stings lie too near not to be felt when faintly resisted. Our mercies are passed over in too light a way, until Ichabod's withered carcass makes its ghostly appearance. Ichabod is more to be dreaded than a host of wild beasts; and, if this ever enters the strongest temple, the dry-rot will damage the carved cedars. Ichabod in nature brings on the leprosy, and no human physician has either skill or medicine to bottom the malady.

"Deliver me from the will of mine enemies."—PSALM lix. 1.

Wait patiently, O my soul, thy Jesus will appear; He will not suffer them to do thee any wrong. "They shall consume away as the fat of lambs, and vanish as the smoke." All they shall do to thee shall only make thee nestle to the warm breast of thy Christ; better to be driven by

thy enemies' threats than to be drawn by entreative flattery into the delusive snare of Delilah's lap. The world's enmity has no sting to infest Zion's sons, but her flattery shoots personal arrows and death; fleshly entreaties are vipers in the eggs, and will sting at midnight, and beat at conscience's pearly doors with resistless weapons. O my soul, learn this lesson to thy own profit, that Jesus is all thy trust, and thou shalt never be confounded nor left without a realizing friend, but "as thy days, so shall thy strength be;" not in thyself, nor of thyself, not by thy might, but the promise applied in thy distresses is the strength of Christ in thy weakness. O believer, this is yours, and can never fail; no question to be asked who you are, nor what you are: that is all known. Thy Daysman Jesus was born for adversity; every setting sun shall be your dial, and your arithmetic cast up in Ebenezer columns. "Christ my help." O ye highly-favoured of the covenant of grace, your "lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

"My song shall be always of the lovingkindness of the Lord, and be telling of His salvation from day to day."

All the songs of Zion are entered at the court of Calvary, and none but the Holy Ghost can draw them from the sacred treasury, and fill the empty harps of Zion's songsters with the lofty strains of their melodious joys. O my soul, none can learn this but the redeemed. Salvation to our God, the high theme of the undying love of Christ; His righteousness and blood, the chorus of every song. Every Sabbath is a jubilee, and every night a model for new events, and every day a telegraph of good tidings of great joy. Dear child, hear what thy precious Jesus saith: "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." The friendship of the world is enmity against God. Christ Jesus is the Bulwark of eternal safety. The world's enmity shall ward off the league which thou, my soul, wouldest make with her poisoned sophistry, and thy nature is taken captive without hands, and is humbled in the dust. How sweet thy retreats, O my soul, to thy closet, from the storm and tempest, nestled in the warm feathers of electing love. Thy company is better than angels', and Christ is the strength of thy joy, and redemption the cheering song that gives thee a homeward prospect, and an eager panting for celestial day.

"The time of my departure is at hand."—2 TIM. iv. 6.

All the living in Jerusalem who are enjoying communion with Jesus, no matter where their persons may be, their Jesus is the holy telegraph through all worlds, and through all secret things. Secret things belong unto Jesus, and His secrets are with them that love Him; the secret thoughts of all lay open to Him. But, dear child, it would not do for thee to know this; it would be too painful for thee to know this, for numbers of these are overthrown and overruled, as Joseph's brethren were: "Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is to this day, to save much people alive." The Lord overrules the secret thoughts, and how often wouldest thou rejoice for Jesus to take them away from thee! This secret is alone with Jesus, and He only knows how to overrule them. Thoughts have their own objects upon whom they settle and fix. When thy thoughts are fixed upon Christ, He is a proper object; there is both communion and intercourse; these hang like holy clusters round about thee.

"I have seen his ways, and will heal him."—ISA. lvii. 18.

Oh, poor child, hast thou appeared before Jesus as a secret mourner this morning, wounded in the deep, and breathing out thy broken accents in some secret corner where no eye but the eye of Jesus could be privy to thee, in thy sighing, mourning, disconsolate exercises? Jesus' eye is upon thee, He speaks out to thee, "I have seen thy ways, under thy wounded feelings I will heal thee." Mark, dear child, thy dear Jesus' expression, thy dear Friend; behold, His balmy hand shall take away thy sting. Oh, how suited to thy burdened case; if it is a broken heart, the wounded He will make whole, and restore unto thee the joys of His salvation, and uphold thee with His loving free Spirit.

(To be continued.)

NO ROOM FOR JESUS!

"And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE ii. 7.

THERE was no room for Jesus, the caravansary
Was thronged with richer pilgrims, no shelter there had He;
But in the ruder stable, where beasts were housed and fed,
There in the lowly manger reclined His infant head.

The foxes have a covert, the wild bird has its nest;
But through life's weary journey *He* found no place of rest:
Despised, betrayed, and murdered, by those He came to save,
On earth His last cold slumber was in a *borrowed* grave.

There is no room for Jesus, in hearts where Satan reigns;
He holds them willing captives, fast bound in sin's dark chains:
They love their deeds of darkness, approve earth's pleasures well,
And, in their mirth and madness, dance gaily down—to hell!

There is no room for Jesus, in thousands fair to view,
Who never felt their vileness—their guilt of crimson hue:
His name they often mention, yet ridicule His grace;
The whole need no physician; the contrite seek His face.

There is no room for Jesus, among the Rulers still;
They laugh to scorn His servants, oppose His word and will:
His deadly foe they foster, receive her cursed brand,
And league with her to humble our dear and happy land.

There is no room for Jesus, where senseless priests instead,
And England's sons and daughters, adore a piece of bread:
His presence is not needed, His merits are denied;
They love the hateful crucifix, and hate the Crucified.

O foul disgrace to Britain, home of the brave and free!
The boasted land of Bibles and glorious liberty!
Oh, sooner die than grovel before the man of sin,
Or sell the priceless birthright your fathers died to win.

There is no room for Jesus? Yes, in this heart of mine;
Room for Thy blessed Spirit—thy love and grace divine:
To feel Thy blissful presence, to know my sins forgiven,
Were joy alone transcended by perfect bliss in heaven.

Scarboroughh.

W. S. ROBINSON

"ROB ROY" IN THE HOLY LAND.

THE following letter to the Secretary of the Open-Air Mission from the Honorary Secretary (the well-known "Rob Roy" of the press), now on a six months' tour in Egypt and Palestine, will be read with interest by the members and friends of the mission :—

"Tell Hum, Sea of Galilee, *January 24th*, 1869.

"DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you may have seen from my letters in the *Times*, or the *Record*, what a very delightful journey I have been enjoying. In many respects this tour is entirely unique; and I cannot imagine any mode of travel, or any place for travelling in, more intensely delightful. I have carried my canoe all the way with me quite uninjured. I have thus had access to parts hitherto unvisited, and have, I think, made important discoveries, all tending directly to verify the blessed word of God in its minutest particulars. Perfect health has also been granted to me all the time, and splendid weather. I have had to go through heat like the tropics, and the frozen air round snowy Hermon. I have had storms of wind and thunder, and gales on the water. Yet all of them came just when it was best for seeing the country under different aspects.

"Other adventures also I have had, and you will see in the *Record* and the *Times*, in letters I sent yesterday, an account of the attack upon me by the wild Arabs of Heuleh, who fired on me, and with bludgeons and spears jumped into the water and finally captured me in my boat. But I carried my point even with these, and went to the spot I started for; and after all no harm was done, while I have the satisfaction of knowing that 'under fire' I am as cool as possibly can be.

"But the charm of course of this journey is the sacred land it leads me through. Much as I enjoyed my former visit to Palestine, nearly twenty years ago, I was then too young and inexperienced to know and to see and to feel what now is impressed on me day by day. Besides that, I had then a companion, and it is far, far better—especially in tours of this kind, where deep sentiment is aroused, and the heart communes in secret—that no one whatever should interrupt its quiet thought.

"Just think, for instance, of my first day on this lovely lake of Genesareth. I sat in my *Rob Roy*, in the centre of the northern part of the lake. The hills on shore were about three miles off on either hand. The air was balmy, like the finest June day in England. The sun shone, but veiled by a delicate curtain of fleecy clouds. The water was blue, and without a ripple. The sounds of sheep bleating and streamlets gurgling were the only music: and there I read in my Testament John vi., following every incident by actually looking at the places mentioned. Finally, I went to the spot where the Apostles started in their boat, and I rowed the 'twenty-five or thirty furlongs,' which they had toiled through in the direction of Capernaum.

"Then again, yesterday, the scene had entirely changed. A thunder-storm gathered far off with distant rumblings, low but deep; the clouds mounted on high, the rain poured down in torrents, the wind rose to a gale, and my little canoe was tossed on the raging waves. To get ashore from this was not easy, and to save my boat I jumped into the water, and so got her to land on this rocky beach.

"Sitting now in my tent, when I raise my eyes they light upon Gergesa, and the place where the demoniac was healed. I have already

been across to see if I could make out the place where the herd of swine ran into the sea.

"But everything I have seen and probed to the bottom has always turned out at last to be in *complete* accordance with the Bible. Yes, dear sir, it is *not* a 'cunningly-devised fable' that we are living by. Christ's religion is a reality—a dreadful reality—dreadful to many, but sweet and charming to some.

"I have had many opportunities of speaking or preaching in the open-air to schools, to groups of men and women, and to individuals to whom I have given tracts.

"Those who are privileged to visit this land have a talent trusted to them, which they will have to answer for. We can indeed know and receive the Lord without living in the towns where He lived, or walking on the ground He trod. It is in a spiritual manner we must know Him, and not 'after the flesh.' Paul knew Him in both ways; and he distinctly tells us he did prize His natural knowledge of Christ, obtained by having seen Him with the eyes of his flesh; and rested on the knowledge by faith, which all of us may have without coming to Palestine.

"Still it is indeed a glorious thing to have seen this country. Here, where I am spending a week, the Lord of glory passed three years as a man. I am just now encamped in a ruined city. Under my feet are its black stones, but no one can tell its name. It is one of three or four thought to be the ruins of Capernaum; but the best authorities are entirely at variance as to the sites of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum; and yet all these must have been within two or three miles of this spot. Now Tyre and Sidon are well known. Is not this a most curious confirmation of Christ's words of woe, that these three towns should not even be known as ruins, while for Tyre and Sidon it is more tolerable even now?

"I trust you have been going on well in the Mission. Perhaps you may read this letter at your next meeting, and give my Christian remembrances from Galilee to all the members of our society.

"I shall soon have finished this tour; but I can never, never forget its sacred delights. Nor is it other than pleasing to God that we should be thankful for having such sights as I have witnessed. When the two disciples of John followed Jesus, He turned and asked, 'What seek ye?' They said, 'Master, where dwellest Thou?' He said, 'Come and see.' Gracious words these! I, too, wish to know where He dwells, and He says to me, 'Come and see.' Yes, and where He dwells *now* I shall also see; nor can I suppose that even in Heaven the redeemed followers of Jesus will cease to remember, or to speak of with interest, the very hills and rivers and plains and cities which, during this very delightful journey, I have had the great privilege to visit.

"Yours faithfully,

"Mr. G. Kirkham,

"JOHN MAC GREGOR.

"Open-Air Mission, 11, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C."

In the midst of much exercise of mind, it is possible that hope may languish, and comfort be reduced to a low ebb; yet the Divine Life may still be advancing, and the soul growing in humility, deadness to the world and the mortification of her own will, as the sap during winter retires to the root of the plant, ready to ascend and produce verdure and beauty on the return of the spring.

HEAVENLY SECRETS.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD.—Your warm epistle arrived safely this morning, and has been read and re-read with very much spiritual pleasure and inward delight, and I have no doubt resting upon my mind, that when you were writing it, you could say with our mutual brother Peter, "Lord, it is good to be here." Well, it is good to be where our Beloved is pleased to reveal Himself, and to make known to us the everlasting love of His grace-heart and mercy-heart. He then tells us that He knows the thoughts that He thinks toward us, and we believe every gracious word that proceeds out of His mouth, and we can feelingly sing,—

"How precious are Thy thoughts,
That o'er my bosom roll;
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul:
How great their sum, how high they rise,
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies."

But when we shall have left the stage of time, when we shall have finally retired from the busy scenes of time-life, earth-life, flesh-life, and sin-life, when we shall be called upon by our Beloved to quit the dungeon of this world, we shall be ever with the Lord, and everlastingly like the Lord.

"A taste we have whilst in the vale;
But there the breath that we inhale
Will all be love and naught beside,
Streaming through Jesus' pierced side."

The inhabitant of that spiritual land shall not complain of earth-sickness, sin-sickness, flesh-sickness, or world-sickness. And the people that dwell therein shall be eternally forgiven their iniquities. "The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters" springing up from His wounded heart, and streaming forth from His pierced side. There can be no communication of ocean-love, but through atoning blood. The great love wherewith our covenant God loves us finds no way of reaching us but through the agony and bloody sweat of our Kinsman-Redeemer; and, although this mysterious and deep love took its eternal rise in the heart of our God and Father, there was no possible way for it to be conveyed to the lower parts of His earth, but through the channel of our Bridegroom's blood. The hidden life of God was revealed in the Vine of the Father's right-hand planting, and the fruit of covenant love was only to be found upon this choice Tree, which grew in the midst of the paradise of God; and this Vine must be bled to death to redeem the life of the Church, and the fruit of this spiritual Tree of life must be stripped from its branches, in order to make wine to cheer the heart of God and man. Thus He was made "naked and bare" to clothe His bride, and He was "dried up like a potsherd," that the "potsherds of the earth" might become "vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory." Hence from the death of Jesus sprang the life of His people; from the wounds of Christ arose the healing balsam of the Church. He died that we might live. He "was crucified through weakness," that we might rise in the resurrection power and glory of His Godhead. "In that He died, He died unto sin once; but

in that He liveth, He liveth unto God : " therefore " For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." For know ye not that " our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed." As the body of sin is destroyed, the body of purity, the spiritual body of Christ, alone remains indestructible ; hence " I live ; yet not I [in myself] ; but Christ liveth in me."

The life of the first Adam is a life of enmity against God, but the life of the Second Adam is a life of warmest friendship with God ; the life of the flesh is a life of distance from God, whilst the life of the Spirit is a life of nearness to God ; the life of nature is a life of defilement, whereas the life of grace is a life of purity. Flesh-life is earth-life, sin-life, world-life, and death-life ; but Spirit-life is heaven-life, divine-life, holy-life, love-life, light-life, grace-life, and glory-life. These lives and livings are " contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do " with the nature-life " the things that ye would " with the grace-life ; for " that which is born of the flesh is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." " Now the Lord is that Spirit : and, where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Therefore said one, " Uphold me with Thy free Spirit." We find that whilst " to be carnally-minded is death," " to be spiritually-minded is life and peace." But the carnal mind is never spiritually-minded, and the spiritual mind cannot possibly be carnally-minded. Nature cannot rise into grace, grace cannot descend into nature. The natural heart beats earthward, the spiritual heart throbs heavenward. The earthly mind is taken up with the moveables and vanities of the time-state, whilst the spiritual mind is engrossed with the immoveables and the vital realities of the heavenly state. Hence the life of the flesh is mortal life, but the life of the Spirit is immortal life. The first is a backward life, the second is a forward life—they lead in opposite directions, they live in contrary atmospheres, they associate with different companies. But, as the two lives are in the same person, and the " two manner of people " dwell in the same clay tent, the one is materially affected by the other. When the fleshly life is feasting, the spiritual life is fasting ; when the natural life is rejoicing, the heavenly life is mourning ; when the horizon of the first is clear, the heavens of the second are covered with a dense cloud ; whilst the one is singing nature's song, the other is sighing to realize grace's melody. Thus when our Esau-nature is up, our Jacob-nature is down ; and the Lord says, " By whom shall Jacob arise ? for he is small." He is small, and he knows it ; he is weak, and he deplores it ; he is empty, and he feels it ; he is dark in mind, and he mourns on account of it. But Jacob's God says, " Fear not, thou worm Jacob ! " Oh, how timely are his fear-nots ! How sweet are the words from His all-gracious lips ! How soul-satisfying are the smiles of His face ! How heart-cheering are His looks of love ! How mind-animating are the earnestness of our eternal harvest ! How perfectly contented are we when He speaks Himself into our new heart ! How we have all and abound when He manifests Himself unto us ! How we glide out of time into eternity, and retire from earth and self, when we feel the almighty drawings of His love, the powerful constrainings of His grace !

" Then we hold such sweet communion
With our Saviour, Brother, Friend ;
Sing His love, the bond of union,
Matchless love without an end :
Hallelujah !
Hallelujahs now ascend."

We well know that vital union alone will ensure real communion; therefore it is exclusively upon the ground of relationship that we enjoy holy intimacy and blessed fellowship with the Lord our own Beloved. Family secrets are sacred to the family, so that its members only know the love of the Father, the blood of the Son, and the blest communings of the Eternal Spirit. But we are well assured that

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt;"

for in eating Him, we live by Him: and in "seeing Him who is invisible," we are enabled to endure the buffetings of Satan, the reproaches of men, the scorn and derision of the false Church, and the implacable hatred and defilement of our sin-polluted heart. Strength equal to our day is promised us by Him who cannot lie; by Him

"Whose heart is made of tenderness,
Whose bowels melt with love."

With Jesus we are one; from Him we shall never be separated; with Him, in Him, and by Him, we shall ever dwell. He is the home of our heart, the dwelling of our soul, the bower of our mind, the seat of our rest, the source of our joy, the spring of our delight, and the river of our pleasure. Indeed,

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire;
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

Can you not join me in saying, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend?" To you I know He is "the chiefest among ten thousand," yea, "the altogether lovely." And what He is to you in the glory of His person and the perfection of His work, He has made Himself to be by the blessed revelation of His own Spirit. You can only know Him so far as He is pleased in holy sovereignty to open up and to unfold to your spiritual mind His eternal excellencies and unfading glories. He can only appear beautiful, glorious, and precious to the spiritual heart. The natural heart is enmity against Him; the carnal will is opposed to Him; and the child of the flesh runs in a way that is counter to the Lord's narrow way of life, secluded path of blood, and hidden way of holiness. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God," for they are continually running in a way not "cast up" by the Lord. "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit." As "joined to the Lord and one Spirit," the time past sufficeth us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles; and as led by the Holy Ghost we see an end of all perfection in the flesh: and "the life that we live in the flesh (not by the flesh) we live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us." In Him we find the creature-bond to be broken, the natural tie to be snapped asunder, and all fleshly relationships to be made null and void. Sin and sinning, in Him, recede from our view; the world and its so-called pleasures are banished from our sight, and love, blood, and salvation form the theme of our heart, constitute the delight of our spiritual mind.

Hence it is no marvel if we be looked upon by the religious world as most strange and eccentric. They know not what we are, they cannot tell where we live, they are in the dark as to what we feed upon, they are in utter ignorance respecting the source of our joy and the centre of

our delight. Our inner life is hidden from their rude ken, our secret communion with the Lord they are utter strangers to, and our sorrows and our joys they cannot be affected with, for our sorrows they know not, and our joys they share not. What cause, then, have we, most dearly beloved, to bless and to praise our God for inner-life and secret love!

"Eternity will fail to prove
The vast immensity of love."

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the flood drown it:" and when "the great love wherewith He loved us" is realized in the heart, when it is shed abroad in the soul, when it is opened up and unfolded to the mind, what peace flows in! What holy joy abounds! What sacred delight ensues! We are then happy in the Lord, joyful in our God, and ravished with the beauties and glories of our Beloved. We can then feelingly commit our way into His hands, and experimentally acknowledge Him in all our goings. There is no cloud to overspread our spiritual horizon, there are no dark shades to eclipse the blest rays of our Sun of righteousness, and there are no wilderness cares and sorrows to tease, perplex, and bewilder our mind. He grants us peace, and none can cause us trouble. He warms our heart with the fire of His love; He cheers our spirits by the odour of His blood; He refreshes our mind with the disclosure of His grace-thoughts and glory-purposes, and we can joyfully and cheerfully sing,—

"I'm happy, all is well!"

And now, beloved, for the time being I must say farewell. The Lord go on to bless you, indeed! We well know that

"He who whispers pardon'd sin
Was never known to lie."

and "Blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise," and "If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful."

With our best and united love, believe me to remain,
Yours ever affectionately,

JEDIDIAH.

A DREAM.

So far from dreams as a rule being pleasant or agreeable to me, they are for the most part the very opposite. I often sympathize with Job, where he says: "When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then Thou searest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions." At such seasons I am reminded of a dear child of God, who, on one occasion, told one of his fellow-pilgrims that he literally feared to go to sleep, because of the dreadful dreams with which he was harassed. Hence he had, from time to time, to pray earnestly that in this respect the adversary might be kept at a distance, and not allowed to worry and torment him. The dream, however, of which I am about to speak was quite an exception to the general rule, as far as I am concerned. I had passed a very restless night, and it was long after day-light, when, falling asleep, I dreamt that with a friend I was walking through a wide-spread churchyard; reaching the centre, to my amazement, I found some dozen

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to twenty tombs with the slabs which covered them half open, like the lid of a chest partially raised upon its hinges. Glancing beneath I saw occupant after occupant in the act of rising as if from a most refreshing sleep. There was not the semblance of death or any of the gloomy associations of the grave; but, as each person gradually rose, the countenance was irradiated with a brightness, a peacefulness, a serenity—yea, a joy—which words utterly fail to describe. Each looked in the full bloom of health and vigour, and as though consciously entering upon some unspeakably-blessed triumph and reality. My whole soul was perfectly entranced as I contemplated that marvellous, never-to-be-forgotten scene, and, addressing my friend, I exclaimed, "*Oh, it is a blessed covenant hope, the eternal waking up from all sin and sorrow.*" As I then really awoke from one of the most glorious dreams with which I was ever indulged, the words came to my mind, "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." This portion was immediately followed with the very solemn words of the prophet, "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

I have to thank God for the afore-named dream, which, for want of language to depict so glorious a scene, I have most imperfectly described. The savour of it still rests upon my heart, and has served under God to lift me up above much of the gloom and depression of which for a long time I have been the subject. I have had since a little taste of the sweetness of living by the day, and am praying my gracious Lord that He would kindly and mercifully enable me to give heed to His own most blessed word: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It is a blessed word: Lord, Lord, give me yet more and more to realize its precious power and unspeakable satisfaction.

D. A. D.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

"And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee."—PSALM xxxix. 7.

Why dost thou tarry here below,
Poor, weary one? I fain would know,
Why dost thou not take upward flight
To that fair home where all is bright,
Where none are weary, none are sad,
Where Jesus makes each spirit glad?
Why not go home?

Though oft impatient to behold
The glories which are yet untold,
Yet still I wait, with anxious ear,
Listening that joyful sound to hear,
When to the blessed home above
The voice of mercy and of love
My soul shall call.

My Lord and Master hath not yet
His servant called—doth He forget?
Ah! no; forgetfulness is mine,
Not His; I know His love divine

Cannot forget the graven name
Which on His hand remains the same
My name is there.

And every waiting day I live,
To God, my God, myself I give—
Soul, body, spirit, all—that He
May glorify Himself in me.
Nought that I have or am is mine!
It is His own that I resign
Into His hand.

Nor will I weary waiting here
If Jesus to my soul is near;
His heart is but on love intent;
His ear to each complaint is lent;
His presence can the lonely cheer;
His hand can wipe away the tear.
With Him I wait.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM xxxvii. 37.

A "WISE SON," WHO MADE A "GLAD FATHER."

(Continued from page 32.)

THE mind well taught of God immediately recognizes His sovereign parental hand in all the events of life; nor will those who walk in faith's implicit obedience seek for their daily supplies from any other source. Thus, referring to the abundant mercies of every day's bestowment, dear Josiah said, "God knows exactly what we need, and He will be sure to give us what is really necessary for us to have." Again he said, "But those who are without affliction of some sort do not feel their need of crying to the Lord." No, indeed, they do not; it is only "the poor" that useth "entreaties," and the afflicted that are the really necessitous: these will "cry unto God in their trouble," and He will "bring them out of all their distresses." Such were the daily exercises of our mind at this time of need and prayer. Furthermore, on being told of a person who said "he could live a whole day without sinning," Josiah replied, "Then more shame for him if he does not live so every day;" adding, "The thought of foolishness is sin." Yes, "if we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves," and there are some who live and die in this self-and-soul-deception. But blessed be God my son was taught of the Lord to know and hate himself, and it tended much to our "good hope" of him "through grace," that such an innate consciousness of heart-and-life-depravity kept him sensible of his state as a sinner to the last. It was his mercy also to know that grace must reign continually, to keep down and subdue the incessant risings of sin in some of its insidious forms or other. Indeed, so alive was Josiah to its secret workings within, that, though humbled as he was under the mighty hand of God, yet (as he said), "of that very humility he grew proud." Has the reader ever taken a walk through the chambers of imagery within? If so, he has seen all these abominations portrayed on the walls of his heart; and then self-aborrence and self-loathing must surely be his companions by the way. This is the necessary discipline of all those who are taught to love and seek the Lord; and it is only where the fruits of the flesh are thus felt and lamented, that the "law of Christ's righteousness" will be found in the mind, "warring against," disallowing, and hating the "law of sin" in our members.

My son was "chastened of the Lord" unto a discovery of these death-working principles within, which created necessities in his heart for the inwrought purity of the law of the Spirit of life, that Christ might reign supreme. Indeed, it was by the "rod" and the "reproof" (both administered in love) that he obtained much of the "wisdom" he possessed; and by which he "clean escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." Herein lies all the difference between those who are taught of God, and those whose tuition is of man. A "knowledge of

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sin" can no sinful creature impart. It is the "Spirit of truth" alone that convinces thereof, and therefore the distinction between the righteous and the wicked is made manifest by the Holy Ghost, thus, "some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after" (1 Tim. v. 24).

Oh, what a mercy if our sins are laid open to our view by the searching law of God in the conscience, and "thus go before us unto judgment;" the judgment of God, who giveth us a judgment also concerning them; so that we see them somewhat as He sees them, and are reconciled to His decision in their destruction, for it is only by the disclosure which this "candle of the Lord" makes in our hearts, that we are filled with horror, indignation, and self-hatred at the sight, and whereby we are henceforth led to humiliation, repentance, confession, and prayer. But we are thus judged of the Lord in time, "that we should not be condemned with the wicked hereafter." And herein lies the eternal mercy of our God to all His chastened, afflicted, and exercised people.

Among this favoured host was found my suffering son, who, being now so far loosened in the mental part, and unpinned in the mortal, was "separating" himself by "desire" (after Christ) from all that is earthly, that he might "intermeddle" with the purer glories of the heavenly. He had wellnigh dwelt long enough in this mount, and was soon about to be called up higher; therefore our thoughts were now turned to that coming celestial time, and that holy approaching place, where our corruptible selves shall have no more inheritance either in ourselves or in others, all being made perfect and complete in another, even in Christ. Thus among the number of our sick-room conversations was one on the subject of *personal recognition in heaven*; a pleasing and prevalent doctrine supposed to be derivable from the letter of Scripture, but which loses all its force and significance when viewed in the light of the Spirit: for how can we identify those in heaven we have loved on earth, without associating the earthly with the heavenly, which is contrary to the analogy of faith and the word of God (1 Cor. xv. 40, '48)? Or how can the husband recognize the wife, or the wife her husband, when "there is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus?" (Gal. ii. 28.) Or how are parents to find out their children, when all parentage among the adopted and redeemed is centred in God, who calls His one family by a name "better than that of sons or of daughters?" No, my dear reader, we shall all be changed, into the "same image" it is true; but that is not the earthly image, but the heavenly, even the likeness of our Lord Jesus Christ. Nor yet is it into half the image of the "first Adam," and half into the likeness of the "Second Adam;" but as mortality is swallowed up of life, so will creatureship be in Christ. For as "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God" even here upon earth, so neither can the principles of flesh and blood have any place in the spiritual kingdom above. The body terrestrial is one thing, and the body celestial is another. In the flesh we know no man after the Spirit, and in the Spirit we know no man after the flesh. There may be "children of God," whilst at the same time they are the children of men on the earth; but there cannot be children of men when they are the children of God in heaven. Here all affinities cease but the one eternal relationship subsisting between Christ and His Church.

"The Lord gave"—that is the beginning of all creature-union with us—"and the Lord hath taken away"—that is their ending; and it is for

us to bow, and say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." Such a Scripture is God's call upon us to deny ourselves as creatures, and cheerfully to give up ours to Him. "Cease ye from man," means not simply from your fellow-man, or from false and treacherous neighbours or friends; but from the very man-nature which we ourselves inherit, possess, and propagate. Our "affections" as well as our "lusts" (and the affections, being strongest, are put first) must be crucified; and, if they are not so in our lives, they will have their termination at the tomb. The grave is the burial-place of all memorials, and where a man's "love" as well as his "hatred" perishes for ever (Eccl. ix. 5, 6). God the Father hath made the concentration of all celestial felicities to centre in the Person of His Son; and, if our treasure is in heaven, our hearts must be in Him who constitutes that heaven, wholly and everlastingly fixed in Him. He alone is the true believer's "treasure in the heavens that faileth not." Christ Jesus the Lord is the fulness, perfection, and glory of God; and He who is God the Father's everything, must be the ransomed believer's all.

The reader will pardon me if I proceed further with this interesting subject, and which I desire to do, not merely because the dear departed so fully entered into the discussion, but so many kind and well-meaning sympathizing friends having sent me their condolence at my bereavement, founded upon the supposed (and to relatives sweet) idea that "the Lord will give me again in a better world this lost treasure."

Now my fond heart (second in affection, and perhaps creature-idolatry, to none) could wish it were so; that one so amiable, so virtuous, and so "wise," could be my own again. But of the "ransomed of the Lord" He says, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." And time is fast hastening on unto the restitution of all created intelligences unto God their Creator, who gave to mortality breath and to immateriality spirit and life. And the persuasion of this prevents me from cherishing the thought that He will restore anything unto me but that which "He took not away;" namely, the pristine holiness of God in Christ Jesus which I possessed in Him before the world began. 'Tis true, the "earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God;" but it is the "sons of God," and not the children of men, and that viewed in sole relationship to Him "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." "The Lord's portion is His people, and Jacob is the lot of His inheritance;" and the Lord alone shall possess Jacob or Judah as His portion for ever in the perpetually holy land.

For "there is one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him;" inseparably, unpluckably, and everlastingly one. "One spirit with Him." And so essential is the manifestation of this vital union, to the glory of God, that Jesus founded His prayer to the Father expressly on this wise: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee." All then are made one, "one new man;" and one becomes all. "My dove, my undefiled, is but one." Their distinctiveness is lost in Christ's consociation with the Father, and their personality in His perfection; and thus as there are no two loves (or twain sexes) in our glorified Lord, so neither is there aught of duality in the mystical sanctified members of His body. Being "made perfect in One," they possess oneness among themselves in His perfection. And as is their nature, such is their employment.

"Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

"Jesus is their glorious theme,
Every eye is fixed on Him."

And, were the heavenly order to be disarranged by individual greetings, or personal recognitions, it would disturb the harmony, displace the equality, destroy the peaceful unity, distract the soul's fixity, and thus deduct from Christ's glory.

Furthermore, that which the "sons of men" (so foreviewed) everlastingly were in Christ, known and named of Him before the world began, that they will be in Him when the world shall be no more. Eternity to come, is eternity past completed; the fulness and perfection of all the holy will of God in Christ Jesus for ever, and saints redeemed will enter heaven to enjoy that primeval glory they lost in the "first Adam," but regain in the "Second." And this is what God will "restore" to His everlastingly-chosen people at the resurrection of the just; when, being "gathered together in one," they will all be one, as "without partiality" here, without preference hereafter. Everlasting Love loves all alike; and the equally loved will equally love. Heaven is the prepared and appointed place for the great and grand consummation of all things; and the fruition of celestial bliss will be to have Christ's joy fulfilled in us, and not our joys fulfilled in one another (John xvii. 13). The ground of our perpetual rejoicings in glory will be in *the completion of salvation's work, and the crowning of Him who wrought it* (Rev. v. 9—13). And as "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied," so, when we "awake up in His likeness," we shall be satisfied too; not in seeing those we have known and loved on earth, but in seeing Him, and that, "as He is:" and I hope my tearless eyes in glory will be everlastingly fixed on Jesus, the Absorbent of all attraction, the concentration of all beauty, the centre and source of all perfection, the fulness and fountain of all real joy and peace.

"May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all."

Now these were some of the soul-reviving truths that sanctified our minds unto acquiescence in the will of God at the otherwise irreconcilable prospect of the parting that was before us. And as they are "the things of God," which can only be known by the "Spirit of God," I believe it was through having the "earnest" of this Spirit in his heart, that my son Josiah was led to see in Jesus "all his salvation;" and, as a consequence, "all his desire." So that he could say with David, "*Whom have I in heaven but thee?*" And it was delightful to know (as we gathered from this conversation at his request) that his latter moments were neither embittered with the thought of leaving us below, or buoyed up with the fallacious hope of meeting us again individually and preferentially above. For being well read and taught in the Scriptures of eternal truth, he, with ourselves, could see nothing but creature-fondness in the desire (Matt. xx. 22) or curious speculation in the idea (Matt. xxii. 24—28). Nor do we find any of the Old Testament saints indulging in the thought of such future self-interested gratification;* they buried their dead out of their sight, and never said a word on the subject more,

* See also an anecdote in *Old Jonathan* for June, headed "Seeing Jesus" (page 43).

other than as of themselves in due time going down to meet them in the grave (Gen. xxxvii. 35 ; 2 Sam. xii. 13). Nor will such allegorical figures as the "rich man and Lazarus" form a solid ground for faith, whilst the prospect presented to the sight of Job was not to meet his "three friends" or his children in heaven, but God his Redeemer; and "whom" he adds, "I shall see for myself, and not another;" and this is the desire of every saint, and which will constitute the "joy unspeakable" of the whole glorified body of Christ, when it is "full of glory" through Him. And it was in this selfsame spirit that the apostle Paul spake when he said, "Then shall I know even as I am known;" meaning, then shall I know *God*, even as I am known of God; for at the same time he observes, "Here we see through a glass darkly, but there face to face" (1 Cor. xiii. 12). Yes, "*face to face*," beloved; think of that. Our face to the face of God, and we not ashamed; seeing Him who is now invisible, with a perpetually benignant smile, at our bedecked and adorned appearance in Christ. Surely this will absorb all the powers of the soul! this will wholly captivate the mind, and form the one eternal charm complete of all the saved elect. Indeed, I believe such will be the perfect unanimity of thought, desire, and sanctified will in the redeemed; such the even oneness of the whole ransomed body of Christ, that they will all see "eye to eye," and "sing together" (Isa. lii. 8, 9).

"With equal love their souls inflame—
The same their joy, their song the same."

Such were some of our bedside thoughts and remarks upon the coming glories of the eternal world; we were each of us led to see that when made "complete in Christ" all the perfect powers of our souls (as part of the redeemed body of Christ) would be wholly and equally drawn unto Himself. And therefore in reading the Scriptures we could not but view the oft-repeated terms of "heaven" and "earth" as chiefly employed to distinguish merely between the things of nature and of grace, as they severally belong to their distinct kingdoms below (1 Cor. viii. 6). And even here the subject breaks open very blessedly to the mind, for to be children of Abraham in the flesh we must have Abraham in the flesh to our father; whereas to be children of faithful Abraham, in the spirit, we must be "born of God," and thus belong to His seed, which is Christ (Gal. iii. 16). In like manner the natural is lost in the spiritual, when we view the "brother," the "sister," and the "mother," as all being absorbed in the one obedient disciple of Christ. And here my son comes before me in the fellowship of God's Son, which makes us equal in the bonds of both relationship and love. And this brings contentment and quietude to the mind; and therefore, though sweet indeed is the memory of one so dear, and bitter to nature is the thought of giving up those we so fondly love, yet must our "affections," however tender and strong, not only be brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ, but be "crucified" for our good: that He who is to us the "hope of glory" now, may be glory's happiness unto us hereafter. How otherwise shall we say to the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,

"No love but Thine can make me blest,
Or satisfy my heart?"

Seeing, then, that this joy of our Lord's, which admits of neither addition, subtraction, estrangement, nor diversion, though it does of completion,

and is therefore "yet to be revealed;" seeing also that in the "heaven of heavens" with the "Father of spirits," "who maketh His angels spirits," that we shall be wholly spiritual too; that Christ glorified is to be the one inheritance of all the saints in light, and that the Lord's high-priestly portion is His people for ever,—let us seek even here upon earth to walk more in the Spirit than in the flesh, more in truth than in idea, more to God than to man: then shall we sit at His feet and learn of Him, and it will assuredly suffice for us to know that in the kingdom of glory on high we shall be "as the angels of God" (Matt. xxii. 30).

Nor shall my soul seek aught above,
But praise and glory, peace and love;
With one eternal gaze upon
The Holy, Holy, Holy One.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VICTORY OVER SICKNESS, SORROW, AND DEATH.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—What the glorious Mediator hath said (Luke xii. 3) has been impressed upon my mind, while calling to remembrance the life, sufferings, and death of that dear child of God, Mrs. Johns. It was by your desire, in the year 1860, that I called upon her, and found her very ill, confined to her bed in a consumption, of which malady her husband had died a few months before.

I said to her, "There is a skilful Physician that I know, who has, and does when He pleases, heal all manner of diseases, both of body and soul. What a blessed thing it would be for you, if you were brought to know Him. Then would you with confidence roll yourself, with all your wants, in all your weaknesses upon Him. And although it may not be His pleasure to heal your bodily disease; yet sure I am that He will heal your soul's diseases, when you have been made to *feel* and know them." Since that first interview, I have many times thought upon this dear sufferer, and how she turned, and looked upon me with a smile, saying, "Oh, sir, *I know Him* of whom you are speaking. Yes, sir, I know that wonderful Physician. But I did not know Him, until I went into the wooden church, and heard that man of God who preaches there. It was there, in that wooden building, the Lord was pleased to reveal Himself to me; and He still continues, under my sufferings, to reveal Himself in His loveliness. Ah," she said, "many of my neighbours chide me for going to sit under the same minister, and they say to me, 'What a fool you are, to go and hear that narrow-minded man, who preaches up election, and will not give people a chance of being saved. Had you stayed with us, or did you go to any other church, you would have many gifts; but the gentry will not give you anything, if you go to hear that man.'" Her reply to these lovers and seekers of the loaves and fishes was, "I do not go to church for worldly gain, but I go there to get food for my soul." But these belly-God worshippers, never having felt and known the pinch and pain of soul-hunger, made sport of the truthful statement of this dear woman.

For wise purposes, in tender pity, the Lord blessed the use of those remedies employed, and the dear sufferer, contrary to all human expecta-

tion, revived, and was in a little measure restored, so as to leave her room, and again to walk to the house of God.

After this, her daughter, then about twelve years old, was prostrated like her mother, and after, months of suffering, was removed, to see and be with Him she would often call her loving Jesus. After her death, she had a son who was nine years of age, who was seized with the same complaint, and in a little time he was taken away from the evil to come.

During the illness of this little boy, subscriptions were made towards defraying the expenses of building St. Luke's schoolrooms, and the little fellow laid himself out, in heart, soul, and strength, to render all the help possible. And the night when the Incumbent received the total which each subscriber and collector had to pay in, this little boy produced a bag full of farthings, which he had collected and saved out of his own little and precarious income. And so different from thousands of other children was his mind moulded, that he would not spend one farthing to please and gratify his own palate. Oh, no! all, all must go into the treasury to aid the good work of building the Schools for the poor and populous parish of St. Luke's, where he flattered himself with the hope that he should be favoured to hear and learn something of Jesus, towards whom his little affections burned with a tender and supernatural glow. But the Lord took him home to Himself, so that he never had the pleasure of meeting with the scholars in those schoolrooms which he had to the utmost of his power contributed towards the erection.

After the death of this son, the dear mother gathered strength and was able to attend the ordinances of the sanctuary. But last autumn, her complaint made rapid strides, and she was again confined to her bed, and her affliction this spring, 1869, ended in death.

But during the latter stages of her affliction, her sufferings were so great, that I found it a heavy task to visit her. It pierced my soul to sit by her bed-side and see her pains; for a few moments they would abate, and then return again upon her, and increase, until she would be thrown into rending agonies. I have visited the sick and dying beds of very many, both old and young, but never did I witness any sufferings to equal the sufferings of this dear woman. One day, while I was looking upon her tortured frame, the substance of two lines upon the sufferings of Jesus, in one of dear Hart's hymns, rolled into and over my thoughts; his words are,

"View Him grov'ling in the garden;
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies."

But to me, without any desire or effort on my part, the words came,

"Agonizing in the garden;
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies."

And this reading, when I came to examine it, and compare the word agonizing with grovelling, I saw that to agonize was more expressive, and conclusively in harmony with the Holy Ghost's revelation of that dreadful scene of suffering and woe, as it is recorded by St. Luke, "And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Indeed, I can truly say, that while I sat looking upon, and trying to condole with this daughter of grief, I had a deeper, broader, and more feelingly minute discovery of the sufferings of Jesus, the Sin-bearer, than I had ever had before. Ah, the Lord the Spirit, the Glorifier of Jesus, used the sufferings

of this dear woman to bring me in a measure to know experimentally what it was, and is, by faith to have fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings. That dreadful death which He died, I must have died for my original and actual crimes. But His death by grace being made a sovereign gift to me, and reckoned my death, therefore I am brought, in, by and through His death, to "reckon myself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Oh, how astonishingly mysterious! The sweet unfoldings of life and freedom were and are mine; the bitter agonizing death was His, and the suffering clue by which I was led into the sweet discovery was the anguished heart of that dying one, upon whom I had been looking and with whom conversing.

Upon one of my visits, she said before I knelt down, "Don't ask the Lord to prolong my life, but do ask Him to be pleased to remove me to that mansion which He has gone before to His Father's house to prepare for me. Oh, I want to see the King in His beauty, to be freed from this body of anguish, sin, and death. Upon another visit, when a little freed from pain she said, "Oh, that wooden church! It was there, ah, it was there the Lord brought me to a knowledge of Himself. Of that wooden building I may say, it was my soul's new-birth chamber. I shall have to love and bless the Lord through eternity for that building, and what He did for and shewed unto me in that place. Ah, Jesus Christ is, must, and shall be to me all in all. I am by nature and in my nature, as you have said, as black as hell, and I know that none of my patchwork will be of any service to me; oh, no, it must be Christ's blood only, to remove my blackness, and His righteousness only, the white raiment to cover my nakedness."

"Sometimes," she said, "I am tempted to fear that after all I shall be lost. Then my hope revives, God being the God of hope; and then I can say to the tempter, 'Well, Satan, when you shall have the power to take the throne from Jesus, then I shall be lost, but not till then; and that will never be. Remember, Satan, you could not approach to torment Job without the Lord's permission; nor could you raise up in me such distressing fears, if Jesus did not give you permission; and He permits you to do this that He might make you the more manifest as that great liar, and the father of all lies and liars.'" I said, "Yes, my dear sister, and as Satan has tormented you by his lies, and lying insinuations, so he shall, for those torments he has inflicted upon you, by retributive justice, be tormented for ever and ever; but you shall be comforted."

Such exercises and buffetings as these, I love to hear of them. Where they are not felt, I always find such people, as the Lord hath said: "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." But the distinguishing feature of this dear woman was, a being "emptied from vessel to vessel;" therefore her taste did not remain in herself, but spiritually was drawn out, to taste and relish the graciousness of the Lord God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And her scent was changed from creature-hunting, to inhale the sweet ointment and perfume of that *Friend's* counsel, that maketh the heart of those who are cast down to rejoice.

When I again visited this dear creature, I found her lying upon her left side, with her hand under her head, and, to appearance, in a doze. I stood for some time in silence, looking upon her and musing. The substance of my musing will be found in the poet's soliloquy—

"Soon thy griefs will here be ended,
 All thy mourning days below,
 Then, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go.

"Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast;
 To the climax of salvation,
 To His everlasting rest.

"For the joy He's set before thee
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live the life of glory;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign."

After a few minutes' rest her pains were again renewed, and she beckoned for her daughter to draw her hand from under her head. When this was done, she looked upon me with a look that seemed to pierce through my soul, and said, "I am waiting—waiting for the Lord to come. Oh, would He make haste; come and release me from this prison—this body of sin, pain, and death." I said, "My dear child, the Lord will not be hurried; He never does anything in a hurry. He has His *set times* for coming, going, and working. And, when you are brought to the end of your conflict, and your armour is put off, and you shout: 'More than a conqueror through Him that hath loved you,' then shall you see and acknowledge that your loving Lord, in His wisdom, hath done and made everything beautiful in His time. There will be then no dark spots, no barren wastes, no crooked events, or rough dispensations to be seen, in all, or any one of the Lord's dealings with you from first to last while here below. All—all will be one beautiful chain, every link of which has contributed its part to work out for you that "Far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," to be inherited in Him, and jointly with Him by you, through all the eternity of the eternal relative life of Him who is by His wonderful grace headship your life for evermore.

While I was speaking, the dear sufferer, exhausted by pain, went off into a doze. I said to the nurse, "Remember, within twenty-four hours from this time it will be with Mrs. Johns as dear Kent sings—

"As gold from the flame, He'll bring thee at last,
 To praise Him for all through which thou hast passed;
 Then love everlasting thy griefs will repay,
 And God, from thine eyes, wipe all sorrows away."

About seven o'clock in the morning of the day following my last interview, while wrestling in agony for breath, her soul took wing and fled into the bosom of her glorious Redeemer, Husband, and God. "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel." Hallelujah. Amen.

THE OLD PILGRIM.

[With respect to the forenamed long and intense sufferer, but now glorified and triumphant saint, our acquaintance with her commenced when called to attend her sick and dying husband. He lingered under, and ultimately died of, consumption; and, as from time to time we visited him, our feeling was that those visits were only welcome, as far as the wife was concerned, on account of the shilling we dropped into her hand upon

leaving the sick-chamber. Upon the husband's death, his widow left the parish, and we lost sight of her for some time, until one day she called upon us with a club-paper for our signature, in reference to her deceased husband. Her changed and meekened manner led to our making some remark, when, to our astonishment, she opened up, in the sweetest and most touching strain, how the Lord had met with her in our little temporary church. We had been preaching, she said, a series of sermons upon the first chapter of the first epistle of Peter; and, when speaking upon the third and fourth verses, the Lord brought home the word with saving power to her heart. "Reserved in heaven for you," she said, "it is *for you—for you*," came the word again and again. "What, *me*, Lord? such a sinner as *I*?" "Yes, *you*; it is reserved in heaven *for you*." And wherever she went it followed her, "*for you—for you*." Her testimony was most striking, and from that time she became a diligent and most attentive hearer whenever her extremely delicate and fast-failing health permitted. We never remember to have seen a greater sufferer. For months and even years we thought it scarcely possible she could last much longer, and yet she lingered month after month, and even year after year, again and again appearing in the house of God, when we thought she had quitted it for ever.

A dear friend told me that, on one occasion, she was so dreadfully harassed by the tempter and with unbelief, that she thought it was of no use to attempt to pray any more. She sank into such a fearful state of mind, that she thought one morning she would put on her bonnet and shawl, and go out, with the hope that she might divert her mind and walk off the dreadful feelings under which she was suffering. She had walked but a short distance, when, in the most unexpected way, she was met by a friend, who was at the moment hurrying to the train. He had passed her before he recognized her. The thought immediately occurred to him, "Why, that is poor Mrs. Johns; she will fancy I want to avoid her." Immediately turning back, with a few hurried words he dropped some money into her hand, and hurried on to the train. With that money she was enabled to meet some little matters which were pressing upon her, and thus the Lord showed her the truth of His word, "Before they call I will answer, and whilst they are yet speaking I will hear," as well as another sweet Scripture, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

We much regret that we could not note down at the time much that she said during our visits to her sick-bed. Suffice it to say, that at times her words came with such savour and power,—speaking as she did out of the depths of most distressing prostration of body, with the bones protruding through the skin,—that we could only sit and weep before the Lord, as we contemplated His divine faithfulness and all-sufficiency. During one of our last visits, when we really thought she would have died as we sat by her bedside, so distressing were the paroxysms of coughing, recovering her breath, she exclaimed, with uplifted hand, and as though with supernatural power, "*Oh, that blessed temporary church! Oh, that blessed temporary church!*" The testimony, under the circumstances, was most striking; and it seemed, for the time being, amply to repay one for any care or trial or affliction with which we had been familiar. Again we say, how much we regret not having noted down what from time to time fell from her lips; but often we find that, if not done at once, the statement at one sick and dying bed is either confounded

or forgotten in connexion with another. Her sick and dying testimony, however, was the full recognition and acknowledgment of the Lord's loving and gracious and tender dealings. Exhausted as she was, and her poor emaciated frame so completely worn and wasted, yet there was the bright and blessed exultation, that though "the earthly house of her tabernacle were dissolving, yet she had a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—EDITOR.]

Correspondence.

A WORD OF WARNING.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have many times had my pen in hand to send you a few lines, but it is not always easy to write what satisfies one's own mind, and it is difficult to think that what is unsatisfactory to the writer can ever be useful to reader.

Lest your readers should think I am slumbering at my post, or forgetful of you or them, I feel constrained to write something. May our gracious Lord direct my thoughts and guide my pen.

We live in strange times; apparently, enough is going on around us, both in the Church and in the world, to arouse the drowsiest, and yet it is with difficulty any are brought to see the real position in which we are placed, civilly and ecclesiastically, by the course of events which our God, in His all-wise providence, allows to occur. Truth abused becomes error. I firmly believe that "*the Lord reigneth*," and that all things must eventually produce *good—real good*—to those that love Him; but, if I am therefore supine, careless, and indifferent to the movements of friends and foes, for, or against, that which God has owned and blessed, am I not in error? This appears to me to be one of the faults of the present age, and I attribute it to the intensely worldly spirit of the day—a spirit which all the conveniences, so abundant on every hand, tend to foster, and by which we are, so to speak, cast into a "deep sleep." Individually, we seek and love ease, which is most injurious to our spiritual state. Churches dread being aroused—people like to be *religious* in the society of those who have the character of being religious, but are as worldly as any in matters of business and in scenes of pleasure and pastime. Even the things which may, not unreasonably, be engaged in occasionally, become matters of every-day pursuit; and, from this love of ease and pleasure, this unwillingness to be disturbed from the pursuit of wealth, or of carnal enjoyment, arises indifference to the cause of God and truth.

This is visible in those of whom we had reason to hope better things. Neither the declaration of Archbishop Manning, that the Church of Rome has undertaken to subjugate an imperial race; that, England again brought back under the spiritual despotism of the Pope, the rest of the world will soon fall an easy conquest; nor the fact that the vitals of the Church of England, and of Protestant dissent, are being eaten away by those fell cankers, *popery* and *infidelity*; neither the one nor the other of these is sufficient to drive away the lethargy conspicuous in many places. Truly, "vain is the help of man;" truly, now is the time when the arm of the Lord must be invoked; now must we individually, and collectively, cry

mightily to Him who is able to deliver. Let us "contend earnestly" with life and lip and pen "for the faith once delivered to the saints." Let us bear in mind the heart of man is the same it ever was since the fall; the word of God is the same; above all, that our God is the same omnipotent, wise, and merciful God who "spared not His own Son," and will, with Him, give us all things.

Help in the hour of need, wisdom in perplexity, and strength in the day of conflict, are all from Him, and from Him alone; and He has said, "For all these things will I be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do them for them."

Excuse these desultory remarks, and believe me,

Your faithful brother,

Astley.

ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE—CONQUEST IN DEATH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—How frequently do you try to impress upon the minds of your hearers this solemn truth, viz.: "In the midst of life we are in death." That truth has been verified very recently in the sudden removal by death of a near neighbour of ours, who, with his bereaved wife, were constant attendants at your church. The last time they heard you preach was on Sunday evening, August 2, when you spoke from those words in Heb. xi. 24; and you remember, dear sir, at the close of that discourse, you referred to some of your dear people who were going away. You said, how frequently, from time to time, some were missing from the congregation, and how, in all probability, that those present would not all meet together again in that place, &c. How striking and how forcible are right words! The departed one and his loved wife were much impressed with the solemnity of your remarks, and, after leaving the church, they met with a brother of theirs, told him how sweetly they had heard you preach, and of the solemn words relative to the uncertainty of life you gave utterance to; and, on parting, said, "Perhaps *we* may never meet again." On arriving home, the words still seemed to press upon their minds. They read together the word of God; and the departed one, again alluding to the uncertainty of life, said, "Ah, my dear wife, life is uncertain. You may soon be called away; and perhaps I may be called first; we know not which." His dear wife is in a very delicate state of health. On the following Tuesday, there being an excursion to Watchet, their home being near, his wife said it was laid upon her mind to go, that she might meet with her friends once more. The departed one was much surprised at this, as his wife *always* objected to go by excursion. However, they went, and met with most or all of their friends on that occasion. At their meeting your solemn admonitions were again brought up: "Perhaps we shall not all meet together again."

After their return home, the departed one complained of a pain in his inside; had a bottle of soda-water; was better next morning; went to his employment; Thursday felt very unwell; went to business, but had to return; became much worse; a doctor was called in, but everything failed to give him relief; he continued to get worse, when further medical aid was sought, and it was considered necessary to operate upon him. Sunday morning, myself with another neighbour were called in to help him downstairs and into the doctor's carriage. He had had a dreadful

night the one preceding; his groans were fearful. But, as his dear wife said, he seemed to have supernatural strength given him as he walked out of one room into the other without help. On seeing us come to assist him downstairs, he said, "Ah, my dear gentlemen, they are going to take me away. I do not fear for myself. I hope my dear wife will try and bear up under it." And truly it was heartrending, as we led him out of doors, to see his loved one in frantic grief sink at the bottom of the stairs. As he passed up the place, I said, "The Lord only can support under this painful trial." He replied, "My trust is alone in Him. I have nowhere else to look."

I then took a farewell of him, and saw him no more until I gazed on his lifeless body. How truly solemn to see him walk away on Sunday morning being supported by his arms, and on Thursday following to be carried back again, a lifeless lump of clay, bereft of his spirit, shut up in the house appointed for all living. But I do trust he is safely landed, from that which I have gathered from his bereaved widow. Before being operated upon, it is said he was perfectly calm, and said to the doctors, "Now, before you begin, or give me the chloroform, just let me say one word. As soon as I entered this hospital I gave myself up into the hands of the Lord; and, if I do not live to see or speak to my dear wife again, tell her I die perfectly happy."

His wife was allowed to see him on Sunday after the operation, but was forbidden to speak to him. She was with him nearly the whole of the day on Monday; he seemed very cheerful, alluded to the hymn sung the last time he was at church,

"All my times are in Thy hand."

He quoted several hymns, and said to his dear wife, he wished she had the hymn-book to turn to certain hymns. He said, "I am going to heaven. My precious wife, the Lord will take care of you," said he; "I am in the hands of Jesus."

On Wednesday there seemed to be an improvement for the better; his loved wife's hopes began to rise; but oh, soon to be dashed to the ground again. His dear wife was with him when he breathed his last, which was on Monday last. I gathered the following from her. He had a great wish to see you, dear sir, before he died, and I believe some one was sent for you, but you were absent I know. He then wished to see his employer, and was very anxious until he arrived. When he did, he said he wanted to speak to some one about his dear wife; called for pen and paper, and said, "Please to write, 'I leave everything I possess to my precious wife.'" This being done, he raised himself up in bed to sign it, but could not write, but affixed the X; it is then said he prayed fervently for a long time. His wife asking him, "Is Christ precious?" "Yes—yes," he said. "Are you happy?" "Yes. I am going to heaven." The nurse having given him brandy several times, he refused to take any more, saying, "No, don't give me brandy; give me soda-water." They again tried to get him to take it. "No," he said, "I never drank too much] while living; don't send me out of the world intoxicated." His last words were "Yes—yes," in answer to the questions, "Is Christ precious?"—"Is it light in the valley?" So I think, dear sir, we have good ground to hope he is gone to dwell with Jesus. No one ever trusted in Him and was confounded. And if he was resting in the arms of Jesus, we know he was in safe hands.

"The soul that on Jesus hath fled for repose,
He will not, He will not, desert to his foes," &c.

My object in writing, dear sir, is threefold; first, that your heart may be encouraged in your work and labour of love; secondly, that you may come and speak a word to the bereaved widow; and, thirdly, that you may bring this solemn case again before the people. The bereaved one wished me to ascertain, if you were at home, that you might bury the dear departed one. I told her I knew you would comply with her wishes, had you been at home; as she was disappointed in this, she said she should like something to be said from the pulpit: as like cases had been blessed to her, this solemn event might be made a blessing to others.

I have had some conversation with the bereaved one, and trust that the root of the matter is in her. She says the Lord has been very good to her, and wonderfully supported her under this painful trial. Many Scriptures and hymns have been brought to her mind, and she has found great comfort therefrom,

I remain,

Yours in Christ,

J. B.

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. DAVID'S, WESTBOURNE ROAD, BARNSBURY, LONDON.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am really ashamed of my negligence in not having ere this acknowledged your kindness in sending me the *Old Jonathan* and *GOSPEL MAGAZINE*, in both of which you had so kindly and graphically attended to my wishes; although I did not expect that in the *GOSPEL MAGAZINE* you would have literally put in my own words. However, I am encouraged to think that the notice in the *GOSPEL MAGAZINE* has had some effect, as we have observed several strangers at St. David's on the two last Sundays, making inquiries about the place, services, &c. I think, if agreeable to yourself, it would be well to continue the notice for another month or two, as the first may escape the observation of some of the readers. I can assure you I feel it no small responsibility to have joined oneself to such a very needy cause as this is, with but small and limited means at our disposal. I am longing in some way to put forth a strong appeal to the "not many rich and noble who are called," &c.

Last Sunday, referring to the pressure which lay upon him, with regard to the heavy debt upon the church, Mr. ORMISTON said he had been advised to call the attention of the ladies of the congregation to make a combined effort to assist in the work, and requested that as many as could would attend in the school-room, on Tuesday evening, to consult together as to what could be done, and how. Accordingly about twenty attended, and a very nice little meeting it was; I can only hope some good results will follow. By the 16th of August next he is legally bound to pay £677 off the debt, and I think he said he had not above £5 in hand to meet it.

He is most laborious in his work, both in season and out of season. I fear he will wear himself out, and yet he is always cheerful, or at least seems so, and particularly helped in the pulpit.

He is going to have a little circular printed for the use of the ladies' committee, a copy of which I will send you when it is out, and I trust it will be deeply laid upon your heart to join with us in spreading the case before the Lord, to incline the hearts of those who are able to help in this

time of need. I was very much pleased with that sweet and simple testimony in the Magazine which was addressed to you on your birthday.

I hope that your own health is improving, and that you are favoured with much of the divine presence both in public and in private.

Believe me as ever,

Yours affectionately,

L. S.

Have you heard that dear old Mr. Kershaw is in dying circumstance if not already departed? I saw a very nice letter his wife sent to my brother last evening. The dear old man is in the enjoyment of a sweet quiet calm and peace. "Mark the perfect man," &c.

[We have no personal knowledge of Mr. ORMISTON, but, from what we have heard of him through various friends, we believe him to be engaged in a great and important work; and, knowing well what is involved in the being called to labour in a poor and populous parish, without any resident men of means, we can the more readily sympathize with a parochial minister in Mr. ORMISTON's position. Our own health is materially affected by a ten years' labour in a parish of nearly 9,000 souls, without even the aid of a curate. Often we have thought we must resign the charge; and we have to pray earnestly for strength for the labours of each day. Never was this the case with us to the same extent as it is now. Hence we the more deeply feel for Mr. ORMISTON in his position; and earnestly do we hope and pray that he may speedily be freed from this, at least, pecuniary responsibility. The claims of a parish are quite heavy enough without this additional weight. We hope, therefore, that God may incline the hearts of those who have the means to come forward at this juncture. Doubtless our dear brother knows what it is to plead with Him, as we have done for years and years, that His is the silver and the gold, as well as the cattle upon a thousand hills; and that He has all things in His hands.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—In your notice of Mr. Grant's book, "The Religious Tendencies of the Times," in your last month's number, you quote from the work a statement that a Congregational Church had been opened at Halifax, in the trust deed of which "the minister was to be allowed to preach or not to preach, just as he pleased, the doctrine of eternal misery in a future state as the doom of those dying in their sins."

The statement evidently refers to Park Congregational Church, and I beg to say is not correct.

In the trust-deed of this building the belief the minister for the time being is to hold and preach on the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, is stated as follows:

"The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, and the final judgment, when the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishments, but the righteous into life eternal."

Without entering upon the controversy involved in Mr. Grant's work, I have no doubt you will think it due to truth to insert this in your next number, and

Oblige, sir, yours respectfully,

A TRUSTEE.

Halifax, June 22, 1869.

F F

The Protestant Beacon.

[The following letter (which we copy from the *Rock*) speaks for itself. Nothing can more plainly show how the present Government is anxious in every possible way to pander to the Papacy. Indeed, it is presumed by not a few that Mr. GLADSTONE is in reality a Papist, though acting, for policy's sake, under Protestant name. This, of course, is not sin in the sight of Rome, whose tenet is, "The end justifies the means."—Ed.]

THE GOVERNMENT GAG ON PROTESTANT FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

To the Editor of the Rock.

SIR,—The country is deeply indebted to you for the way in which you have brought forward and advocated the question of Liberty of Speech. The necessity of such advocacy has been brought about by what must be considered by all right-minded Englishmen, the unwarrantable interference of Papists, and the unconstitutional interference of the authorities. That the importance of the subject has not been overrated, and that the interference referred to has not been owing to any rashness or intemperance on the part of any individual lecturer—as is frequently urged by those who would rob us of our dear-bought privileges—may be seen from the following fact brought to my knowledge to-day: A friend of mine from Gosport being in town last week, I asked him to take, on his return, the St. George's Hall, Portsea, for a course of lectures on the Nature and Designs of Popery. But imagine my astonishment this morning when I received from him the following reply.—

Portsea, June 1, 1869.

"I went to Mr. Atkins yesterday about the hall, but he said he could not let it for lectures against Popery, as he had received instructions from Government that meetings of that sort were forbidden, under a penalty of £100 for the proprietor and £20 for every person found there, so that unless the subject was something else he must decline."

This fact ought to speak for itself. I am a thorough Liberal, but I cannot sacrifice my Protestant principles to any party. What English Liberal could have conceived that the accession of the Liberals to power would have resulted in such tyranny! Our politics must now be—THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, OR THE POPE OF ROME.

MR. GEORGE MÜLLER ON THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS CRISIS.—On Sunday morning last, Mr. George Müller, of the Orphanages on Ashley-down, addressed the church and congregation meeting at Salem, of which he is the pastor, and in the course of his remarks said that he felt constrained to allude to the now-absorbing topic: the policy of the Government with reference to the Irish Church. Speaking of the liberty now enjoyed by the various Christian denominations, he stated as his most serious conviction, that, as events were now tending, liberty would be of but short duration. In alluding to the results of the Catholic emancipation, Mr. Müller expressed his belief that the measure in question had been the means of increasing Roman Catholicism in this country fifty-fold, and the legislation of the present time had been the fruits of the legislation in 1829. The end would be that Romanism would come in upon us to the full. It is seldom that Mr. Müller alludes to any matter stirring the political world,

but the very serious and emphatic manner in which he referred to this subject seemed deeply to impress his hearers.—*Bristol Times and Mirror*.

We would call special attention to the testimony of Nonconformist ministers to the all-engrossing subject of the present day, when the minds of such appear to be imbued with a solemn sense of the gravity of the great question now before the public. When we think of such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford, vacillating as they do, between truth and error, we sigh for such men as a JOHN KNOX and a MARTIN LUTHER. Would *they* (with the access to Her Majesty these prelates have), scruple to set before her the real nature of her position, and the impossibility of sanctioning the passing of the Irish Church bill, without violating her coronation oath, and thus committing herself to perjury? May God, in His great mercy, stand by our beloved Queen at this most critical juncture, and give her grace to follow in the footsteps of her sainted ancestor, George the Third, who expressed his willingness to abdicate his throne, or lay his head upon a block, rather than break his coronation oath. The Lord, in mercy, open the eyes of Her Majesty to see that she is encompassed with men in league with Rome, whose tenet is, that "the end justifies the means;" and hence, they will put a gloss upon the most diabolical of doings, if so be those doings do but further their pernicious and ungodly ends. Verily, not merely the Church is in danger, but the throne and the Protestant constitution is at this moment in imminent peril.—ED.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE Irish Church Bill has been read a second time in the House of Lords. This has occasioned considerable surprise, for it was confidently conjectured that it would have been summarily rejected; but perhaps, after all, the wisest course has been adopted, for now there will be an opportunity of amending it in committee, and rendering it, comparatively speaking, harmless; whereas, if it had been altogether thrown out, its advocates would probably have raised such a storm, that grievous consequences might have ensued. The debate which took place was in many respects a most remarkable one. Almost every argument which could be brought forward for and against the bill was brought forward, and carefully taken into consideration; and the whole debate was conducted with such calmness and dignity, with such logical accuracy, and with such persuasive force and eloquence, that it is said that it is unsurpassed in modern times. The speech of the Bishop of Peterborough was especially powerful; it so surprised and electrified the House by its eloquent pleading, that it seemed as if a second Sheridan or Demosthenes had suddenly sprung into existence. One fact was perfectly clear throughout the whole course of the debate, that the majority of the Lords cordially dislike the bill, and are fully conscious of its unjust and revolutionary tendencies. The only point of disagreement between them was, whether it was wiser to throw the bill out immediately, or to read it a second time and amend it in committee. We are very thankful for this, and we venture to hope by the overruling power of the Most High, this unhappy and ill-omened measure may even yet be so transformed as to become comparatively

innocuous, if not ultimately beneficial; but very much is still at stake, and a hard struggle has still to be maintained. The aspect of affairs is changed, and the scene of contest is changed, but, nevertheless, the contest must be vigorously carried on by all the friends of Protestant truth. As the *Standard* rightly observes, "It is no longer a question whether Protestantism shall prevail in Ireland, but whether it shall be tolerated; not whether we shall allow equality to the Roman Catholics, but whether we shall subject the Protestants to disadvantages which must end in establishing the ascendancy of Rome. And if at this moment the Protestants of Ireland, the Conservatives of Lancashire, the friends of the Church generally, fail to appreciate the value of what remains to them, and the significance of the struggle for its retention, their children's children will have reason to regret their indifference and shortsightedness at this crisis of their Church's fortunes." To this we may add, that every person may do something in furtherance of this important cause, by diffusing information,—nothing has favoured the designs of our enemies in this matter so much as ignorance,—by circulating pamphlets and periodicals, which set the case forth in its true light; and by signing petitions to the House of Lords to encourage them in their present determination.

We are glad to see that a reaction is at last extensively taking place, and that a strong feeling of indignation has been aroused in various parts of the country. The Scotch people, we imagine, would not now so readily return the supporters of Mr. Gladstone, if another election were to take place, for they evidently begin to see that they have been deceived; and that whilst voting for justice to Ireland, as they supposed, and for religious equality, in reality they were voting for the spoliation of their fellow-Protestants, and the supremacy of Romanism. The assembly of the Church of Scotland has condemned the measure by a majority of 136 votes to 37, and resolved to petition Parliament against it. Immense meetings also continue to be held in various parts of England and Ireland, protesting against it. In Manchester a meeting numbered, it was calculated, upwards of 200,000 persons; Belfast, 100,000; Liverpool, 30,000; and one in Dublin, 25,000.

Dr. Manning and the Romish hierarchy both at home and abroad are greatly exulting. They seem to imagine that the favour with which Mr. Gladstone's bill has been received by a large portion of the English nation, and by the House of Commons, betokens a disposition to yield all their demands and to grant all their wishes. They speak, indeed, of England, as being already won. But this exultation, we trust, is premature. We are thankful to notice that, according to their own confession, if they are gaining ground in some respects, they are losing ground in others. The *Tablet*, in discussing the question of Romish "loss and gain" in England, acknowledges that those of its co-religionists who maintain that for every convert of intellect and station, Rome is "losing, spite of priests and nuns and schools, ten Catholic poor," are not entirely without reasons to urge in support of their view. A large proportion of this loss is traced to the indifference of parents—no great compliment to the Romish Church, which is supposed to be the best teacher of parents as well as children; and the cure which the *Tablet* suggests is to take the children clean away from their homes. Another source of loss is the small number of middle-class Romanists. The child of Romanist parents "goes to service in a Protestant house, or to the factory under careless Protestant employers, amidst scores of Protestant

companions. For a short time, probably, it will be seen at night-school, growing daily bolder in manner and looser in talk; after a few months it will be lost from the school, probably enough from the Church, swept away by the torrent of irreligious influence." "This," concludes the *Tablet*, "seems to us the real secret of our losses; the overpowering force of the enemy which, by sheer superiority of number, disperses and divides our handful of troops. They fall one by one, borne down by an overwhelming crowd around them." Surely such an acknowledgment as this ought to stir us up to pay increased attention to our schools, and to endeavour as far as possible to give all the children attending our schools a thoroughly Scriptural and Protestant education. Moreover, the statistics of the late census confirm this acknowledgment. Although the Romanists have obtained many converts amongst the higher classes, and the number of their chapels, convents, priests, and schools has largely increased, yet a careful analysis of the census shows that they have lost ground rapidly amongst the lower and middle classes. In 1841 the Roman Catholic population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was 6,500,000. In 1861 the number was 4,500,000, showing a decrease of 2,000,000. But it is affirmed, of course, that this is easily accounted for by emigration. So it may be, but by this emigration the Roman Catholic Church loses immensely. At a council of Roman Catholic bishops which was held at Baltimore, in the United States, a short while ago, in their pastoral they stated that they were "obliged to confess with sorrow" a great defection from their communion. They said, "If we look for the descendants of those numerous Catholic families which have emigrated to this country during the past and present century, we shall find that many of them have wandered away from the faith of their fathers, and that not a few of them are now ranked among the most active and unrelenting enemies of the Church of God." This ought to encourage every faithful Protestant to be more zealous than ever in upholding the truth, and withstanding every encroachment of Popery. Not in vain have our Bibles been circulated far and wide; not in vain has the glorious Gospel been preached in the churches, the chapels, the streets, alleys, and lanes of our country; not unheard have our petitions ascended up on high, that the light amongst us might not be extinguished. Notwithstanding many rebuffs and discouragements, the Lord has greatly blessed and helped us, and we should be cheered and encouraged thereby.

The Queen of Madagascar recently made a noble protest against Popery. The account of it is taken from the journal of an Englishman who was present on the occasion: "As the Queen and her Court were present at the opening of the new church at Ambohipotsy, on the 17th of November, and she expressed her deep interest in the whole service, the Roman Catholics were determined not to be outdone; so great preparations were made, and she was invited to attend the opening of their chapel at Imahamasina; her reply was, 'she could not, on account of the pressure of business,' so they decided to wait her leisure; accordingly, the 25th of March was fixed. The Queen left the palace at eight o'clock for the French Roman Catholic chapel at Imahamasina, where a splendid throne had been prepared for her reception. She and the Prime Minister had most reluctantly consented to go, after many excuses; but the Special French Commissioner would not be put off. On arriving at the chapel, she entered about half the length of the building, and stood while the Prime Minister addressed her, and, according to Malagasy custom, paid

hasina (the dollar of allegiance) on behalf of the people. This done, she turned round and walked out of the building, the Prime Minister and all the Court following. The French Commissioner took hold of the Queen's hand, in order to guide her to the throne prepared for her, but she soon disengaged herself. The Commissioner then told the Prime Minister 'he could see there was no love, only enmity, for France,' to which the Prime Minister replied, 'The Queen came to take hasina because the house is hers, but there is nothing in the treaty to compel her to pray with you.' The whole transaction lasted twelve minutes, instead of an hour and a half, as was expected." Surely a greater blow to Roman Catholicism could not have been inflicted by a Sovereign. She is a Protestant at heart, and she thinks it wrong to attend Roman Catholic worship, because she has no sympathy with it.

An interesting narrative has been published by a Protestant pastor in the south of France, giving an account of the renunciation of Romanism by an entire commune (or civil parish) in the old province of Dauphiny. It appears that the inhabitants of the commune of Notre-Dame-de-Comniers had a quarrel with their Bishop in 1860, and began to address Pastor Fermaud, president of the consistory of the reformed church at Grenoble, first by letters, and afterwards by a deputation, consisting of three of their number. With great prudence Pastor Fermaud replied at first somewhat coldly to these overtures. He made his visitors understand that, before becoming a Protestant, it was necessary to know what Protestants are, that such a step required an enlightened and convinced conscience; and that they would do well to begin by endeavouring to obtain from their bishop the redress of the wrong of which they complained. For more than five years he gave them the same advice; but in 1865, a petition was forwarded to him by the mayor of the commune, bearing the signatures of forty-three heads of families, and of nine out of ten municipal councillors, begging him to come himself, or to send them a minister of the reformed religion. In spite of this appeal, M. Fermaud renewed his exhortations, but, three years afterwards, a suffragan pastor was at last, by a resolution of the consistory, sent to the commune, where he performed the first Protestant services, baptisms, marriages, and burials; and, at the end of last year, Pastor Fermaud himself proceeded there, and received the formal adhesion of nearly all the inhabitants to the principles of the Protestant faith.

A somewhat similar case is reported from Bohemia. Pastor Van An del, of Prague, states, that at the close of a service at Raudnitz, where he preached to a large and interesting congregation, "a deputation of eight persons, who had been present at the service, waited on me, saying that they were from a distant part of the country, and in their own name, as well as in the name of many others, requested that I would come and preach the Gospel among them also. Taking them (as in other similar instances) to be Protestants living at a remote distance from others of the faith, I promised to do what I could for them; so they went away greatly rejoiced. As soon as they got home, they began to make preparations, and even hired a hall for six months, to have a place ready for me to preach in. Fancy my astonishment, when, some time after, I was informed that there was not a single Protestant among them,—indeed that there are no Protestants at all residing in their neighbourhood;—but that they are Roman Catholics, desirous to have the pure Gospel preached to them! This, however, made the matter somewhat difficult; because,

although we have perfect liberty to open places for worship wherever Protestants reside, and Romanists may attend them (which generally they do so largely, that frequently three-fourths of the respective audiences are composed of Roman Catholics), yet we have no right to begin to preach in places where there are no Protestants resident. Such being the case, we had to let the people know of the existing difficulty; upon which they declared that they were quite ready to leave the Church of Rome and become Protestants; and so there will be no further difficulty in the way of providing the means of grace for them."

THE REV. JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

[We copy the annexed extracts from the *Earthen Vessel* for June. It was but a few months since our dear brother sat up with us till one o'clock in the morning talking over the Lord's dealings. Little did we then think that in so short a time one would be reading the mournful intelligence, in that same room, which the other's letter contained. Yet we rejoice in the Lord's sustaining power as experienced by our dear bereaved brother. Our son writes from Sydney, stating that Mr. M'Cure had preached on the previous Sunday his beloved wife's funeral sermon from a text which she herself had selected. In reference to the voyage—which was a most perilous one—our son states that one sea struck him senseless on the deck: this was whilst going down the English Channel. He speaks of their deliverance when off the Australian coast as marvellous. The ship merely cleared the land by two or three cables' length. But, for her "answering her helm" as she did, she must have gone down in deep water, having struck against the almost perpendicular rocks, and every soul perished.—ED.]

After describing the voyage, Mr. M'Cure says:—

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—I am writing this letter while sailing abreast the Australian coast; believing that we shall arrive in safety I will continue it, and finish it on my arrival in Sydney.

I am indescribably oppressed in my mind respecting my dear wife; poor dear, I know she has had a *trying time* of it during my long absence. I do hope that I shall find her well. We have "sown in tears, I trust now that we shall reap in joy." The Lord grant it; it has been my prayer during the voyage; often while thus praying it has appeared as though some one was speaking to me, *She is dead!* It plainly must be the enemy who is thus oppressing me.

At last we have come up to Woolongong, forty-five miles from Sydney.

Thursday, March 18th.—The Lord has just delivered us from death! We were near the Botany Heads, when the rain fell in torrents, and, the wind blowing hard, we could not see the land, when the man on the look-out at the head of the ship, cried out, "Breakers a-head! land a-head!" On our starboard bows could be seen the south head-land of Botany, the wind blowing with greater violence, and we were within one mile of the land, and not half a shot distance from the rocky breakers. We were in the broken waters; had not the ship answered to her helm, in three minutes we should have been dashed to pieces, and not a soul could have been saved. It was the Lord who saved us; it was truly marvellous; it was God-like, and blessed be His name. The remaining

part of the day, and all night, we were obliged to tack about until the gale moderated.

At two o'clock on Friday, the 19th, after a voyage of 102 days, we cleared the Heads of Port Jackson. And now—instead of reaping in joy, after the sorrow of heart I have endured during my long absence, I am now called to reap in tears of sorrow.

I saw a boat coming up to the ship with some of my friends; when they came within speaking distance, I called out to them, "Is all well?" The answer was, "All well."

The tone of voice excited my fear. I again called out, "Is *all* well?" There was no answer; my friends came on board; I said to them, "Tell me, is all well? how is my wife?" The answer was, "It is well with her! SHE DIED on the 23rd of February." Oh, dear me, what a blow! I thought my heart would break.

My friends very kindly took me home. My poor dear children were delighted on seeing me, for they feared that some evil had befallen me. What a trial have they endured, in having to witness the illness and death of their mother, and father away, perhaps at the bottom of the sea! Our meeting and my feelings I cannot describe. It is a very sorrowful termination of my mission! But in the midst of my sorrow I have this consolation, to know that the Lord was very, very gracious unto her. She was joyful in soul, rejoicing in the Lord.

Just before she died, she said, "I have but one earthly desire, and that is that I may see my dear husband once more; but, if it is not the Lord's will, *I am quite resigned; my will is swallowed up in His!*"*

I cannot write more now; by the next mail I will endeavour to write fully upon the solemn subject, and my reception by my friends.

Brethren, pray for me. The Lord be with you all will ever be the prayer of your willing servant, for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Castlereagh Street, Sydney, March 25th, 1869.

The Way He hath Led me; or, The Lord's Leadings and Dealings. By ARTHUR WILCOCKSON, Minister of the Gospel. Hull: E. Hannath, 11, Scale Lane.—This book contains much that is calculated greatly to edify and comfort and encourage the tried children of God, inasmuch as there are the evident tracings of the Lord's hand in the most marked and gracious manner. Such readers as know what a rough and thorny path is will thank God, upon its perusal, and take courage. There are, however, exceptional pages, in which the fleshly mind—rather than the new mind and better judgment—has for a season the mastery of the author. This had better by far have been omitted. Hence a revision of the MS. by a kind and judicious friend would have been an advantage, and made the book a still richer boon to the Church of God.

The Appendix, a Manual of Chants, Anthems, and Hymns for Public Worship. London: J. Snow and Co., Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.—This little work contains some choice pieces which we never met with in any other compilation. It is quite a book for mourners.

* Upon hearing this read, one very dear to us remarked, "What a blessed state to be in, my dear. I should think that must be *heaven* to have our will swallowed up in His!" —ED.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 44,
NEW SERIES. }

AUGUST, 1869.

{ No. 1,244,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

THE HAPPY LITTLE SONGSTER.

It was Saturday, and the Sunday's labours were before us. As yet the mind was unsettled about a text. The news of the morning had tended greatly to depress the spirit. It seemed as though Satan was having it all his own way, and as though the wicked would be, for at least a season, permitted to triumph. We felt it hard to realize that "the government is upon His shoulders," and that, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, Jehovah was still "working all things after the counsel of His own will;" that He still "reigns in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; and that none dare stay His hand, nor say, What doest Thou?"

Under these feelings we entered a certain street. Being market-day and a fine sunny morning, there was additional activity. The thoroughfare was crowded. All was bustle and confusion. On the pavement hundreds were passing and repassing on business or pleasure, and the roadway was almost blocked with vehicles of various descriptions. But, above all this turmoil and seeming confusion, there was something which to us was especially attractive. The rich melodious notes of a thrush sounded high above all the noise and tumult by which we were surrounded. Looking whence the notes proceeded, we saw the little songster suspended from a window of one of the upper stories of a house of business; and, although imprisoned in its little cage, it seemed to say to our then anxious and perturbed spirit, "Never mind; fear not; all is well. See, here I am, a prisoner, it is true; but I am high in my little prison-house, and free from danger. I fear not, nor care for, the toil nor the tumult below. I am far beyond the reach of harm. I live above the world and its cares and vexations and so-called pleasures. Earth has no charms

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for me. And, though a prisoner, He who created me bids those who hold me captive to feed and nourish me. They bring me bread and water in the morning, and bread and water in the evening; and with these I am quite content. I have nought to do but sing His praise, and shout in notes of gratitude my thankfulness to Him whose I am and whom I thus delight to serve." "Oh, happy songster," thought we, as its notes echoed and re-echoed far and wide, above all the busy bustling scenes around, "what a lesson hast thou taught us! Wilt *thou* sing, and shall *I* be silent? *Thou*, a soulless little being, born and presently to die; and *I* with soul redeemed by blood divine, and born to live eternally? If *thou* dost find a motive for thankfulness and praise, how much greater cause have *I* to sing of love and grace and mercy!" Then were our thoughts carried above to Him who sits supreme in judgment, ordering in infinite wisdom the destinies of men. How beautiful the language, "Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand [margin, against the strong], and His arm shall rule for Him: behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him. He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being His counsellor hath taught Him? With whom took He counsel, and who instructed Him, and taught Him in the path of judgment, and taught Him knowledge, and shewed to Him the way of understanding? Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, He taketh up the isles as a very little thing. . . . To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto Him? Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in. . . . To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all by names by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power; not one faileth. Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;

they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint" (Isa. xl. 10—31).

Moreover, dear reader, as the little feathered songster continued to pour forth in loudest, sweetest strains his song of praise, he seemed to say, "Thus should Christians sing, for in reality *they* have no more cause to fear than *I*; nor can they be more dependent. *I* cannot help myself, nor can *they*. But, as God who commanded the ravens to feed the prophet has bade them who hold me captive to feed and nourish me, so has He commissioned one and another and another to support and supply His people during their sojourn upon earth. With this lesson thus set before us, we thought within ourselves, "Now what portion of God's blessed word best bespeaks, in this respect, their condition?" Immediately these words came to our recollection: "*He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure*" (Isa. xxxiii. 16).

Dear reader, had not bodily suffering prevented, we purposed to have offered you some comments upon this precious portion. We must, however, defer them. Meanwhile, may the Lord lead you into sweet meditation upon it. May you realize all the blessedness it contains. May your heart be lifted up above all the perplexities and anxieties of the way; and, with the little song-bird, may your praises and thanksgivings redound to Him who hath "fixed the bounds of your habitation," and who hath pledged Himself that "because He lives you shall live also." So prays,

Yours affectionately in Christ,

St. Luke's, Bedminster.

THE EDITOR.

THE TEACHERS' TREAT.

AND a great treat it was! Nothing could exceed the pleasant harmony and kindly feeling that prevailed throughout; and, if one's own feelings be a test for others, it was a day long, long to be remembered.

As the packet was to start at a somewhat early hour, I was the more anxious to ascertain, as soon after day-dawn as possible, what the weather was likely to be, as upon this depended our movements. If favourable, we were all to assemble upon the deck of the steamer by eight o'clock, the hour of sailing; if the weather were unpropitious, our excursion was to be postponed. At four o'clock the sky was clear and promising, but by five it became overcast and dark; portentous clouds overspread the horizon, attended by a brisk breeze. However, as there was no rain, we ventured, expecting at least a rough crossing the channel. Those who are familiar with the river Avon and its woody precipitous cliffs, on either side, with the majestic suspension bridge that spans the wide expanse, connecting the county of Gloucester with that of Somerset, need not to be reminded of the loveliness of the locality. Suffice it, on this morning, it seemed additionally beautiful, as the steamer so smoothly glided along the winding course of the river until at length, reaching the Bristol Channel, she spread her canvas, and bounded away before a brisk but favourable breeze. The

Welsh coast now spread far and wide before us, and after an hour and a half's run we approached the Wye, another circuitous but most beautifully-situated river. Another hour or so finds our party at the summit of the Wynd-cliff, surveying with little less than rapturous emotion one of the most enchanting scenes of which it is possible to conceive. The view from that spot is almost supernatural. What more fitting than the singing of Jehovah's praise, at such a juncture, and under such circumstances? Here, therefore, we unitedly raised our voices in adoring wonder, love, and gratitude; and we thought, if on earth—steeped and dyed as it is with sin and sorrow—our God appears so great and glorious, what will it be in heaven, when delivered from the burden of the flesh, and all the turmoil and the suffering of this fallen world?

Here one could but be reminded of those who were gone—of absent ones who helped to make up former parties, and again, one could but contemplate the inroad death again would make upon our present little happy company. Who of us could say whether ever again we should climb that beauteous spot, and again survey that lovely landscape? Ah, who indeed? Whose next would be the summons? Which first would vacate the clay tabernacle? For one's self one felt somewhat as one imagines Moses to have felt when he surveyed "that goodly land and Lebanon." Oh, to my mind at least, what a vast variety of thoughts come crowding in upon one another, as I contemplate such a scene as that presented on this and like occasions. Whilst man and all of earth, in point of honour, wealth, or fame, appears so utterly vain and contemptible, how great, how glorious, how beneficent, how kind and condescending does the Lord appear! So merciful, so compassionate, so faithful! One felt that but for earthly ties and human responsibilities, how good would it be to be taken there and then; to escape, were it possible, the ordeal—the gloomy, dark, repulsive ordeal—of dying, and to be taken as Moses was, or Enoch, of whom we read, that he "walked with God and was not; for God took him;" or Elijah, caught up in a moment in a fiery chariot to the skies. The very height upon which we stood seemed only, as it were, to contribute to such a highly-favoured state of things. But, as aforesaid, for earthly ties and kindred associations, one felt ready to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." We can imagine that, but for the great and glorious work unto which he was called, how reluctant Moses would have been to descend from the mount in which he had so been privileged to hold converse with God. Upon the same principle, allowance may be easily made for Peter's wishing to abide upon the mount of transfiguration. It is hard to leave the very portals of glory for the renewed turmoil of earth and sin and corruption, especially when it is remembered that gloomy death is, in all probability, to terminate our mortal sphere. Methinks it would be a glorious prospect if one could indulge the hope of being among the number of whom the apostle speaks: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." There was a time when one thought less about the last struggle, and consequently felt less concern about being among this highly-favoured number, who shall thus be "caught up to meet the Lord in the air," but it is otherwise now. Hence one is additionally interested in that Scripture, "He came to deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject unto bondage." Perhaps growing infirmities, and the increasing failure of heart and flesh,

contribute to this fear. Oh, then, for a personal participation in that precious declaration: "Though the outward man decay, the inward man is renewed day by day." But to return. After a short visit to that wonderful old ruin, Tintern Abbey, so picturesquely situated, and which is naturally so suggestive of bygone days and former generations, our happy party again took their places in the different vehicles which had been provided, and returned to Chepstow for tea. We sought to sing His praise to whom all gratitude is due, as we were driven on through that beautifully-wooded vale, with the Wye winding so circuitously at its feet. That lovely spot must be seen to be, in any measure, realized. For some two hours the rain had been falling, and we were apprehensive of much personal discomfort in our recrossing the Bristol Channel, on our homeward route; but, as our good and gracious God would have it, the heavens cleared, the sun shot forth his cheering rays, and, though in the face of a smart breeze and rising tide, we had a most delightful trip. The somewhat roughness of the water was diverted by the many precious and most appropriate pieces which were sung upon that interesting, never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

Some three of our party were conversing upon the mysterious leadings of Jehovah, in His providence, and the various exercises to which His dear children were subjected—especially their shrinking from the article of death. I had just said, how changed of late was the tone of my own mind. Instead now, as formerly, desiring to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better," I am so much the subject of fear in the prospect of dying, that my cry constantly is, "Spare me a little, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and am no more seen." Just at this juncture, as though others of the party had overheard the conversation (which could not, however, have been the case), they commenced singing the hymn,—

"When gathering clouds around I view," &c.

What, reader, under the circumstances, could have been more appropriate than the last verse,

"And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying-bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away?"

Nothing could have well exceeded the timeliness of this song of praise, followed as it was by sundry others of similar character; among them were the following:—

"Though often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above;
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.
Oh, that we then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain;
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil and care and pain!
There is sweet rest in heaven.

"Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away;
O'er heavenly plains they're soaring
Blest in eternal day.

But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
There is rest in heaven.

"Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end;
In every sore affliction
His present help to send.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.
There is rest in heaven.

"All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
All glory to dear Jesus,
Who bought us with His blood;

And glory to the Spirit,
Who keeps us to the end;
Unto our God be glory,
The sinner's only Friend.
There is rest in heaven."

Another:—

"In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains an endless rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is bloom-
ing.
There is rest for you.

"In it all is life and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story
Hath for ever pass'd away.
There is rest, &c.

"There the Lamb shall gently lead me,
By the streams of life along;
In the richest pastures feed me,
Turn my sighing into song.
There is rest, &c.

"This is not my place of resting;
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
There is rest, &c.

"Soon I'll pass this desert dreary,
Soon I'll bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.
There is rest," &c.

The next, however, was even more appropriate, reaching, as we now had, mid-channel, with the sea somewhat rough, and the hills on either side stretching far and wide, beautifully irradiated with the brilliant rays of the declining sun:—

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they
fly
These hours of toil and danger.
For oh, we stand on Jordan's
strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore,
We may almost discover.
"Our absent King the watchword
gave,
'Let every lamp be burning;'

We look afar across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.
"Should coming days be dark and
cold,
We will not yield to sorrow;
For hope will say, with courage bold,
'There's glory on the morrow.'
"Let storms of woe in whirlwinds
rise,
Each mind on earth to sever;
There, bright and joyous in the
skies,
There is our home for ever."

These were followed with that precious piece, "For ever with the Lord," and "There is a land of pure delight." And what less due to the God of all our mercies—in which each sung with full heart and soul—than "All hail the power of Jesus' name?"

We now entered again the river Avon; and, as we gently glided over its peaceful waters, we thought—and could but remark—how like the condition of the Gospel mariner, who, after a rough voyage across the troubled waters of this time-state, not unfrequently enters the port of rest—the fair haven of eternal blessedness—sweetly, calmly, and without the semblance of fear or disquietude; and, as our happy company once more struck up in sweetest harmony their grateful song to the words,

"Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more,"

the heart went up in prayerful entreaty, "Lord, grant that life may thus close with me, with mine, with those by whom I am surrounded. When its rough voyage is drawing to a close; when we have done and suffered Thy will here below, then, Lord, then permit us thus sweetly, gently, peacefully to glide into home-quarters;

"And sing with rapture and surprise,
Thy lovingkindness in the skies."

Thus, dear reader, ended one of the happiest days I ever remember to have spent in this vale of tears.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

II.

"Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. xi. 29.

THE connexion in which these words are placed is very beautiful and instructive. Our dear Lord had been uttering awful denunciations against certain cities (v. 20—24); He then breaks forth into a song of thanksgiving (v. 25), proclaiming and illustrating the divine sovereignty in a most striking and effective manner, silencing the daring objections and effrontery of Arminians and all classes of free-willers (v. 27).

I. "*Learn of me*," &c.—We are here presented with the delightful privilege and duty of believers. They are to learn and to be taught of Jesus. "*Learn of me*." It is indeed a high and distinguished privilege to be a scholar in the school of Christ. And who are His scholars? *Babes* (v. 25); which teaches us they are the ignorant, the helpless, the unwise, foolish; and, when first brought into this school, they are so indeed. Kings, princes, nobles have been brought into this school, but generally they are the poor (see 1 Cor. i. 18—21; 26—29). This is indeed the best of schools, no seminary comparable to it; yes, and it is a free-grace school, not a man's free-will academy; here all are taught free. And who is it that brings them into this sacred bower of divine and heavenly learning? It is Jesus Christ Himself, or otherwise here they would never come; it is a humbling school and all are poor in spirit. In this school the scholars are classed babes, young men, and fathers. Jesus is the Teacher, then no wonder if the wayfaring men, though fools, do not err. He ever teaches to the purpose. And all are upon an equality in this school of grace, little children at the feet of Jesus (1 John ii. 1—18; 28). Oh, that we were all such at the feet of this great Master in Israel, Jehovah-Jesus, the great infallible Teacher and Prophet of the Church. "*All thy people shall be taught of the Lord*" is an old and true prophecy. What *sweet* lessons does He teach His babes concerning His love. What sublime instructions are taught to the young men of covenant, electing sovereign love. In what a blessed manner too are the fathers grounded, settled, and established in love, and in the love of the truth! Not tossed about with every wind of doctrine, every new light. In this school there is no time for sloth or indolence, and yet, alas! how slothful and indolent the best of us; and indeed there is in this sacred college all that is calculated to call forth our utmost diligence and energies, and the exercise of all our spiritual faculties, and after all we shall know but in part, yea, it will be but little when compared with the infinite dimensions of divine truth.

II. Now remark in what a sweet and affectionate manner Jesus encourages His disciples to commit themselves implicitly and entirely to His tuition: "Learn of me; for I *am meek and lowly* in heart."

1. How He condescends to the lowest, meanest, and most ignorant of His disciples! and the Lord knows how ignorant we all are at the best—*naturally* so, and *inclined* to be so. We may indeed all of us adopt the expressive language of the psalmist: "So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was a beast before Thee." But He not only can, but will instruct them.

2. He is meek—the meek One. How meekly, how gently He bears with all their infirmities. In this respect none like Him; He will turn none out of His school. None so dull, so stupid, and forgetful, but He will bear with them; yea, endure their sluggishness and backwardness, their frequent perverseness, obstinacy, and their off-wilful mistakes: for He "knows their frame; He remembers they are but dust." He has many things to say unto them, but He knows they cannot bear them all at once.

He teaches them scripturally (Luke xxiv. 13—35).

He teaches them spiritually (1 Cor. ii. 10, 12, 13—15).

He teaches them experimentally (1 Cor. xiv. 26).

He teaches them practically: and what subjects! At many of them the carnal mind revolts—hard sayings, which none but a real child of God, a genuine disciple of Christ, can bear—hear—receive! How mortifying to the proud reason and unsanctified intellect of man!

And what an extensive field of knowledge is the once poor ignorant sinner brought into, who is thus taught by Christ Jesus our Lord! The glorious doctrines of the Trinity, the wonderful work of redemption, man's complete ruin and total depravity, the absolute necessity of the new birth, justification by faith without the deeds of the law, the omnipotent efficacy and final triumph of the work of grace, grace crowned with glory, salvation by grace from first to last, the alone work of the Triune Jehovah.

III. The blessedness of being taught by Jesus, "And ye shall find rest for your soul."

1. All doubts and mere conjecture removed, He begins with the first principles, and gradually leads them onward to higher attainments in the divine science—"line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Then His dear child goes on from one degree of knowledge to another, following on to "know the Lord," increasing in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour, growing in grace until He sweetly and blessedly attains (1.) to a full assurance of understanding (2.) to a full assurance of faith (3.) and a full assurance of hope. He has the inward witness in himself of the truth he has learned, he knows in whom he has believed. Thus has he learned, in some small degree, what Paul learned (Phil. iii. 8—14). Admirable Paul, may thy example be ours! be mine! Lord, thus teach us all.

2. Rest and quiet from the accusations of conscience. The blood of Jesus only can effect this.

3. The fears of death, judgment and eternity, will cease to agitate the soul thus taught, by this meek, lowly, and divine Teacher. And, when He has taught you to suffer, and to do all His will here, He will take you hence, encircle you in His embraces, place you upon His bosom, there to rest for ever.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. Amen."

Wayside Notes.

“PRECIOUS THINGS.”

DEUT. xxxiii. 13.

WITH what avidity do men often pursue (comparatively speaking) *worthless things*! For instance: a man is determined to acquire a large amount of human knowledge, and by dint of great perseverance he passes successfully some important examination. He has achieved his object, but, alas, long wearisome nights of study have told their tale: his constitution has become impaired, and his slim fingers and wan pale face show that consumption has marked its prey, and the student is cut off and carried to an early grave, having learnt that, after all, human wisdom is a worthless thing in comparison with that wisdom which maketh wise unto salvation. Or, take the case of one whose ambition is to obtain a great name and position in society. By influence and other means he attains his object, but to prove that he has been grasping at a shadow. One who has arrived at a high position in society told us that he was far happier when he was moving in the more lowly sphere—that he had lost many of his best friends, and those so-called friends by whom he was then surrounded were only so for expediency-sake. Or take the case of the man who is determined at any sacrifice to become rich. He rises early and sits up late, and eats the bread of carefulness to attain his object; he is successful, and he says to his soul, “Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease—eat, drink, and be merry;” but, alas for earthly plans, God says unto him, “Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?” So is he that layeth up treasures for himself and is not rich towards God.

We are reminded of a very striking circumstance to the point. A large ship at sea had become very leaky; she had encountered very adverse weather and contrary winds; all hands had been kept at the pumps, but still the water gained upon them to such an extent that the captain determined to abandon her. This was no easy matter, for a fearful sea was rolling at the time; one boat was lowered, only to be dashed in pieces, another was more successful, when there appeared on deck a lady clutching in each hand a bag of money; she was making for the boat, when the sturdy seamen bid her cast away her money, for her life was the chief thing, but she held them still with a firm grip. They had scarcely called to her, when a huge wave separated the boat from the sinking vessel, at the same time washing overboard the lady and her bags of money, which were only as millstones around her neck helping to sink her in the deep abyss. Oh, what was the use of earthly riches in the face of death? Well, then, when we come to great things of eternity, what a worthless thing is human wisdom, or a great name, or accumulated riches. But we turn, beloved, from worthless things “to *precious things*,” and want to bring before you, at this season, things that are truly valuable and worth possession.

Now, Moses, who had been the appointed leader of the children of Israel through the wilderness, was not permitted by God to go with them through literal Jordan into the promised land, and the reason why the Lord would not grant him this privilege is told us in the following command: “And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto Mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab; and

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behold the land of Canaan which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession: and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people; as Aaron thy brother died in mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people: because ye trespassed against me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah-Kadesh in the wilderness of Zin; because ye sanctified me not in the midst of the children of Israel. Yet thou shalt see the land before thee, but thou shalt not go thither into the land which I give the children of Israel." So that we see how sin and rebellion had robbed him of a literal privilege which must have been greatly desired by him; but God granted him the spiritual blessing of passing safely through the Jordan of death into the glorious land of promise, flowing with the milk and honey of eternal blessings. And now, in anticipation of that blissful joy, he gathers around him the tribes of the children of Israel, and, in the spirit of prophecy, gives each of them a parting blessing. "And this is the blessing wherewith Moses, the man of God, blessed the children of Israel before his death." Read, beloved, at your leisure this precious thirty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, wherein is recounted the parting words of the dying patriarch to the various tribes. We can only in the space allowed us dwell upon those that have reference to Joseph. "And of Joseph, he said, Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof, and for the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush: let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren. His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns: with them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth: and they are the ten thousands of Ephraim, and they are the thousands of Manasseh.

Now, from the fulness of this deep and mysterious cluster of blessings that should fall upon Joseph's posterity we take these two words,—

"Precious things."

It is a short expression, but it is as a casket of jewels; may the Lord the Spirit unlock it, and enable us to bring out some excellent ornaments with which the bride, the Lamb's wife, may see herself adorned, and we take—

- I. Precious things of earth.
- II. Precious things brought forth by the sun.
- III. Precious things put forth by the moon.
- IV. Precious things of the lasting hills.
- V. Precious things of heaven.

I. THE PRECIOUS THINGS OF EARTH.

And we might mention—

1. *God's beautiful creation is replete with precious things.* And we see His handiwork from the tiniest leaflet of the field to the sturdy oak of the forest; and our Lord when on earth encouraged us to take notice of the precious things of earth. He used them as emblems to inculcate great and important truths. "Consider," He said, "the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was

'not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?' God, then, has outspread His beautiful carpet of nature for man to tread upon and to see His work in all around. Surely that religion must be apostate that would deprive human beings of this privilege, snatch them from the precious things of earth and shut them away in the cloistered monastery or gloomy convent. Surely such is not the teaching of Jesus, but the treachery of Antichrist. But we must not forget that while God has placed man upon this beautiful carpet of His handiwork, how sin has marred it. This fact was forced upon us the other day while standing upon a slight eminence overlooking a beautiful extent of country mapped out before us. There was the undulating pasture at our feet, and beyond hedgerow and field, and here and there studded the farmstead with its cluster of whitewashed buildings and hayricks, while in the background the hills melted in the distance and seemed mingled with the clouds. It was a fair scene. But presently the ear caught the sound of a human voice. We listened more attentively, and found it proceeded from the mouth of a ploughman, who was calling upon God, with bitter imprecations, to *curse his horses* because they did not move as he desired. Oh, we thought, here is a proof of the fall of man! God has outspread this earthly paradise, but man has sinned and marred its beauty! But further—

2. Among the precious things of earth is *earthly relationships*. How endearing the tie between husband and wife—parent and child, and how telling and touching is the expression used often by the child, *my mother!* Now the religion of Jesus never lessens that tie, although it is ordained that death shall sever it as far as the flesh is concerned; but our blessed Lord encouraged earthly relationship. Was He not found at the marriage supper of Cana cheering the guests? Did He not love Martha and Mary and Lazarus? and was He not frequently giving injunctions concerning the relative duties of husband to wife, and wife to husband, of parents to children and children to parents, showing by His teaching how He valued earthly relationships? But now, see how different to such teaching is the Church of Rome: she would separate the endearing tie that binds child to parent, and tear from their embrace the object of their love; and only think, reader (if you are a husband and parent), of a priest sitting at your table and having more power and influence over your wife and children than you possess yourself, and cruelly and wilfully separating dearest bonds. Does not the Church of Rome in her every action prove herself to be the apostasy? Well, then, among the precious things of earth are earthly relationships, and the beauties of God's creation which is full thereof; but let us not rest here, many make nature their religion, and realize God only as the God of nature, but this will never bring to a saving knowledge of Christ. We must get beyond and above this—which leads us to think of

II. THE PRECIOUS THINGS PUT FORTH BY THE SUN.

We all know that that luminous body above us which we call the sun is the centre of the solar system, and from it the moon and other planets derive their light; so is it with regard to spiritual things. The centre of the solar system of divine truth is Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, and that we are not using unscriptural language, mark the words of Jehovah by the prophet Malachi: "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

Let us, then, note some precious things put forth by this glorious Sun of righteousness, and again we shall find as in the natural so in the spiritual, the sun

1. *Produces life*.—Is it not written “Christ in you the hope of glory;” grace begun, flows from the fulness of a precious Christ. When the poor woman touched His garment, she felt that virtue had come out of Him into her soul to such an extent, that she was healed of her disease. Life divine flows from the fulness of Christ through that hallowed channel of communication, the Holy Spirit, and thus Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, is the cause of the life of God in the soul. Again the sun

2. *Sheds abroad light*.—When love is given, light divine follows. We begin to make fresh discoveries. First we see only men as trees walking, but gradually we learn more of self, more of the character and nature of sin, and see how matchless and great is the love and mercy and salvation of Jesus to save such rebels. And as time advances, light shines into the soul and shows us greater abominations on our part, and greater deliverances on the part of our God, and we are left humbled and crumbled, subdued and amazed at the wondrous grace of our precious Lord. And then the sun

3. *Imparts warmth*.—Oh, how wretchedly cold and wintry the soul often gets! the world and its ways draw away from the things of God and freeze up the heart; but, when the rays of the Sun of righteousness dart through the thick gloom, oh, how cheered do we become! what a melting is felt within! how the desires go out after Jesus! how the tongue is unloosened to tell of His love and of His mercy! what a joy springs up, and the graces of the Holy Spirit are put into lively exercise. And then the sun

4. *Causes fruitfulness*.—Our fruitfulness, beloved, is in Jesus. “From me is thy fruit found” is His own language. Let us try to find fruit in ourselves, and it will be a failure; as Jesus has been the cause of life divine, so fruitfulness must be the result of all He imparts, for from first to last all is dependent upon Him. And now we pass on to notice—

III. PRECIOUS THINGS PUT FORTH BY THE MOON.

It is very pleasing on a clear night to gaze upwards upon the myriads of stars, and mark in their midst the beautiful moon. We recollect in younger days, enraptured at the fair scene, exclaiming,

“Hail, gentle moon, sweet gatherer of light
From the all-glorious sun, and
Sweet disperser of the same in milder rays
O’er the wide canopy of heaven.”

But here, again, we must look from the beauties of nature to the beauties of grace; and see we not in this figure of the moon an apt emblem of the Church of Christ? and that we are not fanciful in our tracings again would we draw attention to the Scriptures. Our blessed Lord, when speaking in the Canticles of the Church, says, “Who is this that looketh forth as the morning, *fair as the moon*?” Look then, reader, at some of the precious things *put forth by moon* (the Church), and notice—

First. The Church, gathering her light from the sun, *puts forth*

1. *The word of God*.—“Holy men of old wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;” and those sacred oracles of God, preserved from generation to generation by the over-sight of a covenant God, are handed down

to us, translated into our own language. And oh, the preciousness of that word! what should we do without it, beloved? It is a field in which is hidden invaluable treasure; it is the revealed will of our heavenly Father to His children; it is a mine of wealth; a living spring; our God's legacy to His Church. Blessed are they that read with understanding hearts the word of divine life. We would not stand in the shoes of that man who dares to deny the authenticity of any part of God's word for ten thousand worlds; for—

“ Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Happiest he of human race,
To whom his God hath given grace
To mark, to learn, to read, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better had he ne'er been born,
Than live to doubt or read to scorn.”

Another precious thing put forth by the moon is

2. *United prayer*—and the Church; that is, the members of Christ's mystical body unitedly carrying out the command, “Ask, and it shall be given you,” is sure to bring down blessings from on high. Would that it was put forth with greater power and union, and real Christians could find it in their hearts to drop their minor differences, and besiege the throne of grace that God would still preserve to us our many privileges, and set up a standard against the enemy who seems to be coming in like a flood. We want more prayer and less picking holes in one another's coats; we want more union and less of making a brother an offender for a word. When Joseph had made himself known unto his brethren, and bid them return to fetch their aged father, he gave them this touching advice: “See that ye fall not out by the way.” Would that such wholesome counsel were practised with brethren and sisters in Christ, who have one Lord, and are heirs together of the kingdom. Again, another precious thing put forth by the Church is

3. *The ordinances of God's house*.—The ordinance of the Lord's Supper, in commemoration of the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, should be fully valued by all true believers. Alas, alas, how shunned and slighted! We are persuaded that no Church is in a healthy state where the members treat this ordinance lightly. The Lord's own blessed words should overcome all scruples: “Do this in remembrance of me.” And only do it, and it is surprising the blessings that flow into the soul from its observance; communion, a full sense of pardon, a sweet and settled assurance, joy and peace in believing, and a foretaste of everlasting glory are realised on such occasions. And this reminds us of another precious thing put forth by the Church, viz.:

4. *Communion with the saints*.—Oh, how precious is this enjoyment, when it is realized with kindred spirits! Our dear Lord loved to wend His way to Bethany, where three endeared ones lived, whom He loved, and who loved Him; for Jesus loved Martha and Mary and Lazarus. And so it is with His followers. They feel how profitable it is to hold communion with those who, like themselves, love Jesus, and to tell each other of His preciousness. And then the symbol of the moon reminds us that she

(1) *Gives light in the night*.—When we cannot get the stronger rays of the glorious sun, yet in our dark seasons the milder rays of precious

promises from God's word cheer us. And oh, how many are those dark and dreary seasons, beloved! And what should we be, did we not sometimes experience "light in the night," and so get comfort? Again, the moon

(2) *Influences the tides.*—Oh, how often are things at a low ebb with us; but when the influences of the Spirit draw out, the tide flows—our cups are full. So that the Christian is a paradox—sometimes low, sometimes high, sometimes empty, sometimes full; but, blessed be God, *never left*. Again, the moon

(3) *Has its eclipses.*—*So the Church has hers.* It seems to be passing through a partial eclipse now. There is a great deal of profession, but alas! how little possession; how little manifestation of real personal vital godliness among the living members. Lord, revive Thy work in our souls, and quicken us to a lively comprehension of divine things. And now mark—

IV. PRECIOUS THINGS OF THE LASTING HILLS.

Or, as the word has it: "The chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills." There are mountains and hills in different parts of the earth that are exceedingly ancient, but geologists are able, by an examination of their strata, to tell at what particular age in the world's history they were cast up by some convulsion of nature: but here we have a reference to ancient mountains that are everlasting. We will suggest the names of a few.

1. Those three ancient mountains, *the Trinity*.—God the Father, God the Son, and the God the Holy Ghost, co-equal, co-eternal, immutable, and incomprehensible, three in one, all working in harmony, and each taking their part in the wonderful work of the salvation of every elect vessel of mercy. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." Here is the work of the Father. And the apostle goes on to speak of our dear Redeemer. "In whom we have redemption, through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Here is the work of the Second Person in the glorious Trinity; and he goes on to speak of the Spirit: "Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure." Here is the work of the Spirit, all resulting in the salvation of God's elect, chosen by the Father, redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, and sanctified by this Spirit of God. Nor must we be unmindful of those ancient mountains—

2. *The attributes of God.*—His *immortality, omnipotency, omniscience, love, compassion, faithfulness*, are so many "towers of strength" for the believer to rest upon.

"A triune God, distinct in persons, yet
In essence one, incomprehensible."

And then that lasting hill—

3. *The covenant of God.*—By which we mean that grand stipulation between the Persons of the adorable Trinity, in which all that relates to the great work of redemption was planned and provided by infinite wisdom and sovereign love before the world was made. An ancient mountain that reared its head before Adam was placed by God in the garden of Eden. Oh, beloved, we love to go back to the very foundation of our religion, and see our security! A minister of the Gospel told us the other day, that he was called to attend the death-bed of a dear saint

of God. On drawing near to him, the dying one said, "Oh, my brother, I am *feeding upon five words.*" "What are they?" inquired our friend. "They are," said the happy servant of the Lord, "these: '*Impossible for God to lie.*'" Ah, beloved, this is resting sweetly upon the "covenant ordered in all things, and sure." We may well roll ourselves in a dying hour thus into the arms of a covenant God, for "it is impossible for Him to lie."

And it is from these ancient mountains and lasting hills that we gain *communion*; and it is sweet to get above the grovelling cares of earth, and breathe the mountain air of freedom with Jesus. We get views from the lasting hills that we never can in the valley, and though the valley-ground is certainly safe, because we cannot fall far, the ancient mountains are very precious to ascend, especially when the sky is so clear that faith views her distant home: and this reminds us that it is from these lasting hills we trace our *citizenship*. We have received our freedom of the New Jerusalem of the King of kings and Lord of lords. He carries the keys of the gates of the city upon His shoulder; He opens and no man shutteth; He shutteth and no man opens; He has given for us a roll, on which is inscribed our freedom, elect, favoured, and honoured; and he who holds this token of citizenship is free to pass through the gates of the city. "They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

It is worth while, then, beloved, getting up the ancient mountains where—

"We read our titles clear
To mansions in the skies."

And then we have—

V. PRECIOUS THINGS FROM HEAVEN AND OF HEAVEN.

For we mark a distinction here.

1. *From heaven, "the dew,"* the sweet, melting influence of Divine grace, felt in our nights of soul-darkness, and producing, imperceptibly to us, growth. The dew of precious promises, those pearly drops so refreshing to the soul, and the dew of the divine word of God as unfolded by the Spirit of God, which, falling upon the mown grass, refreshes and strengthens. And then there is—

2. "*The deep that coucheth beneath.*"—His way is in the great waters. There are the deep things in providence, often hard, very hard, to understand, leaving the exercised ones to say, "Thou hast made me to drink of the wine of astonishment;" yet they are deep with purpose and design, and always tend to the good of God's elect. Then there are the deep things in grace, things connected with our spiritual welfare and advancement, all known unto God, though often difficult for us to understand, yet all tending to crucify self and the world, exalt a precious Christ, and meeten us for eternal glory; and there are the deeps that couch beneath in the way of perpetual supplies, which will rise, whatever be the opposition, and keep the soul alive unto God. All these depths come from the God of heaven. Then there are—

PRECIOUS THINGS OF HEAVEN.

The word tells us of "*an incorruptible crown,*" and every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things; that is to say, suffers no undue excess to hinder him in the struggle, but carefully perseveres till the end be accomplished. But, says the Apostle, "they do it," or

they take all this trouble, "to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." Again, the word tells us of an "*eternal inheritance*." Jesus is the Mediator of the New Testament, that they who are called might receive the promise of "eternal inheritance." Again, the word tells us of "*entering into the joy of the Lord*." "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The word tells us of "*fulness of joy*." "Thou wilt shew me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." The word tells of "*an eternal weight of glory*." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Yea, the word tells us of "reigning with Christ;" being glorified with Him; "shining as stars;" and receiving the prize of the high calling. So that we must leave off enumerating the anticipated "precious things of heaven" with the words of the apostle: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." We cannot fully comprehend these precious things in store for the Lord's people,

"Till earth is changed for heaven."

Beloved, there are depths in this subject that seem to us unfathomable. We must leave you to fill up our deficiency as far as you are led. We have tried to draw attention to some of the "precious things" that fall from the Headship of our spiritual Joseph, and can only lay down our pen, saying, with the Queen of Sheba, "The half was not told me."

It will take our life-time to make fresh discoveries of the perfection of Jesus, and all eternity to display Him fully. Oh, what a mercy, that when our many efforts to set forth His beauty and fulness are over, then shall we see Him as He is, without a veil between. Till that happy time may we be kept near His side.

"Till we pass through yonder river;
When we reach the further shore,
There's an end of war for ever,
We shall see our foes no more.
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace."

Reader, what say you to these "precious things?"

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He that is in earnest about this question, "How shall I be saved?" should not spend the time in reflecting on, and examination of himself, but, from discovered sin and misery, pass straightway over to the grace and mercy of Christ, without any intervening search of something in himself to warrant him to come.

If the Divine Master whom we serve should be pleased to unfit us for activity, it by no means follows that He unfits us for usefulness. There is a passive as well as an active usefulness. In the midst of the frailties and sufferings of prostrated age, or of premature disability, we may not only give scope to the exercise of Christian virtues, the graces of patience and submission, of tranquil cheerfulness, and confidence in God, but display before them that wait upon us the blessed influence of the Gospel.

Pilgrim Papers.

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 363.)

O LORD Jesus Christ, there is no physician but Thee, that can cure the wounds of Thy sin-stung inheritance, and to take their pains away, "without money and without price;" they have a full discharge, and are made young again. To walk in newness of life, and to live upon Thy fulness, is to be immensely rich, and, though poor, yet possessing all things. "We have these treasures in earthen vessels, that the excellency and power may be of God, and not of us;" for Thou, dear Jesus, hast opened the pathway of life for us, to follow Thee in newness of life. Hold Thou our feet, and order our goings, that we slide not, for it is not in us to order our steps. We follow our rich Lord, as beggars in forlorn shapes, bit and stung by sin-serpents, &c., and much cast down by reason of the way—weak and feeble-kneed, and our spirit failing within us, yet panting like the thirsty hart for the view of our journey's end. And when Thou, dear Jesus, hast appeared in divine manifestation to us, we have oftentimes enjoyed a sacred, sweet, and a pleasurable delight; and in Thy personal fulness we have made our boast of Thy present help in time of need; we have known prosperity under Thy smiles, and Thy shining rays have led us into Thy love-visits, where our cups have run over, and for a time we have, undisturbed and unmolested, sat under Thy banner with sweet delight. Dear Jesus, how refreshing this has been to Thy needy children when weary and faint, to sit under their vine and fig tree, and the wine of the kingdom is handed to them from the water-pots of Canaan—served up unto them—and the welcome guests are divinely refreshed, and cheered on their way, so that they walk and not faint. Oh, how welcome are such seasons as these to every needy soul, when favoured to receive fresh supplies from the stores of Thy unchanging love, that administers gifts, comforts, and consolation, to meet their deepest case of trouble and trial, that may lie hid from all creature-knowledge and all creature-help, and opens the intercourse of that enjoyment to prove that Christ and His people are one. And there is none but Thee, O precious Jesus, that is sufficient to repulse the foes of Thy Church, when their fury is carried out against them to annoy and spoil the resting-place of Thy saints, and to be all-sufficient to Thy needy ones, to give bread in the wilderness, and to take the stone from the spring-head, that Thy thirsty tribes may drink, and lead them beside the still waters, where their cups run over, and their joys are unceasingly great, and ever new. O Lord Jesus, how wondrous is Thy way in sovereign mystery opened up to show Thy redeemed family their frailty and weakness and helplessness in themselves, and to prove to their experience the sufficiency of Thy grace, to lead them through their chequered scenes of adversity, temptation, and trial, and to say to the weak, Be strong; and lift the beggar from the dunghill, and adorn his head with the princely crown that fadeth not away.

"Be not weary in well-doing."—2 THESS. iii. 13.

It is well-doing when all we have to do with is given to us, but it is labour in vain for the Ethiopian to try to change his skin, or the leopard his spots, or to make one hair black or white, or to change a black hair to a white one; we may paint a post, but that is not a post of paint. A painted sepulchre does not make corruption incorruption, nor the myrtle to grow out of grave-clothes. Every seed has a body of itself, and produces its own likeness. The Lord prepared the ass's mouth to rebuke the mad prophet, and her colt was chosen to carry more than the heavens and the earth upon her humble back, adored by angels, and palm branches were strewed in the way, and the hosannahs of children perfected praise, that pierced the free-will priests to mad despair. O Thou immaculate Jesus, whose goings-forth for the salvation of Thine elect was a secret to angels' minds, of how its God-like wonders could be accomplished, and when they viewed Thee in the wilderness, where never man was seen, under overwhelming attacks, unthought of by man, when Thou hadst nowhere to lay Thy head, and earth's created supplies were untouched by Thee. Dear Jesus, our low conceptions of Thee, when brought to have a right bearing upon us, bring us to see our vileness, and our shame covers us; here our creature-pride and ignorance are dumbed and paralyzed, and self-abhorrence is pioneer for humility to take the highest room in the soul, to kiss the cross, while mercy drops as the honey-comb, and the bitter is made sweet to the hungry soul.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."—PSALM xxxvii. 5.

Come, thou tempest-tossed and tried believer, thou canst not do without thy trials, no more than thou canst do without thy precious Jesus, for His engagements are as good for you in your trials, as He is in your salvation, and His promise is as good to be fulfilled for you in your trials and deeps of all kinds, as it is in your triumph. Ask the tender mother if she can forget or forsake her tender child in its afflicted hour, and if she thinks she has failed to meet its necessities in a proper way? How is she pained at the thought! Forget and fail she may: yet, saith Jesus, "I will never forget thee; behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, and thy walls are continuously before me." Dear child, commit thy way unto Him, do not be meddlesome, nor fretful, leave it with Him, Jesus will bring it to pass, it is enough for thee to learn; stand still, and watch; meditation will be more sweet to thee than to be meddlesome, for things will be too hot for thee to handle.

LABOURS AMONG THE NESTORIANS.

It may well be wondered by angels and Spirit-taught men, how it comes to pass that missionaries go forth to preach Arminianism to the heathen. To place a man in the midst of heathenism with no religion save the idols they behold and worship, and then address them in the language of Arminianism, is little else than mockery of their sunken condition. So did not the apostle Paul (Acts xvii.). To set before them God's plan of salvation by Christ (ver. 31); to describe the effects of a work of grace upon the heart (ver. 27), and its influence upon the life when *He* commands repentance (ver. 30) is the right way, and the only way, to meet the case of the heathen.

But, say some, are there not parts of Scripture that speak a different language, and give countenance to the appeals usually made to creature-ability and a free-will faith, such as, "Flee from the wrath to come;" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ;" "Ask, and it shall be given you," and such like? But these and similar passages of Scripture are not based upon the foundation that man can be beforehand with God, and that he can do something to prepare the way for grace; they are simply God's instructions to the sinner, and His description of His own work in the soul, which is produced by divine power. "As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me; and the strangers shall submit themselves unto me." This is the hearing of faith, and faith is the gift of God; as our Lord declared, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." The bent of the human mind naturally being in unison with Arminianism, it early learns to twist effects into causes; hence, God's instructions to His people, and His descriptions for their encouragement of a work of grace on the soul, are made by Satan and the natural mind to speak the God-dishonouring language of creature-power and free-will ability.

But Arminianism is the same in every age and in every clime; it is a native principle in the human breast, the product of the fall; and strikingly this is manifested in missionary labours. The fact now, as of old, that "Jesus sends His disciples whither He Himself would come" and where His elect are to be found is a truth not known or concealed by the most who go forth to preach to the heathen. But every individual conversion is a testimony to the doctrine of election, and of the sovereignty of God. The appointment of a preached Gospel is to gather out the elect scattered up and down in the world, who are foreordained to glory; but losing sight of this leading truth, and probably never having had any vital experience of it in the heart, men drift into all sorts of contrivances to effect what God has not purposed, and in false zeal "to win souls," and push them into a profession, take all methods to make the road easy that leads to this end. This may account for the curious difference between the morning and evening sermons of the bulk of evangelical teachers in the present day. God is exalted in the morning, man in the evening. The morning gives a very fair display of the work of God for, and in, His people, to the praise of the glory of His grace: the evening is devoted to creature-work and free-will power, and the whole weight of salvation responsibility is laid upon the sinner. In the morning the cry is, *Salvation is of the Lord!* in the evening, *Salvation is of Jonah!* The modern theory of two first principles, Pelagius was too wise to propound, and Arminius, who, after the lapse of many years, reigned in his stead "as king over all the children of pride," never dreamt of foisting such a senseless faith upon the intelligent of mankind. These evening discourses devoted to creature-power and free-will worship are called, "Preaching the Gospel," which is anything in the world but "good news" to poor and needy souls, who feel they have nothing and can do nothing, while it sends away in peace the un-renewed, who promise themselves they will some day do as they are told by the preacher, repent, believe, pray, and seek the Lord. Thus, as of old, false shepherds deceive the people, and their voice now, as in Ezekiel's day, cries, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Not so, say some; the wicked are warned, and solemn appeals are made about sin and salvation, whereby the ungodly are told of their danger. So they may, but no sooner is the wound made than it is healed over by the balsam of something suggested that he can do. Hearers will stand any amount of

alarm, and terror, and any amount of truth, if only the preacher will add *something to do*. Then the hope rises that some day that something he will do, and, notwithstanding all the terrific appeals, he returns to his home and his sins in peace. "But," say some, "the masses will not tolerate Calvinism." This is true, for the doctrines of grace are so adulterated now with the leaven of creature-work and free-will-ism that the pure Gospel of a full, finished, and unconditional salvation is a strange sound in our Christian land, and deemed by some heretical notions.

But this does not alter God's eternal truth; now, as of old, it is a remnant according to the election of grace that are saved. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God;" therefore a place must be made in the heart for them, and this is effected by sovereign power, according to covenant purpose. "The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it?" so wherever His elect are hid, they must be found out, and brought by the Spirit of God as the blood-redeemed trophies of the work of Christ Jesus. "He shall say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from far and my daughters from the ends of the earth."

The fact that the masses will not tolerate Calvinism is no argument against the truth, for Christ and His Apostles have beaten out this ground, and shown the saints in all ages that "Strait is the gate that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it;" while "Broad is the way and wide the gate that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." Vital religion is the same now as it was in our Lord's-day, who gave this test to the Church of God. "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." The Apostle also supplies a test as to doctrine when he says, "They are of the world, therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them."

Calvinism—that is, God's truth—never was and never will be popular with the masses. The many who are in the broad road to destruction spurn it, and the few alone who are made "willing in the day of God's power" receive it; "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me," said our Lord of some, while of others He declared, "But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you."

Happy are they who, blest with an experimental acquaintance of their own ruined, sinful condition, are taught by the Spirit to find a peaceful refuge in the Blood of the Lamb, know the foundation of their time-mercies as the result of everlasting love, and by almighty power are made faithful to the light given them, whether men will hear or forbear. The reception of the truth is God's work, the proclamation of the truth is man's office when taught of God; and those who go forth in the strength of the Lord, "not walking in craftiness nor handling the word of God deceitfully," shall find the same results that are found in the Scripture—the hatred of the world, the smile of God, and the wrath of Satan. But the in-gathering of God's elect may be safely left to the love and power of Jehovah, who appoints the time and the means for the accomplishment of His own purpose. The servant may never be permitted to see all that his heart desires of the fruit of his labours; but in love and faith he casts the bread upon the waters which God will find for His own glory "after many days;" as saith the word, "For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one we

are the savour of death unto death, and to the other the savour of life unto life." So contrary is this to the world's estimate of results, that the apostle asks, "*And who is sufficient for these things?*" But the answer supplied is, "*For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God: but as of sincerity, but as of God in the sight of God, speak we in Christ.*"

In the autumn of 1845, Guwergis brought his eldest daughter, then about twelve years of age, and begged for her admission to the seminary. He was known as one of the vilest and most defiantly dissolute of the Nestorians, and the teacher shrunk from receiving the daughter of such a man into her flock. Yet, on the ground that, like her Master, she was sent not to the righteous, but to the lost, she concluded to receive her. Still the father, during his short stay, showed such a spirit of avarice and shameless selfishness—he even asked for the clothes his daughter had on when she came—that she rejoiced when he went away.

His home was twenty-five miles off, in the mountains, and she hoped that winter snows would soon shield her from his dreaded visits. Little did she think that his next coming would result in his salvation. In February he again presented himself at her door in his Koordish costume, gun, dagger, and belt of ammunition all complete. He came on Saturday, when many of the pupils were weeping over their sins; and the teacher could not but feel that the wolf had too truly entered the fold. He ridiculed their anxiety for salvation, and opposed the work of grace, in his own reckless way. She tried to guard her charge from the attacks as best she could, but they were too divinely convinced of sin to be much affected by what he said. His own daughter, at length distressed at his conduct, begged him to go alone with her to pray. He mocked and jeered, but went, confident in his power to cure her superstition. "Do you not think that I too can pray?" And he repeated over his form in ancient Syriac, as a wizard would mutter his incantation. His child then implored mercy for her own soul, and for her perishing father, as a daughter might be expected to do just awakened to her own guilt and the preciousness of redemption. As he heard the words, "Save, oh, save my father going down to destruction," he raised his clenched hand to strike; but, as he said afterwards, "God held me back from it." No entreaties of his daughter could prevail on him to enter the place of prayer again that day. The native teacher, Murad Khan, then recently converted, took him to his own room, and reasoned with him till late at night. Sabbath morning found him not only fixed in his rebellion, but toiling to prevent others coming to Christ. At noon Miss Fiske went to the room where he was. He sat in the only chair there, and never offered her a seat, so she stood by him and tried to talk; but he sternly repelled every attempt to speak of Jesus. She then took his hand and said, "Guwergis, I see you do not wish me to speak with you, and I promise you that I will never do it again unless you wish it; but pledge me one thing, when we stand together in judgment, and you are on the left hand—as you must be, if you go on in your present course—promise me that you will then testify, that on this twenty-second day of February, 1846, you were warned of your danger." He gave no pledge, but a weeping voice said, "Let me pray." The hand was withdrawn, and he passed into the adjoining room, whence soon issued a low voice, that Miss Fiske could hardly yet believe was prayer. The bell rung for meeting, and she sent her precious charge alone, while she stayed to watch the man whose pre-

vious character and conduct led her to fear that he was only feigning penitence in order to plunder the premises undisturbed. She stayed till a low voice seemed to say, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" then went and took her place in the chapel. Soon the door opened again very gently, and Deacon Guwergis entered; but how changed! His gun and dagger were laid aside; the folds of his turban had fallen over his forehead; his hands were raised to his face, and the big tears fell in silence; he sank into the nearest seat, and laid his head upon the desk. After Mr. Stoddard had pronounced the blessing, Miss Fiske requested Mr. Stocking to see Deacon Guwergis. He took him to his study, and then in bitterness of soul the recent blasphemer cried out, "Oh, my sins! my sins! they are higher than the mountains of Jeloo!" "Yes," said Mr. Stocking, "but if the fires of hell could be put out, you would not be troubled, would you?" The strong man now bowed down in his agony, exclaiming, "Sir, even if there was no hell, I could not bear this load of sin; I could not live as I have lived."

That night he could not sleep. In the morning Miss Fiske begged Mr. Stoddard to see him, and after a short interview he returned, telling her that the dreaded Guwergis was sitting at the feet of Jesus. "My great sins and my great Saviour!" was all that he could say. He was subdued and humble, and before noon left for his mountain home, saying, as he left, "I must tell my friends and neighbours of sin and of Jesus." Yet he trembled in view of his own weakness, and the temptations that might befall him. Nothing was heard from him for two weeks, when Priest Eshoo was sent to the village, and found him in his own house, telling his friends of sin and of Jesus. He had erected the family altar, and at that moment was surrounded by a company weeping for their sins. So changed was his whole character, and so earnest were his exhortations, that for a time some looked on him as insane; but the sight of his meekness and forgiving love under spiteful usage amazed them, and gave them an idea of vital piety they never had before. He returned to Oroomiah, bringing with him his wife, another child, and brother, and soon found his way to Miss Fiske's room. As he opened the door she stood on the opposite side, but the tears were in his eyes, and, extending his hand as he approached, he said, "I know you did not believe me, but you will believe me, will you not?" And she did believe him, and wondered at her own want of faith. In a few days he was able to tell Mr. Stocking, with holy joy, that two of his brothers were anxiously seeking the way of life.

THE OPPOSITION OF THE WORLD TO THE TRUTH.

ACTS xix. 24—34.

THIS history illustrates the true reasons of the world's opposition to God's truth now, by showing that whenever anything comes between its interest and advantage, though it may be the cause of truth, it immediately rises up to defend that interest. So long as religion does not interfere with its gains it remains quiet, and even goes so far as to countenance it; but, when the worship of the true God causes the silver shrines to be less sought after, then it makes "no small stir," but calls together its votaries and says, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." The zeal of these Ephesians for the temple of their goddess was secondary to the danger their occupation was in of being set at naught. And how often do we find self-interest the ruling passion of many who oppose the truth,

and also of those who make a profession of religion, but who do not like to sacrifice anything for Christ, thus fulfilling His own words: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." There are many like the young man in the Gospel, who would go away "exceeding sorrowful" if they were told to "sell all that they have;" and, though outwardly not far from the kingdom of God, are yet just far enough to be cast, with the unprofitable servant, into outer darkness. So then the world opposes the truth because those who hold and believe the truth testify against the world that its deeds are evil. It opposes it because the truth enlightens men's eyes to see the utter worthlessness of all the world calls good, and it opposes it because the truth maketh free, and delivers from the hard bondage and cruel tasks which the world imposes on those who are its slaves, placing such a line of demarcation between the follower of Christ and the worldling, as cannot fail to prove a barrier to either attempting to pursue the same course as the other, if each be true to their own principles. "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice," says our blessed Saviour. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." W.

PLAIN REMARKS ON PORTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."—ACTS x. 43.

ALL the prophets were inspired by the Holy Ghost; yet they were not sinless men, for they often confessed their sins, and prayed for pardon. They all spoke highly of "Him," not of themselves. Those favoured by the Holy Spirit extol Christ. The holy prophets never contradicted themselves in what they testified of "Him." What a blessed "Him!" How the prophets admired, loved, and adored "Him!" They testified of His divinity, humanity; of His coming from heaven to earth; of His work, sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension, intercession, and of His second coming. Nothing was ever said by any one against the Lord Jesus Christ while under the gracious inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The internal teaching of the Holy and blessed Spirit in the souls of God's people agrees with what the prophets said of "Him." Christ cannot be extolled too highly for those quickened sinners who know what it is to be "brought low," and have had their many sins pardoned "through His name." The pardon of their sins was purposed, purchased, and promised. Sin must be known as a reality in the soul before a felt pardon can be realized. But what a precious Gospel! "Whosoever believeth in Him," &c.; not whosoever worketh, prayeth, preacheth, weepeth, striveth, but "believeth in Him." How much there is included in this believing in Him! The new birth precedes this believing in Him. To believe in God's "unspeakable gift" to the saving of the soul, faith is given to all who are "ordained to eternal life." A sinner must receive a gracious gift from God before he will or can believe savingly in God's "unspeakable gift." Can a natural man produce in his heart spiritual faith? No. Faith not only credits what God saith, but it cleaves to Him who hath said it. No man is a true believer till it be given him through grace to believe, and that on Christ's behalf. Not one sinner who has "the faith of God's elect" in his heart will taste the second death; but all who live and die without it will not have eternal life; for it is written, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

"I will feed the flock of slaughter."—ZECH. xi. 7.

What, slaughtered sheep need feeding! Who can feed such? "The good Shepherd." Slaughtering work comes before feeding work. Sheep have to be brought to the slaughter-house for the purpose of being slaughtered. There they are killed, cut up, or cut open. Jesus "was led as a lamb to the slaughter." The sword of justice slaughtered Him. His people, when brought to feel as Paul did, as stated in Romans vii. 9, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." Here he was in the slaughter-house, slaughtered by the holy law of God. After this slaughtering work what an appetite was created in him by the Holy Spirit for the blessed food which the good Shepherd feeds such with! Dear man, he seemed to be full when he said, "I have all and abound" (Phil. iv. 18). He was fed by no stinting hand.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will shew them His covenant."—PSALM xxv. 14.

This covenant is not seen unless the Lord shows it. The covenant of grace is not graciously shown to any but those who are eternally interested in it. Oh, this everlasting covenant! What love in God the Father to determine, purpose, and choose to save in His dear Son a multitude of sinners, which no men can number!

This was not done in haste as some agreements or bargains are made. How solemn the counsel! How gloriously the attributes and perfections of the high and mighty One shine forth in connexion with the covenant of grace! It was at this counsel the Church was given to the Lord Jesus Christ. Did He accept of the gift willingly? Oh, yes. "His delights were with the sons of men" (Prov. viii. 31). Yet He then knew He would be hated by those with whom were His delights. It was known by the great eternal Three that man would sin. The fall did not take the Lord by surprise. Did His people's sin change the Father's mind towards them? No. Did God the Son accept of all their responsibilities? Yes. He saw they would fall, and engaged to raise them; that they would be in debt, and engaged to pay their debt; that they would be ruined, and engaged to restore them; that they would be in prison and engaged to bring them out; that they would be under the curse, and engaged to redeem them from it; that they would be naked, and engaged to clothe them; that they would be filthy, and engaged to cleanse them; that they would wander, and engaged to bring them back; that they would be in darkness, and engaged to bring them out of it; that they would be lost, and engaged to save them. O Thou holy spotless Jesus, make my heart in love with Thee, and show me that I am in the covenant of grace of which Thou art the Mediator. What a vast work Jesus undertook to do on behalf of "the election of grace!" Did He break down? No. Hark! hark! hark! Ye angels of light, ye "spirits of just men made perfect," ye who feel on the brink of destruction, ye devils in hell, even the chief of you: "It is finished."

Did not God the Holy Spirit also engage to convince the vessels of mercy of their sins, to quicken, instruct, guide, bear witness, with the Spirit of their adoption, to make known to them the relationship which subsisted between them and God from all eternity, to comfort them in all their tribulations, to show them what they are in themselves, what Christ is to them, to reveal Christ to their souls, to open up and apply His

precious truth to their understandings and hearts? Yes, the Holy Spirit knew full well that those in whom He engaged to work would in their own nature be opposed to His work; yet the foreknowledge of this did not prevent Him from undertaking to bring into spiritual life, and compel those to sigh, cry, and pray to the Lord for that salvation which He, in conjunction with God the Father and God the Son, appointed them unto.

"When I said, My foot slippeth; Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."—PSALM xciv. 18.

Here is the Lord's mercy, holding up a slipping child. How many slips during one day! Temper-slips, lip-slips, life-slips, thought-slips, and heart-slips. Sometimes it is more than a slip, even a fall. Mercy holds up the slipping one. How indebted the children of God are to mercy. Mercy raises up, and holds up. Some of the people of God have been enabled to walk without an open fall; such as would have attracted the notice of the world; but who among them have gone through the journey of life, even after being born again of the Spirit, without slipping? The people of the world take notice of the open falls of the Lord's people. The Lord's people themselves take notice of their inward slips, when their consciences are truly alive. Persons taught by the Holy Spirit see sin, when, where, and in what "the rest" do not discover it in.

THE WARFARE WITH THE FLESH.

"Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."—1 PETER ii. 11.

THE two epistles of Peter are so remarkable for brevity, simplicity, and fulness in the development of the sacred elements that characterize doctrinal, experimental, and practical religion, that may be truly designated *multum in parvo*. The Apostle is also very careful in drawing a line of distinction between the seeds of the first and the Second Adam; the flesh and the Spirit; they that serve God and they that serve Him not, for, saith he, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust until the day of judgment to be punished" (2 Peter ii. 9). He also insists that the great doctrines of divine grace, when professedly embraced, should show forth divine effects—that the root and offspring of the Spirit of Christ should bear corresponding fruit; and that where this fruit is wanting, there are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever. The dearly beloved whom the Apostle so affectionately addresses, as strangers and pilgrims, are those who have been made partakers of the divine nature of Christ, by being "begotten again of His abundant mercy unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an incorruptible inheritance, and born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever." Those who have been made acquainted with their high standing in the Lord Jesus Christ, by covenant union and covenant relationship; those who have received a most blessed and special assurance of their election of God, unto the special privileges of a glorious inheritance; those who are lively stones, built up a spiritual house upon the foundation and chief Corner-stone which is laid in Zion, which Stone is also a Stone of stumbling, and a Rock of offence to them that stumble at the word, being

disobedient, whereunto also they were appointed. And oh, what a marvellous mercy they were not all appointed to disobedience and stumbling. It is indeed a marvellous mercy, that the Lord hath set apart by covenant deed a seed to serve Him; to which seed, at the appointed time, is the glorious Gospel of the grace of God manifested, and the seed brought into visible existence in every age and generation, as strangers and pilgrims, according to the commandment of the everlasting God for the obedience of faith.

"Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts." The request that the apostle makes of the beloved strangers and pilgrims is a very solemn one, and also a very great one; one that at first sight seems quite impracticable. The poor strangers and pilgrims know full well that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; full of carnal desires, inordinate affections, envyings, covetousness, and every other deceitful and hurtful lust, and is of the flesh fleshly. And how to abstain from possessing them seems a very difficult problem. That they are, there is no denying; and the Apostle could not mean to abstain from possessing them, which he knew to be an impossibility. But, if we call to our aid the exhortation of the Apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, we may be able to arrive at a solution of the difficulty. The great Apostle of the Gentiles exhorts to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof (Rom. xiii. 14). It is necessary to be clear upon this point, for much of our personal peace in Christ Jesus depends upon a right apprehension of the Holy Spirit's meaning of this important passage. What the Apostle intended to convey to strangers and pilgrims was, that they were to abstain from making any deliberate provision for carrying into effect, any evil inclination or lustful design, that might be conceived in the carnal mind, according to the dictates of the lust of a deceitful, wicked, carnal heart. How many poor souls have had to bless and praise our covenant God for the interposition of His divine providence, when in the very act of making provision to carry out some lustful design, and frustrating all the carefully and well-arranged plans, and at the moment the disappointment hath caused many angry and rebellious passions to arise against both the wisdom and power of God, but ultimately brought to acknowledge and admire the wonderful government of Christ in the regulation of all circumstances, both great and the most minute, to the praise and honour of His own glorious name, and to the present and eternal peace of strangers and pilgrims.

Fleshly lusts are part and parcel of the old man of sin, and are ever at enmity with the new man of grace. The opposition that is offered is so powerful, that, were it not for a far greater and more superior force to dispute their dominion, the most fatal effects of the works of the flesh would result. The Apostle Paul is very pointed upon this: "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law" (Gal. v. 16: see to end of chapter). And behold what an awful catalogue of iniquity springs out of the deceitful fleshly heart of man, and is carried into effect more or less in some or other of its various workings, if unrestrained by the power and grace of our triune Jehovah. Therefore it is clear, that it is entirely through the sin-subduing and sin-restraining

power and influence of God the Holy Ghost, that is so abundantly manifested and shed abroad in the soul, that makes strangers and pilgrims to abstain from fleshly lusts, that war against the soul.

"Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul." "Which war against the soul." The souls of strangers and pilgrims do not long together enjoy uninterrupted peace. The Lord Jesus Christ is their peace, having reconciled them unto God by the blood of His cross at the time when they were aliens and strangers from the commonwealth of Israel, and the covenants of promise. He dwells in them, walks and reigns in them, declaring Himself to be their God and they to be His people, but not with undisputed right and authority. Fleshly lusts and carnal desires dispute His divine right to overthrow their dominion, and wages a heavy warfare to recover it, and to bring the soul back to its former course, as in time past, "wherein it walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, and to the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience." Sometimes the warfare is very fierce and desperate, threatening to completely overthrow the spiritual dominion of Christ; but, blessed be God and the word of His grace, which declares that "sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace," and "grace reigns through righteousness in every soul that believeth." Therefore, grace in its various moods of operation is the spiritual weapon with which the soul fights in the warfare with fleshly lusts, and made more than conqueror through Him that loved him, and gave him this weapon; which the apostle saith is not a carnal one: "For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh: (for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds;) casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ; and having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience, when your obedience is fulfilled" (2 Cor. x. 3—6). Blessed weapon this; the only weapon that is at all calculated to keep in subjection carnal affections and fleshly lusts. It is sufficient for every emergency. It not only subdues the corruptions of the carnal heart, but it also repels the fiery darts of temptation, and lifts up the cross when the enemy cometh in like a flood. The Lord Jesus Christ replied to the apostle Paul's request in a great emergency: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." The grace (which is nothing more or less than the free unmerited favour) of God does everything in the salvation of a soul. It arranged the conditions of the eternal covenant; it gave us the Lord Jesus Christ; it gave us the Holy Spirit; it gave us the word of God; it is God's eternal love; it is God's eternal mercy; it is God's goodness, kindness, faithfulness, and truthfulness. It is our strength in weakness, help in trouble, our weapon in warfare, our shield in danger, our all in everything appertaining to a poor lost soul's salvation, because every provision made for time and eternity is the effect and fruit of the eternal grace of our triune Jehovah.

Many of the dearly-beloved strangers and pilgrims have, by sowing to the flesh, had of the flesh to reap the bitter fruits of corruption. The attempt to make provision to fulfil the lusts of the flesh have caused many soul-travails in deep and bitter sorrow, when the combination of circumstances have worked in the opposite direction, and thereby ensnaring and

taking them in their own net. Fleshly lusts are at enmity with the soul, waging terrible war against its best interests, often invading the sacred habitation of the Spirit of Christ, and thereby grieving the Holy Spirit of promise, which must end in rebuke and severe chastisement. The Lord very blessedly and mercifully watches over the best and most vital interest of the souls of His dearly-beloved strangers and pilgrims, upsetting and overthrowing the designs formed of carrying into the fullest extent of effect carnal, sinful, fleshly lusts which war against the soul.

Prestwich.

W. G.

FEAR NOT!

LUKE xii. 32.

FEAR not, little flock, while you're wandering here,
Your path is a rough one, but Jesus is near:
No foe can molest you, no terror affright,
Without His permission, by day or by night.

Fear not, little flock, tribulation and pain,
At present though grievous, shall work for your gain;
Through many a trial He'll bring you, to prove
The strength of His arm and the depth of His love.

Fear not, little flock, when supplies seem to fail,
And anxious forebodings your bosoms assail;
Oh, think, would He stoop the young ravens to feed,
And care not for you, in your dark hour of need?

Fear not, little flock, though you dread the rough blast,
And wonder how long your poor raiment will last;
Each garment you need was selected and bought
By Him who your robe of salvation hath wrought.

Fear not, little flock, while your sins you deplore,
And tremblingly think He'll be gracious no more;
Your sins may obscure the sweet light of His face,
But never can alter His purpose of grace.

Fear not, little flock, 'tis no goodness in you
Impels His kind heart to be faithful and true;
His own, by redemption, He cannot but save
Each sheep whom the Father in covenant gave.

Fear not, little flock, His good pleasure and will,
His oath and His promise He'll surely fulfil:
The kingdom is yours, though the earth should remove;
He knows no mutations, but rests in His love.

Fear not, little flock, though the foe is at hand,
And fast-coming darkness o'ershadows the land;
No weapon shall prosper that's meant for your harm,—
The Lord is your shield of defence from the storm.

Fear not, little flock, though the fold may abound
With wolves in sheep's clothing within and around;
No lion nor ravenous beast shall be there
In the home He has gone for His saints to prepare.

Fear not, little flock, when to Jordan you come,
Its last heaving billow shall waft you safe home:
You never can founder, with Christ for your Friend;
For, once having loved you, He'll love to the end.

Scarborough.

W. S. ROBINSON.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." —PSALM xxxvii. 37.

A "WISE SON," WHO MADE A "GLAD FATHER."

(Concluded from page 376.)

IN the year of Jubilee under the law, when all in the bonds of servitude were released, though there was much rejoicing in Israel, there was also great solemnity, as an ordinance of God it must necessarily be so. In like manner with the solemn prescript of death! this day of deliverance to the captive soul of a believer: there are the same mingled feelings of "fear and great joy." For, as with the bringing up out of captivity is associated the forgiveness of sin (Isa. lxxxv. 1, 2), so with our final release from the "bondage of corruption," there is the full manifestation of the pardoning love and mercy of God. But, in the experiencing of these things, the *rejoicings of heart* is with *tremblings of the flesh*; and thus faith and feelings alternate in every child of God.

My son Josiah was the subject of these diverse conflicting sensibilities. Thus at one time he said, "the more I suffer in body the happier I am in my mind." Whereas on another occasion he said, "he was not half so happy in himself as when he was first taken ill, for that he could neither feel, think, nor pray." The fact is the mind partook of the weakness of the body, and thus, though he was stedfast in faith, he was variable in his feelings. But these mutable conditions of a believer, though they mark his *state*, they do not militate against his *standing*. What he is in himself is of man, what he is in Christ, is of God; and these variations of exercise do but show the workings of the flesh and Spirit in their constant strivings for the mastery within.

Now the wicked have no such changes: the righteous suffer many: "they mount up to heaven, to go down again to the depths." Nevertheless it is with the righteous as so blessedly stated in that verse of a hymn which was specially precious to Josiah (and therefore sung at his burial),

"In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye;
'Tis *well* with them while life endure,
And *well* when called to die."

"*Well* when called to die," what a delightful thought! but "*Called to die!*" What a solemn summons! "And the Lord said unto Moses, behold, the days approach that thou must die." What a mercy to know "our times are in His hand" and that

"Till He bids we *cannot* die."

But when the "time to die" arrives, none can avert God's appointment or period. And yet how we pray against it, and try to prevent it. This also is vanity: for the will of the Lord must be done. Thus not all that we could do to strengthen and support our now mere skeleton of a son, seemed to be of any avail: for the Spirit of the Lord having "blown" upon this family "flower," he withered and faded away. But, as the glory of man in his strength gave place to the wreck of human nature through weakness, the decaying of the "outward" man seemed to be the Lord's special

time for the renewing of the "inward." But not as wrought, so also are the works of God realized; the double blessing is not invariably enjoyed. Thus it was with our declining Josiah at this time, as one of the good books we read to him declared, "You may not always have the comfort of the Lord's presence, but you always have the benefit of it." Nevertheless so faithful was He who had some long time promised that "He would not plead against him with His great power," that He put strength enough in my son to make him both cheerful at the prospect that was before him, and to bow in reverence at the affliction from God that was upon him. Thus, though he had said when in health that it was "the pain and suffering in sickness and death that he most dreaded," yet now that he was on the very borders thereof, all this fear was taken away, and not the "last enemy" did he so much dread, as the lamented absence and felt loss of his Beloved. Hence being favoured with a God-fearing person in our kind medical attendant, it was unto him that Josiah said, "I have no fear of dying, but I want to feel Jesus more precious to my soul." This was cause for thankfulness indeed, and I do hope real gratitude of heart was felt by us all at this unspeakable mercy of our God.

Nor did the "God of all comfort" stop here: for He made His abundant consolations to abound also, in the Bethel which through His presence and blessing the *bedroom of death* became. Thus, though the sick-chamber was now assuming a solemnity that only the prospect of death can impart, still no horrors, no terrors were there. The "enemy" and the "avenger" were stilled in their disturbing power, and all was quietness, patience, and peace. He seemed to be sailing into the harbour of rest, under the banner of eternal love. It was indeed with Josiah as one other of his favourite hymns so truthfully and touchingly describes,

"As when a child, secure from harms,
Hangs on its mother's breast;
Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest:—
And while through many a painful path,
The travelling parent speeds,
The fearless babe, with passive faith,
Lies still and yet proceeds."

It was just in this quietude, and conscious safety, that Josiah now seemed to lie, and ripen for immortal glory. And it was upon hearing the gentle sound of the opening the "gates of death," that we were led to talk much upon the solemn subject, as it is scripturally set before us. And thus was it presented to the mind at the time, which we now write for the perusal and consideration of the reader.

There are two ways of dying the "common death of all." First as the righteous, second as the wicked. And these diverse deaths are in accordance with correspondent lives. Now we may lay it down as a positive fact that every man and woman in the world is living in, and unto, some person and thing—either in sin and error, and thus *unto the devil*, or in righteousness and the holiness of truth *unto God*. For as the Scripture saith, "*no man liveth unto himself*;" and, as a man lives, so will he die; for "*no man dieth unto himself*." To God or to Satan, then, it must be, *both in life and in death*, and "in the place where the tree falleth there it shall lie." What a solemn thought! The important question therefore is not so much *when* shall we die, as *how* and *to whom*; and this we may know in the conscience, by our honest answer to the question, *Unto what and to*

whom are we *living*? I am not now speaking of God's sovereignty, as in the case of the dying thief, but the evidences (or their absence) of man's "common salvation." To "know Him" is life eternal; to know Him not, is everlasting death. "Died Abner as a fool dieth?" Yes, without wisdom, for the "fool" in Scripture is the "natural man," who receiveth not, neither knoweth, the things of God. And the verdict of God pronounced upon such is, "Ye shall all of you *die like men*," that is, like *sinful men*! because as natural men they have *lived in sin*, and therefore (as our Lord also saith) "Ye shall die *in your sins*." This is death, and *destruction in death*, the destruction of both hope and expectation, the "sudden destruction" of the wicked without the "remedy" of the righteous; the portion of the ungodly who having served divers lusts and pleasures all their sinful lives, are now "*killed with death*," and that, by the slaying power of God's wrath and judgment. Not so the righteous; for having "*suffered*" by the will of God, in the flesh, through sin, and being made free therefrom, have become servants to God, "they have their fruit unto holiness, and the end, everlasting life." "Precious," then, in the sight of the Lord "is the death of His saints," because in them He sees the travail of His soul, which travail He endured on their behalf when the "sorrows of death" compassed Him about, and the "pains of hell" gat hold upon him. And this "trouble" and "sorrow" He found, that His people might go free. Oh, what a blessed secret is here! In the new and living way cast up by God which He hath consecrated to His Church by the blood and sacrifice of Christ, the saints of the Most High walk in sweet reconciliation with the Father through the death of His Son, who, by and in His death, suffered and swallowed up our death; so that in this pathway of righteousness there is "no death," that is, in its penalty and bitter poignancy to the redeemed children of God. Believers, then, who "in death are not divided" (from Christ) are the "blessed dead," who "die in the Lord;" and this is called a "falling asleep," and, as in sleep there is unconsciousness of what is going on, so departing saints are said not to "*see death*," nor to "*taste of death*;" that "sight" and that "taste," to the fulness of every death, having being endured by Christ, when, in "agony" and "bloody sweat," "He died for our sins."

But "there is no peace, saith the Lord, to the wicked." The evil ways of the ungodly weary every one of them in life; and the sins of the wicked will not suffer them to sleep *in death*. Therefore, in full and wakeful consciousness of the awful "*hell*" that follows "*death*," they are slain in the slaughter of this last and fatal "war."

But "the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy;" what for, my Lord? "*to deliver their souls from death*." Oh, how precious. Having abolished death and brought life and immortality to light, the glorious Christ Himself is the Gospel of salvation to their ransomed souls. Then well may the apostle Paul preach the good news thereof thus, "For if by one man's offence *death reigned* by one, much more they that receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall *reign in life* by one Jesus Christ," and I confess there is no one truth that more consoles my mind in the prospect of death than this *reigning in life by one Jesus Christ*: triumphing over Satan's power, by the power of Christ! death being swallowed up in the victory of Christ! the "sting of death" being taken away by the sufferings of Christ! the "strength of sin" destroyed through the obedience of Christ! the grave being overcome by the victorious resurrection of Christ, and heaven opened by the

triumphant entrance of Christ! *Thus Christ is the strength of every believer's soul both in life and in death*, and our God can reign as much in the one as in the other. And thus He does to the righteous according to His word by the mouth of His apostle Paul thus: "All things are yours, whether *life or death*," &c., all included in the "gift of righteousness," and all of which therefore "work together" for our "good." Death then is yours, dear believer, not to sport or trifle *with*, but to rejoice *in* and triumph *over*. May it be the happiness of both reader and writer when they come to die, still then to "*reign in life by one Jesus Christ*."

Now, these were some of the blessed truths that the Lord, in so much love and mercy, was opening the mind of my Josiah to receive, and therefore he entered into our Scripture readings, and prayerful meditations therein, with all his heart. He was fully persuaded that the last dark valley could not be passed without the presence, protection, and inwrought reigning power of Christ. Also that the same Lord who had *taught him how to live*, must in like manner teach him *how to die*; as Peter said, "Knowing that shortly I must put off this, my tabernacle, *even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me*." So that our blessed Lord must show us how to "*die unto Him*," as well as how to "*live unto Him*!" that whether living or dying, we may be manifestly, experimentally, consecratively, and rejoicingly, the Lord's.

But these triumphant blessings, pertaining to the end of time to us, we must patiently wait to receive. For "now," as the Apostle said, "we see not all things put under Him." No, nor do we really need the sight till the "last enemy" comes as the King of terrors unto us. But the fact remains the same—faith's truths abide, founded on the promises of God; and there is no doubt, in my mind, that at the needed moment, whether in life, or in death, we shall see *that very enemy destroyed that then torments us most*. For our God, who afflicts, but never persecutes or forsakes, will be sure to speak some strength-imparting truth to the soul, as one "having authority" over all flesh, men, and devils. Until when, may we live in sweet persuasion of the fact that, though we must die, as our Lord said to Martha, "Lazarus is dead," yet shall it be with us also as Jesus furthermore declared, "Our friend Lazarus *sleepeth*." For "they who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Here, then, let us rest in the prospect of dissolution though dark may be the path that leads us to the tomb. Thus I proceed.

Dec. 24th, 1868.—My dear son was very ill, and, being now so weak and prostrate, he could neither move, or be moved, in bed. Oh, what a sight was thus presented to our view! whilst to the poor helpless sufferer it seemed to be the severest part of his long and weary trial. Indeed, he found it to be hard work now to retain his quiet integrity before God. Thus so sorely was he tried on this point that, through his extreme bodily weakness, and great inward suffering, he did *once* cry out, "Oh, dear!" and said, "he began to get tired of it." But the little cloud that thus overshadowed him for a time was soon removed, and again with him it was a *suffering the will of God in submission and silence*. With the sympathizing household it was as if all our powers were paralyzed. Awe-stricken as we were, we could inwardly groan and pray, but could not speak. Nature and life seemed brought to a solemn pause. As for myself I could only commune with my own heart, and be still. Prayer seemed the only resource, and Christ the only refuge. The God to whom power belongeth still commanded the strength of my dear wife, who felt

now sustained by that Scripture which He gave her concerning him, "I have created him for my glory." Whereas my poor heart this Christmas Eve, 1868, poured forth its prayer in plaintive strains, of which the following forms a part :—

Come, dearest Lord, to his bedside,
And open all thine heart;
That he may in Thy love confide,
And in Thy strength depart.
Bear him away, on angels' wings,
To heaven's eternal bliss;
And take him, O Thou King of kings,
From such a world as this.
Put him to sleep in Jesus arms,
That he may die in peace;
And we will lay his case of bones,
Where all life's troubles cease.

Christmas-day, 1868.—Our once highly-favoured home, with its cheerful fireside, and happy surrounding group! now all was still, cold, and dull. What a changing scene is life! Perhaps with our former hilarity there was much folly, but it seemed now as if God would not let us have even the innocent pleasures of family life. We therefore felt called upon to accept our wisely-appointed measure of life's evils; this evidently being with us, by the will of God, a "time to kill," a "time to break down," a "time to rend," and a "time to keep silence." Does the reader know anything of these heaven-ordained "times?" They are the certain forerunners of those "healing," "planting," "building up," and "embracing times," that God most surely brings in their season to all His tried and exercised people.

Dec. 26th.—Felt impressed with the importance of putting some close and solemn questions to my son, founded upon the subjects we had then been reading and talking about. Thus I said, "I hope, my dear boy, the Lord is with you, and that amidst all your afflictions it is faith in Christ Jesus?" He smiled, and nodded assent. I then said, "Is Jesus *all* your hope and trust?" He replied, firmly, "Yes, father." I then added, "In the face of all you have gone through and suffered, can you justify God, and say '*it is well*'?" He answered, "I hope I can." Immediately after this it was just as if Satan had heard all that had passed between us, and full of fury came in to shake his confidence and disturb his repose. Thus the poor sufferer was seized with a violent attack of his heart, which made him gasp for breath. Oh, it was a fearful sight! at the foot of the bed sat my wife and the nurse, with their eyes fixed on the ground and deep in thought, my choking self at the bedside with a painfully-heaving breast, and so oppressed, that I felt constrained to cry out for relief, "Come, Lord Jesus, *come quickly*; into Thy hands I commend his spirit."

But it was not yet his "time to die," though we each, and the poor sufferer too, thought it was. But *he* was, nevertheless, *the least disturbed of us all*; the good Lord, though He this once (as He does mostly to them that are His) permitted Satan to touch all but his life, yet He did not suffer the enemy to "exact" upon him. As God did not plead against him with His great power, the strength of the "*waster*" to destroy, was weak and in vain. Thus my poor dear son soon regained his wonted composure, and on his placid countenance was his accustomed smile. Our faithful nurse (who, with our sympathizing domestic servant, seemed to profit

much by this afflictive dispensation) said "she had waited on many persons in sickness, and death, but never saw one so peaceful and calm;" adding, "I am glad I was there, 'twill be a lesson to me as long as I live." Thus who can tell the blessing that may grow out of this afflictive event? But to God be all the praise, for He it was who wrought the whole. It was of the Lord's mercies that my son was consumed. On the contrary, the God of salvation so covered him with His feathers of protection, and preserved him under the shadow of His wings, that he was neither afraid of the "terror by night," nor of the "arrow that flieth by day." The "pestilence that walketh in darkness" did not disturb him, and the "destruction that wasteth at noonday" did not distress him. Though he found trouble and sorrow in his measure, and had his days of adversity in their season, yet now it was "peace" in the presence of war, and "life" in the midst of death. "And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den: they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." Just so it was with my weaned, wise-made son, who made glad his heavenly Father, and earthly father too. Indeed, he has outrun me to the sepulchre completely, and supplanted me by maturity entirely. And thus it is, "a child shall die an hundred years old;" for God reckons not age by time, but *ripeness for eternal glory*.

The dawning of the year 1869 was the opening of the portals of heaven to his soul. The poor body was somewhat disturbed in the morning, and a little agitation seized his mind, but his greatest fear was lest he should lose his senses, and say things he ought not. But this was mercifully prevented, for he retained his full consciousness to the last. His kind and much interested doctor being sent for (who immediately saw how he was) the following conversation took place. Mr. O. C.: "Now, Josiah, I must tell you that your time is but short on the earth; in this extremity, can you say you are still trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation?" To which Josiah firmly replied, "*Yes, sir, I can.*"

This last interview seemed to afford the dear patient much relief; indeed, we really believe he was glad to be told that "the time of his departure was at hand." For he received the announcement with all resignedness and composure, and seemed to be so "ready to depart" that on being offered a little stimulant by the nurse, he said, "*No more, I thank you.*" The fact is he had now done with all earthly things, his house was in order, and being "called to die," calmly waited for the welcome summons. His endearing associations with us also being ended, he asked for nothing and for no one, not even for me, his fond father, who was asleep on the sofa below. His desire seemed to be to *depart in peace, and not to be disturbed*. Thus upon making a slight moaning sound, that at once caught the listening ear of my ever-watchful wife, and who said, "What is the matter, my dear? can I do anything for you?" he immediately put up his finger, as if to impose *silence in the presence of death!* And the solemn stillness was only broken after this by the faint cry of the departing one, "Lord, Lord, Lord," when he gently turned his head aside, and sweetly fell asleep.

Chelmsford, Jan. 1st, 1869.

Believers are as safe in the hands of God at the lowest ebb, as at the highest spring-tide of sensible comfort.

"M. S."

WITHOUT doubt most of our readers are familiar with the initials "M. S," of Northampton. For little short of twenty years she was among our correspondents, and we believe, without exception, she was the most desponding about her state. Her letters were very concise, but almost invariably expressive of fear and dread as to what would be the final issue. Many years ago, the Lord of a sudden laid her upon a sick-bed, and she wrote to us immediately stating the fact, at the same time saying she knew not what the Lord was about to do. It pleased Him, however, to raise her up again, and then she wrote apprizing us of the calm and peaceful state in which her mind had been kept during that attack. In reply, we expressed our conviction, that her "perfect peace" was only the earnest of what it would most assuredly be when she came to die. She lapsed, however, into her previous state of fear and dark and gloomy apprehensions. Each and every argument failed to bring her real and lasting peace and enjoyment. "The days of darkness were indeed many" with our beloved friend; and we felt from time to time that it was the Lord, and the Lord alone, who could liberate her poor captive soul. The words of man were valueless. It was the Lord, and the Lord only, who could effectually say, "Deliver her from going down into the pit. I have found a ransom." Her kindness and generosity to such as she believed to be the Lord's people will only be known at the last great day. "Her works follow her;" but she placed not the weight of a feather upon anything she ever did or could do. She was one who would gladly crouch—the lowest and the humblest—at the dear Redeemer's feet, if so be she could but find mercy.

When recently about to write a line of sympathy to our dear friend,—she having about the time been much upon the mind,—we received most unexpectedly the mourning card, announcing her death at the age of 71 years. Upon this, we immediately wrote to our dear mutual friend, Mrs. MOENS, of Birmingham, asking for any particulars she might possess of her latter end. In reply, we received the following, written in our dear friend's usual sympathy and kindness :

47, Bath Row, Birmingham, June 17, 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Many thanks for your very precious note received this morning, although it touched me much to hear of the gloomy clouds which are hovering over your path. It is easy to labour in the vineyard when all is sunshine; but oh! in the midnight darkness, when the Master hides his face, and the accuser of the brethren is roaring, it is hard work to speak of those precious truths of which no sweet enjoyment is given. Your various outward trials and perplexities of late have been many, my dear brother, and have weighed heavily upon you. No doubt the influence of these things has had a depressing influence upon mind and body. I am often led to lift up my heart for you in earnest breathings to our dear Lord. How often He "leads the blind by a way we know not," yet all His leadings, even when most dark and mysterious to us, are ordered in love and wisdom, for the accomplishment of His own purposes to His Church and people. Hence it is, dear brother, that you are called to pass through these seasons of distressing gloom, that you may have a heart to feel for the tried and tempted, and be able to "speak a word in season to him that is weary."

I am just in your position, dear brother, with regard to our dear departed sisters Mrs. S——. The last note I received from her was a few lines on the 6th of May, which I enclose. I have written her a few lines of comfort several times since, and, from having no reply, I was quite prepared to hear of her death. When I received the mourning card, I felt so anxious to hear a few particulars, and did not know any one in Northampton to whom I could write, that I wrote to the servant who had lived many years with our dear friend, and received the reply enclosed. Blessed be God for her dying testimony! after groaning so many years in bondage and distress, 'at eventide it was light.'"

I am thankful to find, dear brother, that the Lord has given you a help-meet in your dear wife; you are a highly-favoured man to have had such wives as yours. May the Lord bless you more and more, you and your children. In reply to your kind inquiries about myself, dear brother, I am getting very feeble and infirm, and often find the very "grasshopper a burden," but the Lord is very gracious to me, and, when I am realizing much of my own weakness, supports me with His strength, and leads me on with calm anticipation to the rest that remains. I often long for the power to praise Him more in heart, lip, and life. But, if I had it, no doubt my treacherous heart would be lifted up with pride: my Father knows what a worm I am.

Please to give my Christian love to your dear wife, dear brother in the Lord, and believe me

Yours, in much Christian sympathy and affection,

E. B. MOENS.

Upon receipt of the foregoing, we wrote to the domestic in question, and to this letter received the following reply:—

Northampton, June 30, 1869.

REV. SIR,—Having received your affectionate letter on the 26th, I hope you will excuse this delay. I will endeavour to give a brief outline of our dear Mrs. S——'s last illness. Mrs. S—— was gradually sinking for six months or more: having a presentiment given her that she should die and not live, she "set her house in order" and "gave me commandment concerning her bones," and made every possible arrangement for the appointed time.

Not being able to attend Divine Service in the sanctuary for three months prior to her death, the Rev. S. G—— waited upon her at home to administer the sacrament, and Mrs. S——'s own words were, "Sir, you will be pleased to hear that the promise is fulfilled, that 'at evening time there shall be light,' my fears are all gone." During nine weeks confinement Mrs. S—— said little; her sufferings were great; the enemy was kept at a distance. On Thursday before her death I entered her room; after a few preliminaries I asked her if she was on the rock. Her reply was, "none but Jesus." She trusted alone in the merits of Christ.

On Friday she was taken worse, and continued sinking until half-past two on Sunday morning, when she entered upon her eternal Sabbath. Her last words were, "Happy, happy! the end draws near." She was conscious to the last. Sir, having given you this sketch, I thank you for your kindness on my behalf, and my prayer to God is, that the Lord will bless you in your own soul and your ministry more and more. Hoping this will find you and yours, through the blessing of God, in good health.

From yours respectfully,

S. C.

"DR. DOUDNEY,—As S—— is not able to write, I have been a fellow-servant with her for a space of twenty-one years and nine months. Having experienced the counsel and advice of Mrs. S——, I hope I can say of a truth we have been helpers together in prayer and faith and love, and are able to bear testimony to the truth of what I have said. Please to excuse this, in haste.

From yours respectfully,

W. G.

[What more need we add? The facts speak for themselves. We rejoice in the Lord. We bless and praise and adore His great and glorious name, in that He hath been pleased, in His divine faithfulness, all-sufficient grace, and superabounding love and mercy, to bring off our dear departed sister "more than conqueror through Him that hath loved her." We exult on her behalf. We rejoice that her days of mourning are for ever and ever ended. She shall "hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on her nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed her, and shall lead her unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes."

Dear reader, with what a faithful, gracious, and all-sufficient God have we to do. How true was He to His word, "at evening-time it shall be light;" and how sweet and precious the dying testimony of our dear departed sister: "HAPPY, HAPPY! THE END DRAWS NEAR." Lord, Lord, do Thou, of Thy great mercy, grant that ours may be a similar testimony when we shall be called to "depart this life, and be no more seen."

EDITOR.

[We copy the annexed letters from the *Earthen Vessel* for July. We are sure our readers will deeply sympathize with our dear bereaved friend and brother, the more so when we apprise them that our son, writing from Sydney, under date May 18, states that Mr. M'Cure had just been summoned to Melbourne, to attend what was quite expected would prove the death-bed of his married daughter there. Thus our dear brother is called to encounter stroke upon stroke, but we are sure the Lord will stand by and sustain him. He has not been brought on and on, and upheld under such a variety of peculiar trials and afflictions, for nought. No, we are fully assured the Lord will bear him up and bring him through the furnace, to the praise of His own great and glorious name.—Ed.]

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MRS. JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

To my dear Brethren and Sisters in Christ in England.

DEAR BRETHREN,—It is my painful duty to give you some particulars respecting the illness and death of my late dear wife, who entered into her heavenly rest twenty-three days before my arrival in Sydney. Oh, what a sad and sorrowful home I have now come to, after all the trouble and sorrow I endured during my long absence in England, on behalf of our place of worship. It is true that I have been the means, through my mission to England, of saving the Lord's house from being sold; but I have lost my wife, and thus have sacrificed my earthly all.

At present, I can take no pleasure in the work I have had the honour to accomplish. Our chapel is freed, but I am in bonds. Every time I see the chapel I am filled with sorrow, knowing that I have freed it at an immense cost, therefore I fear that I shall never be happy any more in it. At the same time I know that I am in the hands of my ever-gracious Lord, who can sustain me here, or send me elsewhere. Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done. December 17th, my poor wife, while coughing

violently, ruptured a blood-vessel in her lungs; it was twenty-five minutes before the hæmorrhage ceased, but it came on again the following evening, and continued twenty minutes. Saturday, remained quiet and cheerful all day; Sunday, much worse, bleeding came on worse than ever; doctor pronounced her case very dangerous, no hope of recovering, her left lung being entirely gone, and only a small piece of the right left. During the three following weeks the hæmorrhage continued, and then ceased altogether. All through her illness she was wonderfully sustained, never murmured, but was quite resigned; those who visited her said that they shall never forget her happy state of mind. During the early part of her illness, every morning she inquired as to the state of the weather, if the wind was favourable for the "Nineveh," "How long it does appear before the ship arrives" (it now being over-due). When asked if she did not wish to see her husband, she replied, "Oh, very much; but not if it is not the Lord's will." February 22nd, the doctor informed my daughter that she could not live till morning, and requested that she be informed. A very dear friend, Mr. Mills, was sent for to speak to her upon the solemn subject, that her end had come. Directly she was informed she replied, "I am prepared to go any moment; I have but one earthly wish, and that is, that I may see my dear husband once more; but, if it is not the Lord's will, I am resigned; my will is swallowed up in His." She then spoke of the two youngest children, Lydia and Arthur, aged eight and ten years, and said, "I hope they will be cared for, they are too young to be left without a mother's care." She then told her eldest and fourth daughters, Jane and Jemima, how she wished her personal effects to be divided among the children; and then said, "I am not afraid to die, I am not afraid of death, I shall be with Jesus, and shall be better off." Several times during the night she said she could hear beautiful music and singing, and surprised that they who stood by could not hear it also, holding up her hand, saying, "It is coming nearer." Tuesday 23rd, at half-past six o'clock, p.m., she said to her daughters, "Take my hands," which they did, holding them in theirs. She looked at them with a smile, and said, "I shall soon be gone, in five minutes." Exactly at that time she fell asleep in Jesus, with a sweet smile upon her countenance, which remained enstamped on her face in death. Although it did not please the Lord to spare her life for us to meet once more on earth, I am thankful that she lived to receive my last letter, and to rejoice, which she did, in the success the Lord favoured me with, in the completion of my mission in England; and sometimes expressed a wish if it was the Lord's will that we might spend the remainder of our days in that honoured land.

The following letter was addressed to me by brother Mills, who during my absence, was exceedingly kind and attentive to my dear wife and family, and whose testimony for the Lord was blest to her soul. I will here transcribe it.

"My dear Brother,— I feel assured that some particulars relating to your dear wife's state of mind during her illness will be interesting to you, and also to others. I believe the Lord's faithfulness and love was much displayed towards her in the peculiarly-trying circumstances in which she was placed. When her illness became serious, in the early part of December, she expressed a wish to see me. When I called, we conversed about the precious things of Christ, and she informed me that she had derived great spiritual profit from a discourse she had heard me preach about two months previously from John xiv. 23, and part of the

24th verse, 'Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him; he that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings.' This Scripture was by the Holy Spirit made to her a great comfort; and she wished me to mention it to you, dear brother, as she thought it would be suitable for her funeral sermon. In her case love reigned instead of fear so blessedly, that she could speak with the sweetest composure of anything about her departure to her heavenly home; and the dear Lord never suffered her to want the support of His own gracious presence through the whole of her illness. She said, of course, she longed to see you; but the day before her death, she said, when informed that her end was very near, 'My will is swallowed up in His;' her heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. On the evening of February 23rd, she passed peacefully away, and on Thursday she was followed by a large number of sorrowing friends to the house appointed for all living. On the following Lord's-day, sermons were preached morning and evening, in improvement of the sorrowful event to large congregations of those who deeply sympathized with your dear bereaved family and yourself. I preached in the morning from Rom. v. 21. In the case of our dear sister, grace did reign, in giving and sustaining spiritual life, and over her special trials, one of which was giving you up to labour in the Gospel the wide world over. Grace reigned over her natural timidity and over her natural desires, that she looked calmly on death as putting off this tabernacle and putting on immortality, and to depart was to be with Jesus, which is far better, so much better that those who loved her most dearly could not wish her back. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Mr. G. Shepherd, of New Town, preached in the evening from Gen. v. 24, 'And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him.' The particulars of which I cannot give you, as I was not able to be present.—I am, dear brother, yours affectionately,

JOHN MILLS."

During her illness she desired one of the friends to ask me, on my arrival, if I had had a presentiment of her illness and death, expressing her own conviction, saying, 'Yes, I believe that he has.' How remarkable! On the 17th of December, the day she was taken ill, those words came to my mind, 'Be ye reconciled to God;' at the time I could not understand the object of their application, but I know it now, and feel my need of the grace to enable me to say, 'My will is swallowed up in His.' And then I dreamed that my wife was dead, and often while in my cabin praying unto the Lord on her behalf, it appeared as though some one was saying to me, 'She's dead!' and thus I have often been stopped while praying. On the Lord's-day before her death, I preached from 'Love is strong as death,' and was very much exercised in my mind respecting her. But I hoped for the best, and looked forward to the time when I should see her face once more, but alas, it was not from the Lord, or it would not have failed. My dear brethren, fare ye well until next mail, when you may expect to hear from

Yours for Christ's sake,

Castlereagh St., Sydney, April 21, 1869.

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Serving God is like gathering spices or flowers, wherein there is some labour, but the labour is recompensed with delight.

The Protestant Beacon.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN MAN.

To the Editor of the Rock.

SIR,—I sincerely rejoice in the bold and courageous resistance which you continue to offer against the fearful encroachments upon our great Protestant and national privileges which characterize the day in which we live; and I pray God that you may be mercifully sustained and divinely holpen in your momentous position. I rejoice in the fact that His word still stands good, "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

You have, Mr. Editor, upon more than one occasion alluded to one who has for some time past been a warm advocate of Protestantism in various parts of the kingdom. I allude to Mr. Murphy. In a recent number of the *Bristol Times* there is a letter from the Rev. S. A. Walker, Rector of St. Mary-le-port, Bristol, defending this much-persecuted man, and proposing that a testimonial should be got up for him in recognition of his self-denying and most perilous labours. I fully sympathize with the movement. A noble zeal and a praiseworthy outspokenness have characterized Mr. Murphy's mission in these days of religious declension, false charity, and unscriptural expediency. Our national mercies and Gospel privileges are being frittered away in an effort by unprincipled men to conciliate Rome. To suppose, however, that Rome will be satisfied with anything short of absolute control is folly. It is contrary to her very nature. She has sought and found in this once free and enlightened country *toleration*—she is now seeking *equality*; this obtained, she will be contented with nothing short of *supremacy*. This secured, what becomes of our freedom of thought and action? Once give her the power, and Rome will prove as intolerant, as tyrannical, and as destructive as ever. She would light the fires of Smithfield, and Oxford, and Gloucester again to-morrow, had she the opportunity. She boasts of her infallibility and unchangeableness; and, if this be the case, it is but natural to ask—Did she ever persecute even unto the death? Let the page of history answer the question; and let our own open Bibles testify whether or not Romanism is that accursed system which has glutted itself in human gore, and the ultimate destruction of which is as clearly foreshown as was the siege of Jerusalem and the scattering of God's ancient people.

Wherever Popery has been fostered prosperity, even in a human point of view, has waned. Surely the present condition of England in a commercial aspect may well lead thinking men to ask, is there not a cause? There *is* a cause. Verily, God has a controversy with the nation. That controversy is upon the ground of the disregard of His word, and the encouragement of a system which has been well said to be "Satan's masterpiece."

With regard to Mr. Murphy, as Mr. Walker intimates, he has been instrumental in rousing slumbering England. The men of the northern counties especially see what would be the state of things had Rome supreme power in these realms. Both Mr. Walker and Mr. Murphy well know there would be no more liberty of speech or action here than

in Ireland. They speak, not from hearsay merely, but from actual experience. Popery, to be understood, must be seen in operation in Popish countries. I may, sir, add my feeble testimony to that of Mr. Walker and Mr. Murphy. As an Englishman, I spent nearly twelve years in the sister-country. I laboured to my utmost among both Protestants and Roman Catholics. Through my humble instrumentality, as curate in sole charge of a country parish, infant, industrial, printing, agricultural, and embroidery schools were established. To these were admitted indiscriminately both Protestants and Romanists. There was not the slightest coercion exercised. The Bible was read, and those who chose could attend church; no one was asked to do so. For this simple act of seeking to benefit these poor neglected creatures, I was denounced Sunday after Sunday from the so-called altars of the neighbouring chapels. And, when at length one of the national schoolmasters (although in no way connected with our schools) left Romanism, and attended our Protestant services, I had within a few weeks some six or seven letters, the writers declaring they would have my blood if I did not leave the country. I was carried about, shot at, and burnt in effigy. This was my reward for nearly twelve years' labours, and at a time when I was instructing the youth in useful arts, and circulating in a poor and obscure village £25 per week in wages. Under a priest-ridden influence thus was I treated. These simple facts need no comment. But now, sir, in proof that the people were urged to this line of conduct, and in proof likewise that the Protestant clergy are regarded as friends rather than enemies, and that the Protestant Church in Ireland is not unpopular with the people, I will ask your permission to quote from a letter I recently received from one of the National schoolmasters, adjacent to the parish in which I so long laboured. I had not heard of the writer in question since I left Ireland until I received his letter dated "May 26, 1869." In this letter, in which he asks me if possible to obtain him a situation, he says: "Though I know, from old and past transactions, I don't deserve much favour at your hands, yet I know your principle was always to forgive rather than to return evil for evil, and for this reason I have ventured to write to you. I am not now controlled by any priestly influence, as I was when you knew me, but a free man, and can act in future as I think proper." Now, sir, although this man was a teacher in a National School, under British pay, he once said to me, "I never read a page of the Bible in my life; you know what would be the consequence if I did," meaning that the priest would very soon dispense with his services.

This is the state of things in Ireland; and give Rome what she craves—continue the course at present adopted by time-serving, unprincipled rulers—and speedily England will become as void of freedom of thought and action as the sister-country.

Verily, one trembles for the future of this long free and highly-favoured land.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

D. A. DOUDNEY, D.D.,
Vicar of St. Luke's, Bedminster, Bristol.

David seldom met with outward trouble, but he at the same time had a conflict within. There is indeed but a step between discomposure of spirit and spiritual troubles.

K K

THE REV. J. C. RYLE ON THE ENDOWMENT OF POPERY.

THE REV. J. C. RYLE says, in a letter to a contemporary: "If English statesmen are going deliberately to endow Roman Catholic priests; if the Church which burned our Reformers, kept back the Bible from our forefathers, and held this country for centuries in superstition and irreligion, is to be paid, encouraged, and supported by Act of Parliament, there is an end of our Protestant Constitution. If this does not offend God and provoke His judgments, I know not what will. I shall be told, I suppose, that the position of things leaves no alternative. We must either pay the Roman Catholic priests or be prepared for complete disendowment of the Protestant Church. I have not the slightest hesitation about my answer. I would rather see the whole United Church of England and Ireland disestablished and disendowed to-morrow, than see Roman Catholic priests paid by the State. God can make up to us the loss of endowments; but the God of the Bible, in my judgment, will never bless the Protestant Government which deliberately puts the clock back, returns to Egypt, and endows Popery. Eighteen hundred years ago there was a man named Caiaphas, who said a wrong thing must be done because it was expedient. There was another named Pontius Pilate, who sneeringly asked, 'What is truth?' There was another named Gallio who called religious questions 'questions of words and names.' Do we see nothing like this in our days? Disestablishment is bad enough. It is a tremendous descent from a high principle to proclaim to the world that Protestant England is going to try to govern Ireland without God! But the endowment of Popery is worse still. If English Nonconformists, Scotch Presbyterians, and Evangelical Churchmen can sanction this, I can only say *actum est de republica*, all is over, and the glory is departed from Great Britain."—*The Rock*.

Correspondence.

PERSONAL RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I have been astonished in reading "A Wise Son who made a Glad Father," in the present (July) number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, to find that the writer denies the doctrine, which has comforted so many bereaved hearts, that believers will recognize in heaven those whom they have loved in the Lord while here below. If I understand him aright, the multitude which no man can number of the redeemed in glory will be strangers to each other through all eternity; for, he says, "Were the heavenly order to be disarranged by individual greetings or personal recognitions, it would disturb the harmony, displace the equality, destroy the peaceful unity, distract the soul's fixity, and thus deduct from Christ's glory."

I have been accustomed to think that the communion of saints here was a preparation for the far higher and infinitely more blessed communion of the spirits of the just made perfect before the throne; but what communion can there be in an assembly where individual greetings and personal recognitions will be unknown? I know that the presence of Jesus will constitute the bliss of heaven; but, while we shall know Him, the Head, so perfectly, "even as we are known," will all personal

knowledge of His members cease with our present life? What, then, I would ask, becomes of that eternal, indissoluble oneness of each individual member with Christ the glorious Head—a precious truth, for which the writer so earnestly and ably contends? For, if our recognition of the person of Jesus will be instantaneous and perfect, then the personal recognition of each member must be instantaneous and perfect also.

May I ask "Josiah" if David's was a "fallacious hope," when he said of his departed child: "Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." It surely could be no comfort to his bereaved soul to know that *his body* could be laid beside the dead body of his child in the grave. But that it was the soul to which he referred is obvious, for, the lifeless clay, from which the spirit had just fled, was no doubt still with him.

In support of his views, "Josiah" refers, in a note, to an anecdote in *Old Jonathan*; on turning to which I find, to my surprise, that the incident there related is dead against him, as it implies that *his* doctrine would suppose us to be "greater fools in heaven than we are here." ("Seeing Jesus," *Old Jonathan*, June, page 43.)

The parable of "the rich man and Lazarus" seems to me to set the matter at rest, and so I must continue to think, until "Josiah" can prove that it is merely an "allegorical figure," and not a fact. Our Lord says, "there was a certain rich man," and "there was a certain beggar;" and I maintain that to say *there was not* is to give Him the lie.

If you, dear sir, or any of your correspondents, more able to deal with the subject than myself, will kindly say a word or two on it, I shall be glad and thankful, as I confess I never read anything in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE which cast such a depressing gloom upon my spirits. The picture of the Christian father, and the dying Christian son, *his only son*, whom he acknowledges, or implies, he almost idolized, reasoning the matter over, and at length coming to the conclusion that they were *about to part for ever*, is one of the saddest, in this aspect, which was ever presented to my mind.

I firmly believe that both he and his beloved son came to a wrong conclusion; that they will recognize each other in glory; and that it will be one ingredient in their overflowing cup of bliss (the multitudinous streams of which our poor beclouded minds can, at present, form no conception) to recount the countless mercies of their wilderness journey, and then join afresh in the hallelujahs of heaven; ascribing, with all the host of the redeemed, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever."

I hope that nothing which I have said will wound or grieve the writer of the interesting article in question, whom I love for the precious and glorious truths which he enunciates; but, as I unhesitatingly believe that he is wrong in this particular, and that what he has said will lacerate many a bereaved heart, I could not resist the impulse to question the soundness of views so opposed to those of (I think) all the gracious men I have ever known.

I am, dear sir, yours affectionately in the Lord Jesus,
Scarborough. W. S. ROBINSON.

[We have no wish to set up our opinion or experience as a standard for others; we wish, moreover, to afford our correspondents as reasonable a latitude as possible when expressing their sentiments. It was upon this

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principle we allowed the observations to pass in the article to which Mr. Robinson refers. We did not, at the same time, sympathize with our old correspondent "Josiah," in regard to non-recognition in heaven. We think there is quite enough in the Scriptures to justify the belief that in the world to come there will be the clearest and most grateful reviews of all the way by which the redeemed had been led on their wilderness journey. As the poet says—

"And with wonder think
On toils and dangers past."

Probably "Josiah" would regard it as fleshly, but we venture to think otherwise, in regard to parting with those we love, that we shall meet again. If we are encouraged to "sorrow not as those who have no hope for those who sleep in Him," in a general point of view, how much must that feeling be enhanced in regard to those with whom we have enjoyed heart-to-heart communion, or with respect to whom we have travailed in birth till Christ was formed in them the hope of glory. Whilst fully endorsing the view of this subject taken by Mr. Robinson, we cannot but feel that an opposite view must be fraught with that which is depressing and gloomy.—*Ed.*]

CHEERING WORDS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

BELoved IN THE LORD, and, for His sake, may every new-covenant blessing, for time and eternity, rest upon thee and thine, evermore. Amen. A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of meeting thy eldest daughter at the house of my highly-esteemed friend, Mr. B. C. Ogden, of Grantham. I thought, from what she intimated, that you were at times rather depressed. Is this strange? Not to me. How oft has my heart been sorely discouraged on account of the way—so dark, rough, intricate, and trying.

"The way so close, so straight, so pressed,
There seemed no path at all."

There is a word which says, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial," &c., &c. But don't we think it is a very strange thing that oft befalls us? Israel of old, by God's express direction, pitch their tents close by the Red Sea. There they realize the truth of the words of the Psalmist, "Thou broughtest us into the net: Thou laidst affliction upon our loins. We went through fire and water." Yea, verily, for hitherto He has brought us out. Tried our hearts sore towards Him He has many times, and when they were overwhelmed, all our wisdom, strength, and power gone, none shut up or left, then He has appeared, turned our captivity, led us to the Rock which is higher than we; aye, and set our feet upon it, and once more established our goings, and put a new song of praise into our mouths. In and out every one of the sheep of Christ (who enter by Him the only door and *are saved*) must go. They who have no changes have some cause to suspect the safety of their state; for Satan is not divided against himself. The world cannot love the children of God. And sure enough the old man will never become a saint. I foolishly once thought (and for some years) that I should in time find some improvement in him; but in this (as in many other

things) I was mistaken. That which is born of the flesh will never be spirit. But the mercy lies here, the elder shall serve the younger; for grace shall reign, sin shall not have the dominion. The daily plague and the morning chastisement still follow us; the Canaanites are still in the land, and cares at times like a wild deluge roll, and threaten to overwhelm us quite. But can His promise fail? Can He forget to be gracious? Will He in anger shut up His tender mercies? Never, no, never! In spite of all the lying predictions of unbelief, and the infirmities so easily besetting us, "He is not a man that He should lie." No, He is the same, and His years have no end. He is the Lord, and changes not; and, however He may chasten us for our folly, nothing will ever induce Him to take away His lovingkindness, suffer His faithfulness to fail, or alter (for one moment) the things that have gone forth of His lips. Here lies our safety; here is the solid ground of our rejoicing. Could my faith always pierce the clouds and the darkness which appear to surround His throne, this unalterable love might always be seen. Job said, changes and war were against him. David said in his heart, he should one day perish by the hand of Saul. Hezekiah said he should not see the Lord; even the Lord in the land of the living. Jeremiah said he was the man that had seen affliction, &c.; that He had led him and brought him into darkness and not into light: when he cried and shouted He shut out his prayer, &c., &c. Jonah said he was cast out of His sight. Paul was troubled on every side, and when neither sun or stars appeared for many days, and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away. But, my beloved, disconsolate, and tribulated brother, may we never forget that the great Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings; and it is enough if the servant be as His master. That eminent man of God Joseph Hart says,

"Art thou tempted? So was He!
Deserted? He was too."

As in nature night follows the day, so have I found it to be in my soul's experience for more than forty-six years past; yet He is, has been, and ever will be to the end, the faithful God that keepeth covenant and mercy for ever. To His precious and unchanging love I commend thee and thine, and assure you of my unabated love to you, and that you have occupied a place in my litany (as Romaine calls it) for several years past.

I remain thine truly in the bonds of the covenant,

Sunderland.

THORPE SMITH.

Let your Great Physician heal you in His own way. Only follow His directions, and take the medicine which He prescribes, and then quietly leave the result with Him.

The causes of this dejection are varied and numerous: "My sighs are many and my heart is faint" is often the experience of the children of God. Sometimes this feeling arises from "a divided heart," at other times from deep views of the utter corruption of the heart by nature. And occasionally Jehovah convinces us of His sovereignty by withdrawing from us the light of His countenance, in order to teach us humility and our entire dependence upon Himself (Isa. viii. 17).

THE SHEEP CRYING TO THE SHEPHERD.

(Continued from page 359.)

CONFINING our remarks to the remainder of Psalm lxxxv. 1, Asaph, after crying unto the Shepherd of Israel to give ear, after reminding the Lord of His leading Joseph like a flock, as a plea why the Lord should give ear to him in a time of distress, he says, "Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." This dwelling-place of the Lord God of Israel was symbolical or typical of several things. It was typical of the Lord's holiness. A description is given of the cherubims in the book of Exodus xxv. 17—22. "And thou shalt make a mercy seat of pure gold: two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof. And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them, in the two ends of the mercy seat. And make one cherub on the one end, and the other cherub on the other end: even of the mercy seat shall ye make the cherubims on the two ends thereof. And the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy seat shall the faces of the cherubims be. And thou shalt put the mercy seat above upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee. And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel." Now mark, the ark was placed underneath the mercy seat, and the ark contained the testimony (law). What did the law teach? The holiness of Him who dwelt between the cherubims. Man by nature knows nothing of the holiness of God, not till he can say, as Christ said, "Thy law is on my heart." The ark in the tabernacle was a type of Christ, and the testimony or law deposited in the ark was typical of the law written in Christ's heart. Now just as the law of God was written in Christ's heart, so the Holy Ghost writes it in the hearts of His people; and what is the consequence? Exalted views of the holiness of God's character: He who dwelt between the cherubims is a holy God, and therefore His law is holy; so felt the prophet who in vision "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain He covered His face, and with twain He covered His feet, and with twain He did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of Him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

Job felt that God was a holy God, when he said, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Paul, too, had a view of the holiness of God, when he said, "I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." "Thou that dwellest between the cherubims." Who is He? He who says, "I dwell in the high and holy place, whose name is Holy." Thus by God dwelling between the cherubims, the Old Testament saints were taught what the New Testament saints are taught, namely, the holy character of

God. It is absolutely necessary that a sinner be taught this before he has a sense of his own vileness. Only the Holy Ghost can teach a sinner this. And what is the effect of being thus taught? Humbled in the dust, and crying unto the Lord for mercy. And then, God's dwelling-place was typical of God's merciful character. Mark again what is said in Exodus xxv. 20, 21. Now the mercy seat was placed above on the ark, and, if the Lord dwelt between the cherubims which covered the mercy seat, what was the lesson taught to the Old Testament saints? That the mercy of the Lord rose above all their sins. The ark contained the law, according to which no flesh could be justified. But the Lord dwelleth between the cherubims, and the cherubs covered the mercy seat with their wings—teaching typically God's merciful character. Now, this character God has ever revealed to the Church. God's people are called "vessels of mercy." Why? Because God bestows His covenant mercy upon them. We must distinguish between universal mercy and covenant mercy. The former God bestows upon all His moral creatures, or He would not allow them as transgressors to live. He causes His sun to shine, and His rain to descend upon the evil as well as on the good. This is a display of universal mercy. But that which He bestows upon the people of His grace is covenant mercy. Why so called? Because God, engaged in covenant with His eternal Son, to make them the monuments of free mercy, in redeeming and saving them as a work of free and sovereign grace. This merciful character God reveals to convinced sinners when He reveals Christ in His blood and righteousness, and Christ speaks in the Gospel words of pardon and peace: all the Lord's dealings with a sinner from the time He quickens him into life are to prove that He is merciful. He delighteth in mercy. And then God's dwelling-place between the cherubims was typical of His gracious character. When Adam sinned, "the Lord God said, Behold, the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So He drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life." The tree of life seems to be typical of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Tree of Life, "the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations;" and God guarding the tree of life by the cherubims indicated that, according to the covenant of grace sealed by Christ, fallen man, dead in trespasses and sins, could not attain to spiritual eternal life. It must be an act of free grace, as Christ says, "I give unto my sheep eternal life: they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

Now, God dwelling between the cherubims was typical of His gracious character. "There," said God to His ancient Church, "will I meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims." This mercy seat typified Christ, and Christ is the sinner's mercy seat; and God meets with poor sinners who come to Christ, and all who come to Christ by the drawing power of the Eternal Father (for none else do come to Christ) are made to know God's gracious character—gracious in blotting out their sins and remembering them no more against them for ever; gracious in granting the Holy Ghost, the Comforter and Sealer of the people of God; gracious in all His dealings with their souls. Now it was very comforting to the Old Testament saints to be able to address the Lord God of Israel as Asaph did, "Thou

that dwellest between the cherubims." Why? Because the fact of His dwelling between the cherubims reminded them of God's gracious character. The New Testament saints have no need to be taught this blessed truth typically; we have an everlasting proof that God is gracious to His people in the gift of His Eternal Son. His sufferings and death are a proof that He is gracious; the gift of the Holy Ghost, the Quickener and Sealer of the saints, is a proof that He is gracious; the blessings of the Gospel, even the blessings of the everlasting covenant, freely bestowed upon sinners, are a proof that He is gracious.

And then God's dwelling-place was typical of His condescension: "I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony," said God to Israel. This mercy seat, as we have already said, was a type of Christ; and all who come to the sinner's mercy seat God communes with, for wherever Christ is God dwells. Now what is the experience of the true Christian united to Christ, and living by faith on Christ, and His finished salvation work? Why, that he does commune with God through Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant. His language is that of all the redeemed family: "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Christ says, "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." All this proves the condescension of God, and all this was typified by God dwelling between the cherubims. It is a blessed truth in the experience of God's people that He condescends to commune with them; and what is the medium of communion? The sinner's mercy-seat (Christ); and Christ needs no cherubims to indicate the Divine presence, "for in Him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily." "Thou that dwellest between the cherubims." Who is He? The Lord Jesus Christ: He dwelt there under the Old Testament. What for? To commune with His people. This was a display of His condescension: but greater still was the condescension when He took our nature and came to our low platform, and humbled and humbled "and humbled himself until He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Now, the request which the Psalmist made to Him that dwelt between the cherubims was, "*Shine forth.*" He wanted the Lord to appear in behalf of Israel, and scatter their enemies; and, therefore, in appealing to Him as dwelling between the cherubims, he appealed to His covenant character. Now the Christian in distress often wants the Lord to appear for him, and, therefore, how expressive is the request "*Shine forth!*" It is a very common request of God's family. It is the request, the cry, of the sheep to the Shepherd; the latter part of the verse, therefore, is the same substantially as the former: "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock, give ear." Here is the sheep crying to the Shepherd. And, by way of urging his prayer on another ground, the Psalmist appeals to God's covenant character and says, "Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." Now, in your respect the Lord Jesus shines forth. In respect to His person, His power, His truth, and His love, He shines forth in the splendour of His person. If we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, there is no one so precious to us as the Lord; above all earthly things and persons, Christ is most precious. "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely one" to the soul. In time of darkness or distress, what is our request? Why, "*shine forth.*" In what respect do we want the Lord to shine forth? In respect to the

splendour of His person. We want Jesus to reveal Himself in His gracious person, to ride forth in His Gospel chariot, and say to our cast-down soul, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." How expressive, therefore, to a poor sinner sitting in darkness, tried and tempted, is the prayer, "Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." And then the Lord Jesus shines forth in respect to the splendour of His power: all Christ's people are dependent upon the power of the Lord Jesus. As members of Christ's body, they can do nothing without Him. Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," and Christ says, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." Do not the people of God often feel their weakness? What is their request at such times? "Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." In what respect? In respect to the splendour of Thy power—Thy strengthening power, which Thou dost grant to the members of Thy body—Thy subduing power, by which Thou dost subdue the power of sin and the working of the carnal mind—Thy healing power, by which Thou dost prove Thyself to be the great Healer of every spiritual disease.

The Lord Jesus also shines forth in the splendour of Gospel truth. What is the effect of Gospel truth shining in upon the mind of the Christian? "Ye shall know the truth," says Jesus, "and the truth shall make you free." There are times when there are doubts and misgivings respecting our safety, whether we shall continue, and then we see some who bring disgrace upon the Christian name. At such times, what is our request? It is expressed by Asaph, "Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." In what respect? In respect to the splendour of Gospel truth. When it thus shines we are made to see that it does not rest with ourselves whether we continue in the way of life, but with the sovereign will and power of the three-one God. The language of all in whom it hath shone forth in respect to the splendour of Gospel truth is, "Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began;" and then the Lord Jesus shines forth in respect to the splendour of His love—when the Christian's heart is cold and dead, and this is often the case to his sorrow—when he has no taste or relish for the word of God, and also he often finds that this too is the case. When he is in such a condition, what is his request? Asaph expresses it in the words "Shine forth." In what respect? In respect to the splendour of Thy love—Thy bleeding dying love; and say to me, "O Jesus, as Thou hast said in times past, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'" "Thou that dwellest," &c. The Christian needs Christ to "shine forth;" only in the light of Christ can he live. If deprived of that light, he walks in darkness, and then he cries unto the Lord. But how cheering to know that not one of the Lord's people cries to Him in vain. He may in wisdom see fit to delay answering the cry. Yet in His own time and in His own way He will answer. The Lord keeps them dependents. It is well that He does. If He did not they would not cry unto Him. It is when we feel independent that we wax fat, like Jeshurun of old, and kick, and we forget Him that begat us; we lose sight of the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit from whence we were digged; and, therefore, it is good for the people of God to be afflicted—to be in distress; then, and only then, do they cry

to the Lord their Shepherd, only then are they led to use such arguments as did Asaph. He first appealed to the Lord's character as the Shepherd of Israel, and, as one in earnest, he cries, "Give ear." He next appeals to His leading Joseph like a flock, as though in reminding the Lord of this fact he would gain His ear; and, as though he would not take "nay" for an answer, he appeals to His covenant character, and says, "Thou that dwellest between the cherubims shine forth." Thus God's people are a crying people. They always have been, and always will be, and, if stirred up to cry to the Lord, they will not, they cannot rest, till the Lord graciously answer; and, oh, how cheering to think that the seed of Jacob do not cry unto the Lord in vain!

Tyldesley, Manchester.

JAMES JOHN EASTMEAD.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

Apostolic Ordination. A Tract for the Times. By G. D. London: Marlborough.

THIS pamphlet furnishes a very manifest example of a man with a bad case to support, and of a bad manner of supporting it. The writer has the temerity to rush into print, without maturing either his mind or his principles on the subjects respecting which he is writing; for he is equally wrong in his facts and in his principles, as we shall prove in our limited space. 1. He tells us that "*Bishop Colenso has the power to consecrate other bishops and ordain to the ministry.*" Now, if the writer knew anything at all about the actual ecclesiastical operations of the Church of which he writes in the important year of 1868, when the Colenso case was before Convocation, he would have known that Dr. Colenso (once a Bishop of Natal) "was *deposed* of his spiritual office by the Church, acting through her recognized tribunals [Convocation and Synods], and by that he was *separated* and excommunicated from the communion of the Church, according to the Canons of the Church." Accordingly Dr. Colenso has *no power* either to consecrate or to ordain, as this writer assumes. Again: this gross defamer of the English Church, writing under the initials G. D., talks in this way about ordination in the English Church: "Testimonials as to a *regular life* are produced, which are *usually* a form only of a very worthless and partial character." Here is a series of blunders. (1) Testimonials for ordination are not testimonials of a *regular* life, but of a *godly and Christian* life. It is clear that the writer has never seen a copy of the authorized Letters Testimonial to a bishop, which a candidate for holy orders must present, otherwise he would not have made a blunder so stupid. (2) He tells us that they are "*usually a form only.*" This implies that the bishop requiring evidence of a holy life accepts that which is *not evidence*, and so far is a hypocrite, for professing to accept what he does not in reality accept; further, it implies that the *three clergymen beneficed* in the diocese who sign their names in evidence of their knowledge of the candidate's *fit and holy state* for ordination, are either all or in part givers of *false testimony*, as they give a *form* without the *reality* of the required evidence. Are the bishops and the clergy *usually* such hypocrites as to recommend and to accept unworthy men for the *ministry*? Our

view is this, that *usually*, and as a general rule, *good men* are recommended *honestly* by good conscientious men, who sign the testimonials, and such are accepted as candidates by our bishops; but that *occasionally* (and this is quite an exception), a bad man is admitted in the Church by testimonials from men who are either not honest or have themselves been deceived in the candidate. (3) He tells us that the testimonials are of "*very partial* and worthless character." Nothing can be more untrue, as asserted of these testimonials, in which the signers pledge themselves to a perfect *knowledge* of the candidate for *three years*, and to *opportunities* of judging him, and to *his godly life*. Nay, the testimonials are those of *three men*, not of one; they are *negative* as well as *positive*; they declare not only that, for all that is known by the signers, the candidate is a good man, but they declare that the signers have *never heard anything against the man*. We defy this flippant defamer to draw up any document of evidence of character that so completely protects the Church against the intrusion of bad and unfit men; the testimonials are *exhaustive*, and yet are they called "*partial*;" they are *valuable* safeguards, and yet they are styled *worthless*.

Next, we are told "it would be considered impertinent and out of place to seek for any proof of *conversion* in a candidate for the ministry before ordaining him." We reply that the testimonials give all the evidence a bishop can expect; and, secondly, that the archdeacon who presents the candidate for ordination declares that "I have inquired of [*i.e.* respecting] them, and also examined them, and think them so to be;" and lastly, the bishop thus interrogates them in the church before ordination: "Do you *trust* that you are *inwardly moved* by the *Holy Ghost* to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God for the promoting of His glory, and the edifying of His people? *Answer*.—I trust so." With these facts before us, we may judge of the blundering assertion that episcopal ordination only "*secures* a certain amount of *scholastic attainment* for the exercise of the ministry," evidently to the exclusion of piety and character. Again: in one portion of the pamphlet it is implied that the bishops have no special or personal duty beyond presbyters; then in the latter part it is asserted to be their distinctive office "to guard the truth." Such is the beautiful consistency of this writer.

The question of episcopacy is readily disposed of. The common objection to the apostles being taken as the predecessors of the bishops, is that the apostleship was a temporary institution, and endowed with the temporary power of *working of miracles*. But what becomes of this reasoning when we find that the same power of working miracles was given to *those who believed*, as we read in St. Mark. xvi. 17: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues," &c. Again: ecclesiastical history, as well as Scripture, confirms us in this view, that the apostles towards the close of their respective careers appointed bishops as their successors, as Paul did Titus in Crete, to set things in order, and to ordain presbyters in every city.

A New and Revised Edition of "Hortæ Poeticæ." By the REV. JOHN CULLEN.
London: William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

WE can highly recommend this little work to all lovers of true poetry combined with sound sentiment. Some of Mr. Cullen's ideas are really beautiful. He is a great lover of nature, and looks up from it to nature's

God. His poems all breathe a spirit of true religion, such as we do not often meet with in our day, when error is so clothed in dim mystic imagery that it requires a skilful hand to clearly unmask it and bring it to the light. The volume is divided into two parts, "Songs of the Spirit" and "Songs of the Heart." "The Preacher's Song," "Evermore," and "God's Elect" are specially worthy of notice. We subjoin two verses from the latter poem, that our readers may judge for themselves.

"Loved one! though thy heart with sorrow,
Oft is bowed because of sin;
Though thy enemy assail thee,
In thy secret soul within:
The Christian fears not,
God forswears not;
Once in Christ in Christ for ever;
Born again, unborn never.

God's own child, though weak and sinful,
Art thou! sealed by love divine,
In His most unchanging cov'nant;
Therefore claim His truth as thine.
The Christian fears not," &c.

The Lord's Goodness acknowledged; or, A Brief Account of His merciful Dealings in Providence and Grace with "a Vessel of Mercy afore prepared as to glory." By JABEZ EVANS. Plymouth: J. Evans, 7, Ashley Place, North Road.—This little work contains some precious things, but required the pruning knife before appearing in public. However, those who love to acknowledge the Lord's goodness will see in this little work much that is clearly indicative of His kind and tender dealings.

The Birth-day Scripture Text-Book. London: Book Society, Paternoster Row; Bristol: W. Mack, Park Street.—This little gem continues, as it passes through edition after edition, to be a general favourite, which is not at all to be wondered at, considering the object of the book, and the admirable manner in which the portions of Scripture and the poetry are selected. We felt assured, as soon as we saw this book, that it would be a great success.

"THE GREEN OF THE PERIOD."—Under this title Messrs. Routledge and Sons have issued an interesting and attractive work, the object of which is to draw attention to the dangerous character of certain colouring matter extensively employed in house-decoration, and for other purposes. The various incidents recorded are most startling, but they are well substantiated, and will doubtless serve a good purpose by drawing attention to an otherwise unsuspected enemy.

The corruptions of the Christian are like the fig-tree withering under the curse of the Redeemer.

One lively lust will sometimes lie so heavily on a child of God, that he can no more move it than a child could throw a giant from off him.

Spiritual joy is a sun that is often clouded, though it be as precious a flower as paradise afforded.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

The Irish Church Bill is still occasioning serious anxiety to the nation. Having passed the second reading in the House of Lords, several important amendments were introduced, which rendered it, although by no means the good bill which the Archbishop of Canterbury hoped it might become, at least comparatively innocuous and less flagrantly unjust. The amendments were by no means brought forward hastily, but with great care and ample discussion. By these amendments, a much larger portion of the Church's income is secured to it; the same terms are granted to the Protestant clergy as those which Mr. Gladstone proposed to grant to the professors of Maynooth, viz., redemption of their incomes at fourteen years' purchase, (instead of nine); the clergy are to be allowed to retain their houses without purchasing them, just as Mr. Gladstone proposed to hand over the buildings of the college of Maynooth to the Roman Catholic authorities free of cost; private benefactions are to a certain extent respected, by the giving back of half a million of the Church's income in lieu of them; and the position of the curates is improved; together with several other amendments of lesser importance. Could any reasonable person object to such changes as these? The Bill is still cruel and unjust; it still humiliates the Church in presence of a tyrannical and a relentless foe; and it gives to that foe a considerable portion of her property; it deliberately violates the solemn compact made by England with Ireland at the union; but, as thus amended, its most unjust and cruel provisions are removed or softened, and it exhibits some traces of a disposition to treat the Protestants of Ireland with fairness. In this condition, then, it was returned to the Commons. How did they receive it? With the careful re-consideration and spirit of compromise which the ability, the eloquence, and the noble courtesy of the Lords might well entitle it to? Nothing of the kind. Mr. Gladstone simply stands up, intimates that the Lords' amendments are in his opinion inadmissible, and that he should propose their rejection, and immediately his servile followers agree with him. Without one single concession of any importance, the Bill is sent up again to the Upper House in the same state as it was before. Then the Lords had plainly but one course open to them; they had to perform an unpleasant duty, and they have performed it bravely: they have insisted upon their amendments being accepted; and thus, in direct opposition to the House of Commons, they practically throw out the Bill by a majority of seventy-eight. Again we say that we are truly thankful for a House of Lords; if it were not for that House, the impetuosity and the recklessness of the House of Commons would be well-nigh boundless. It may be said that in so acting the Lords have placed themselves in direct antagonism to the will of the nation as well as to that of the Commons; but we are perfectly persuaded that such is not the case; as the Marquis of Salisbury justly observed in the recent debate, "Do not tell me it is the verdict of the nation; I will try the matter by a simple test. Suppose the Prime Minister proposed that your amendments should be accepted, would they have been refused by the House of Commons? My Lords, this is not the verdict of the nation; it is not even the verdict of the House of Commons; it is the will, the arrogant will of one single man, to which you are not called upon to submit."

A most serious crisis is now at hand; one of the most serious that has probably taken place in modern times. How much need is there of earnest prayer that the Lord would overrule all for the well-being of our country, and that He may be pleased, in His own wonderful way, to bring good out of this combination of evil!

Although we assent fully to most of the amendments introduced into the Bill, there was one added to it with which we can by no means agree, viz., a proposal to expend a portion of the surplus revenue of the Church in the erection of residences for Roman Catholic priests. A loud outcry has been made against this proposal, and justly too, because it would amount, if carried out, to a partial endowment of popery. But, after all, it would not be nearly so bad as Mr. Gladstone's proposal, for he deliberately proposes to expend a far larger sum in the very same direction—in the support of Roman Catholic institutions, and the furtherance of Roman Catholic objects; the chief difference being, that in the one case the aid would be given to popery openly, in the other case it would be in secret. We strongly object to both proposals, but, of the two, that brought forward by the House of Lords is decidedly the least objectionable.

One of the most sad features in connexion with this sad measure is the number of excellent and Christian men who have suffered themselves to be led astray by it. We allude to such cases as those of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Shaftesbury. Who is there that can read the valuable little work recently published by the former, entitled, "The Continuity of Scripture," without being pleased and thankful that the writer should have been elevated to so high a position as he has been? The preface to that work is a masterpiece of careful reasoning and original thought in praise and defence of the Scriptures, and the work itself is invaluable in an age like the present. Yet the writer can join, apparently with heart and soul, in an attack upon a Protestant Church—a Church which faithfully adheres to those same blessed Scriptures of which he speaks so highly; and he can unite in a movement whose ultimate effect must assuredly be the aggrandizement of a Church which practically rejects those Scriptures altogether. And of Lord Shaftesbury what shall we say? Can we speak of him too highly? Can we add one word to the meed of praise which is most justly due to him for his life-long devotion to many a noble cause? But what does he do in such a critical time as this? He publicly states in the House of Lords that he considers the bill to be "the most revolutionary measure, as regards the relations between Church and State, and the settlement of property, that has been advocated in this House since the time of the Reformation." He acknowledges also that it is "dangerous and wild," and yet he actually votes for it, because, he says, "the country has made up its mind" upon the Bill, and "the country will have it"! In other words, here is a good man consenting to and voting for a most iniquitous measure, because a wicked nation (in his opinion) is determined to have it! Our only comment upon such conduct must be, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm."

The Rev. F. Tugwell, British chaplain at Seville, has forwarded an interesting account of the Gospel field in Spain, opened up by the late happy Revolution in that country, together with an urgent call for aid in the work which he himself has, it would seem, nobly entered upon with but very slender means. He says, "Spain now presents to the Christian

world a glorious field for missionary work. Everywhere the people are not merely willing, but most anxious to hear the Gospel preached, to purchase Protestant books, and to send their children to Evangelical schools. Now that the people are, to a considerable extent, relieved from the tyranny of priestcraft, the question is not whether they shall be Roman Catholics or Protestants, but whether they shall be infidels or Christians. Unless immediate, very vigorous, and extensive efforts be made to spread abroad the knowledge of the truth and to establish churches and schools on Scriptural principles, the people will most assuredly lapse into infidelity. They disbelieve much of the religion to which they have been accustomed from infancy, and, unless a purer faith be set before them they will soon believe nothing at all. The Religious Tract Society is doing a great work, through the voluntary agency of my dear friends, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Campbell was working secretly for several years before the Revolution, and God greatly blessed his efforts. The fruits which we now witness in Seville are to a great extent the results of his labours, when Spain was not open for the public preaching of the Gospel. When Don Juan Cabrera came to Seville, a few weeks after the outbreak of the Revolution, he found the ground in a measure prepared for him. He has worked very heartily and faithfully ever since he came, and God is greatly blessing his efforts. He is the agent of the Edinburgh Spanish Evangelization Society. If we had a dozen such men as Messrs. Campbell and Armstrong, who are 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,' earnest, self-denying, men of prayer, and are literally 'spending and being spent for Christ,' I believe the Reformation in Spain would soon extend from North to South and from East to West. Before the Revolution, as British chaplain, I was obliged to be exceedingly cautious in my intercourse with Spanish Protestants, but now religious liberty has taken such a hold on the minds of the masses of the people that it would be impossible for any Government, however tyrannical, to take it from them. I am at liberty to work with all my might for Spaniards, as well as for the English. I have taken a large house, the rent of which I have to collect, £95 a year. We have, with the kind help of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, fitted up a very comfortable and neat church in it, which will accommodate about one hundred persons; the adjoining rooms would hold about the same number. In it we have two English services on the Sunday, and an Anglo-Spanish Sunday-school, which has three English and two Spanish classes." Mr. Tugwell mentions some other particulars respecting his work, including the appointment of a colporteur, and concludes with an earnest appeal for help.

We are glad to see that a testimonial is being got up for that much-maligned man, Mr. William Murphy. He has been shamefully treated for his boldness in denouncing the errors of Romanism, and the other day he was illegally put under arrest. It is, then, very desirable that his fellow-Protestants should come forward, and give him some sympathy and support. The Rev. S. A. Walker, Rector of Mary-le-Port, Bristol, has opened a subscription list for this purpose, and in an appeal he says: "There may be not a few, and I do not contend with them, who object to Murphy's style as a lecturer; but none can deny the fact—not even the bitterly hostile *Times*—that, whatever be his *modus operandi*, he has succeeded in rendering himself and his subject popular with hundreds of thousands of our working classes, who previous to his efforts were

dangerously indifferent to the encroachments of Popery, Radicalism, infidelity, &c., but who are now ardent supporters of the Bible, the Throne, and the Reformation. I can testify to that fact myself from personal observation of the influence which he exercises over vast bodies of working men and women, and of the instruments which he employs, which are not merely political and controversial, but also religious in the highest sense. I have myself addressed thousands of his followers in Manchester, and was rejoiced to find with what cordiality every religious sentiment was responded to, and how acceptable appeared each reference to God's inspired Word. Murphy may be rude in his oratory, and sometimes not as scrupulous as refined hearers might wish in his use of invective, but he has been a decided success among the rude sons and daughters of toil, and perhaps had he been less accommodating to their tastes and habits of speech, and more to ours, he would not have done the rough work which his peculiar mission demanded. I am quite sure that no polished orator, scrupulous about his diction, could have done Murphy's work; and this we must remember before weighing him in the balance of English propriety and refinement." There has been already a considerable response to Mr. Walker's appeal.

Considerable excitement was recently caused by a report that a Roman Catholic sisterhood, recently established at Market Harborough, had burned several Bibles in the kitchen of their establishment. On inquiry being made by the Protestant Alliance, it was found to be too true. The "mother superior" acknowledged it exultingly. She said that she did what was quite right, and that she was prepared to do it again; and that she hoped that the report would be circulated everywhere, so that others might follow her example! A similar case is reported from the United States. A correspondent of *Zion's Herald* states: "I have one fact to lay before the readers of the *Herald*, and ask the serious attention of all who love the cause of our blessed Saviour. In one of our manufacturing villages, not far from here, and not one hundred miles from Boston, an agent of the Bible Society went through last fall, selling and distributing Bibles, distributing many among the French and Irish operatives of the mills. In this place is a [Roman] Catholic church, and the officiating priest has lately made his boast that he was collecting them in from those to whom they were given, and using them for lighting fires, saying that he had Bibles enough to last him all the winter for kindlings." The correspondent adds, "Where is the man who dares stand by the [Roman] Catholics and say that they are not the bigoted, tyrannical people they formerly were? All they lack is the power; give them this, and we shall find them just as relentless in the persecutions of Christians as they were in the darkest days of Papal rule."

Since the foregoing was written, a compromise has been made. The Irish Church clergy are *not* to retain their residences without purchase; a percentage of 12 per cent. is to be added to the nine years' commutation of their incomes, instead of fourteen years' commutation (as granted to Maynooth); and the surplus revenue of the Church is to be placed at the future disposal of Parliament, except a certain portion, which is to be applied to the relief of any "unavoidable calamity and suffering." This is at best a most miserable compromise, an insult to the Irish Protestants, and a triumph to Rome.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD"
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 45,
NEW SERIES. }

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

{ No. 1,245,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. i. 4.

DIVINE PROTECTION; OR, THE SAFETY OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

"He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISAIAH xxxiii. 16, 17.

BELoved,—The little warbler which last month instrumentally brought to mind the above words still sings in the same grateful and triumphant strain. On sundry occasions we have passed through the same street, and listened to his animated song; but never again has the little creature sung into our heart as upon the memorable morning to which we alluded. There was a power and a preciousness then accompanying his joyous notes, which have since been lacking, and yet we have been rebuked upon this very ground; for, whilst we have felt either cold or callous, the little warbler has sung on and on, pouring forth "from early morn to dewy eve" his tribute of thanksgiving. Whether cloud or sunshine, still, still he sings; and sings, too, as in sweet dependence, and as free from all those cruel doubts and dismal forebodings which will intrude themselves in hearts familiarized, at the same time, with mercies upon mercies, rich and manifold, through all one's pilgrimage. Oh, believer, how increasingly sinful does unbelief appear to us. It seems so dreadful to distrust, and to call in question Divine faithfulness and watchfulness and care, after such continued forbearance, and after so long and unceasing and uninterrupted mercy and goodness and lovingkindness; and yet some of us, dear reader, know what it is to be plagued, if possible, more than ever, with the dreadful sin of distrust and unbelief. It is such a wicked, cruel return for all His love and mercy, to put

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the very worst construction upon each and every new phase of trial or difficulty or sickness or malady. To say, How can God's hand be in *this*? or, How a Father's love in *that*? or, How Divine wisdom and goodness in the *other*? As if the Lord had forsaken the earth, or forfeited His word, or foregone His covenant! We say, such suspicion at the hand of those who have seen so much of His mercy, and experienced so much of His love, is so base and vile and God-dishonouring. In reference thereunto, how does such an inquiry as this cut one we know to the very heart's core, "Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?" Does He deserve such returns as these for all His goodness and lovingkindness and mercy? Is *this* all He has, in acknowledgment for all He has been, and all He has done? Oh, dear reader, what should we do without that precious declaration, "By *grace* are ye saved?" Be assured that truth will follow us all our journey through. We are too apt to limit it to the first operations of salvation; but, rely on it, the Lord will write that word *grace*—*grace*—in and upon the every-day and all-the-day experience of His dear children. They shall feel yet more and more that His tender forbearance and marvellous lovingkindness are brought into ceaseless and uninterrupted operation. How well may each redeemed sinner sing,

"Oh, to GRACE how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
May that grace, Lord, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee."

There was another thought suggested by the little songster, and that is, not only its continued trust in and dependence upon others for its supply, but its continued thankfulness and rejoicing over and above its *imprisoned* condition. Many there are in the school of adversity and in the furnace of affliction; and with respect to these, what meetness and what mellowing do they manifest! Under the gracious operations of the Holy Ghost, how have their trials and afflictions contributed to a sitting loosely to time and time-things! Their "hearts have been brought down with labour." There is a deadness to the world, and there is a cleaving yet closer and closer to Jesus. Their sorrows are interspersed with songs. They know the sweetness of intermingled pain and pleasure. Such are indulged with songs in the night. How struck were we once by the remark of one of these sufferers, at the same time one of the sweet singers of Israel. As she looked round upon the various occupants of the beds in a spacious ward of the hospital where she for many months had been an in-patient, she said, "When these are asleep, and all is quiet, then my communion begins." "Oh," thought we, "what a mercy! Would that it were so with us." For, with comparatively scarcely an exception, it is with us the very reverse. The night is just that time of which the great adversary takes advantage. Roused from one's slumbers, sleep departs from one's eyes, and "the enemy comes in like a flood." Matters are set before one in a completely-perverted light. All seems wrong; this, that, and the other matter is wrong. Mole-

hills become mountains. How is *this* to be encountered, or *that* overcome? What *must* necessarily be the issue of *this*, or the consequence of *that*?" And how about these aches and pains and faintings? If this or that sensation be so overpowering, what comparison will such bear to the swellings of Jordan? What will death be, if these comparatively-little ailments be so critical and trying? Ah, what will be the actual severance of soul and body? In all probability it will be a time of darkness. "You will have no realization of the presence of God. You can't feel Him *now*, you will feel Him *less then*. You will have to traverse the dark valley alone. I shall have you after all. You will never hold on nor out. Moreover, your reason will give way; you will die by your own hands yet. In former trials you had physical strength; that physical strength is now forsaking you, and you will come lower and lower yet. Then what becomes of your testimony, and what of your family? Fool that you have ever been to take such and such steps. These are the hapless consequences, and the worst is by no means come."

Reader, do we happen to touch upon some of your exercises? We might dwell at considerable length upon the worryings of the adversary, and the powerlessness of the poor beclouded heart and mind to rise above his suggestions, eclipsed, as are for the time being, past help and succour and deliverance. It is, indeed, in the night-season that the beasts of the forest come forth; and, oh, what havoc is made of at least the feelings of the poor devil-beset one. But have you not known, beloved, when in prospect of these dark seasons and gloomy midnight watchings, what it was to cry to the Lord and to beseech Him, when you have been almost afraid to commit yourself to sleep? You have, amid these gloomy fears and darksome apprehensions entreated Him to be mindful of you, and to keep the adversary at a distance. You have pleaded your weakness and your guiltiness and your ill-and-hell-deservings. You have at the same time pleaded for tenderness and mercy, and appealed to Him upon the ground of His personal knowledge of the insinuations and buffetings and desperate onslaughts of the enemy. You have reminded Him of your perfect powerlessness in point of resistance—that you were rather confederate with the devil than otherwise. As a poor helpless worm you have cast yourself upon Him; and have you not again and again realized in connexion with these distracting exercises what it was for the Lord so to appear, that you have had ample reason to say with the Psalmist, as you have awoke from the most refreshing slumbers, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and He heard me out of His holy hill. I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me?" Thus, beloved, your very exercises have only led, in the hands and under the divine management of the Holy Ghost, to a sweet and blessed realization of the merciful kindness and condescending goodness of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. You have had further proof of His tender compassion, His unalterable love towards you, and His unalienable interest in you. You have learnt

afresh some precious lessons, and proved anew, that "out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Your temptations and trials have been blessedly overruled for good; and, although for a season so at a loss to know how it could possibly be, yet hope has again sprung up that you should still realize your own personal interest in the declaration, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

We must, however, come to the words of our text, "He shall dwell on high,"—the margin renders it, "heights, or high places." Now, these heights or high places, we conceive, beloved, to be the covenant settlements of the glorious covenant Three, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. By this we mean the eternal choice of the Father of His one elect Church and people in the Beloved, His giving that Church and people over to the Son of His love, the Lord Jesus Christ, who, receiving them at His hands, covenanted, in the fulness of time, to take their nature into union with His divine, and in that His humanity to *serve* and to *suffer*, that He might "redeem unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works," to share with Him in the presence of His Father and the holy angels, the glory that He had with them before the world was; and the Holy Ghost (the Third Person in the adorable Trinity) covenanted with the Father and the Son to bring home all the benefits and all the blessings of the redeeming blood and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, to each and every chosen and redeemed vessel of eternal love and sovereign grace and mercy. These, reader, we conceive to be the heights or high places spoken of in our text; and, as we are led by the Holy Ghost into a knowledge and contemplation of them, they instrumentally carry us up above and beyond all the turmoil and travail of the wilderness, giving us to rejoice in the fulness, freeness, and divine certainty and immutability of all the covenant acts of a covenant Jehovah. And mark you, our text says that each Spirit-begotten one (for it is to these, and these alone, the text refers) shall *dwell* there. He is not to be, as it were, an occasional visitor, or to experience merely a passing glance, or have simply a temporary insight into these blessed realities; but he is to realize a divine fixation and settlement in these covenant verities. He is no longer "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine;" but he knows by the teaching, sealing power, and divine operations of God the Holy Ghost, what it is to be "established, strengthened, settled" upon these covenant immutabilities. We rejoice in the glorious fact, that the word of Jehovah with respect to Himself and them is, "*I will*," and "*they shall*."

And, whilst permitted and privileged to "dwell" here, in holy and devout thought, meditation, and desire, such, for the time being at least, are carried above and beyond all the fleshly fears and satanic suggestions beneath and by which they are at other times so deeply and painfully exercised.

To a novice in divine things this must necessarily appear a strange and most contradictory experience; but, if it be so—and we grant that, upon merely natural or fleshly grounds it is—yet it was precisely the position of the psalmist, whom we hear exclaiming, “Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure; and this is all my salvation and all my desire, although He make it not to grow.”

In precise keeping with the experience of the psalmist was that of the apostle Paul; for, whilst he so dwelt on high as to testify that “God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, had shone into his heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,” he declared also that “the treasure was in *earthen vessels* :” and why? “That the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.” Then observe, dear reader, the seeming contradiction to which we just now alluded. “We are troubled,” says the apostle, “on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus’ sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh” (2 Cor. iv. 8—11).

To the same effect writes the apostle Peter, for, whilst he exults in the mercy that he and those to whom he wrote had been “Begotten again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,” he adds, “Though now for a season (if need be,) ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls” (1 Peter i. 7—9).

These Scriptures, therefore, shed great light upon what, on the surface, would appear paradoxical. To a sceptic or merely nominal professor it appears strange and contradictory, that those who have a good hope of being delivered from wrath to come, and standing in the favour and eternal and unclouded sunshine of Jehovah’s smile, should thus be exercised and tried. But herein they fail to see what is the nature and what the operation of that *faith* of which every child of God is made the partaker. It is by *faith* he lives and walks; and this faith is a divine, a supernatural principle, leading its possessor to look and to live above and beyond time and time-things, in hope and expectation of all the blissful realities of that “inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” By means of this faith he confesses that “this is not our rest,” and, under its precious influence, he at length dies, “not having received the promises,

but having seen them afar off, and was persuaded of them, and confessed that he was a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth."

Dear reader, here for the present we leave the subject. We hope to take it up again next month, if the Lord will.

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster, Aug. 11, 1869.

THE EDITOR.

After the foregoing was written, the heart became heavily oppressed, through physical debility. Satan (ever on the alert) suggested much in his usual strain, of what must necessarily be on the morrow, and especially in the "swellings of Jordan." "If so much depression *now*, what then?" And we defy a poor tempest-tossed soul to rise above it, without the gracious power of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. But now mark, dear reader, the goodness and condescension of our God. Oh, we do love to tell of it, when He thus so tenderly and lovingly manifests Himself. Night came, and, upon retiring to rest, we pleaded with the Lord, that the enemy might be kept at a distance, and that, in the event of sleeplessness, there might be access to the Lord, and communion with Jesus. Thus we fell asleep; and to our astonishment, instead of waking—as is most common with us—in an hour or so, to encounter the renewed attacks of the great adversary, it was exactly half-past four on a lovely summer's morning, when we awoke from a most refreshing sleep. Immediately upon awaking, the Lord graciously spoke these words with such precious power into the heart, "And He led them forth as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them;" and "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This was immediately followed by the third verse of that precious hymn,

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian whilst he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.

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"It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."

We felt, "What can we want more? Lord, it is enough; only do as Thou hast said. Be it unto us according to Thy word." Oh, how sweet are such seasons, when the Lord is thus pleased to draw nigh, and, in such a marked and merciful way, to answer one's poor petitions. But, dear reader, we have ever found throughout our little pilgrimage, that the more conspicuous and the more gracious the Lord's interposition, the fiercer the enemy's attacks afterwards. Such was the case in regard to the Lord's first deliverance of our poor sin-

burdened soul some five-and-forty years ago; and so, for most part, has it been ever since. Satan disputes every inch of vantage-ground which the believer makes. "The Lord left communing with Abraham, and Abraham returned unto his place;" and a wretched place it is for a poor soul to return unto—namely, to a conference with flesh and blood—to the looking at things with the merely fleshly eye, and a seeking to bring everything down to a tangible form, which is the very opposite to that simple way in which *Faith* seeks to live and move and have her being: for

"Mighty faith the promise sees,
And trusts to Christ alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done.'"

JACOB AND ESAU.

THE history of Jacob and Esau is replete with spiritual instruction. It teaches us not to intrude into that which relates to eternity, for eternity is "the light which no man can approach unto;" and the only information which the great and dreadful God, "whom no man hath seen nor can see," has been pleased to give us on the subject is in Isaiah lvii. 15: "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit;" that is, with the meek and lowly Jesus, in whom the mighty God is made manifest unto us, and apart from whom it is vain for us to think to have any knowledge of the infinite Jehovah.

"The great Invisible we see
In Thee, and Thee alone;
To men and angels out of Thee,
The Godhead is unknown."

In Rebecca we behold the anxiety of the Church at the delay of the coming forth of the promised seed. Isaac prefigures the Mediator interceding on her behalf. The struggling of the children points out the conflict between flesh and Spirit, Esau being the natural man, or our first Adam-nature, whilst Jacob typifies the new man of grace. Grace takes the natural man by the heel, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." Esau is wedded to this present evil world; Jacob is preserved from making such an alliance. Esau seeks to obtain the blessing by his own efforts; with Jacob both the means and the end are freely given. Jacob wears his brother's apparel. Jesus was made "in the likeness of sinful flesh," He was clothed with mortality that we might "put on Christ" and appear in His likeness, being clothed with the garments of His salvation. Jacob's duplicity shows us that the best acts we have done towards obtaining the blessing amount *spiritually* to nothing more than "swearing and lying, and killing and stealing, and committing adultery." Esau manifested a decided want of submission to the divine will, and an earnest desire that the purpose of God should be changed; therefore the justice of God's moral government would not allow his tears to be of any avail, nor his entreaties to effect any alteration. His father knew that the blessing had been bestowed according to divine appointment; and,

although his natural affections yearned upon his beloved Esau, yet in the confidence of faith he said of Jacob, "I have blessed him; yea, and he shall be blessed." Neither Jacob's subtlety nor Esau's importunity could avert the purpose of Jehovah. Esau portrays the enmity of the flesh; in the case of Jacob we trace the long-suffering, forbearance, and munificence of divine grace, whereby the Lord is "able even to subdue all things unto Himself."

The eye of faith penetrates into futurity, and Jacob saw in the distance a blessing in reserve for Esau, as saith the apostle: "By faith Isaac blessed Jacob and *Esau concerning things to come*." "The dew of heaven from above" was ultimately to descend upon Esau; by "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," he was ordained to live, and to serve his brother—the Brother "born for adversity," and who "loveth at all times." The assurance, "it shall come to pass that when thou shalt have the dominion, thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck," was *literally* fulfilled when "Edom revolted from under the hand of Jacob, and made a king for themselves:" but do we not find *spiritually* that the flesh is ever striving to gain the ascendancy? And where it obtains the dominion, it casts off the gentle yoke of Jesus, makes a king for itself, and the soul becomes "entangled again in the yoke of bondage."

That remarkable assertion, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated," shows us how completely in matters of salvation everything that proceeds from the flesh is excluded. When our members, which are by nature the servants of sin, attempt to put forth their own power in the service of the great Supreme, a death-like effect is the inevitable result. The "breach upon Uzza" is doubtless amongst the "ensamples that are written for our admonition;" because it is "the purpose of God according to election," that nothing shall be added to, nor taken from His own glorious work "which He wrought in Christ," who "both died and rose and revived, that He might be Lord both of the *dead* and *living*." And the apostle, inspired by the Spirit of Christ, immediately puts the question, "But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother?"

Our condescending God has graciously directed us where to look for election: "*Behold*, my servant whom I uphold; *MINE ELECT* in whom my soul delighteth." By "looking unto Jesus" we make our "calling and election sure." In Him we see that "God is no Respecter of persons;" and that all His dealings towards poor lost sinners are "without partiality:" "He cannot deny Himself."

By the *letter* of the word, differences of opinion continually arise; it is when we go through the letter into the *spirit*, that we are brought to be "of the same mind in the Lord." In this manner the Bereans "searched the Scriptures daily to see if these things were so." Oh for that noble-minded spirit which is equally willing to find itself in the wrong, as in the right, so that God may be glorified, and His truth made manifest.

Brighton.

E. S.

How pleasant it is to a saint in the exercise of grace, to see a good God crosseth his corrupt inclinations, and prevents his folly! How sweet it is to behold these thieves upon the cross!

Wayside Notes.

SIX THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love : therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."—
JEREMIAH xxxi. 3.

If a traveller pursues his journey along a road he has never been before, how wonderfully will he find himself helped by the *waymarks* by the roadside. If he has his doubts as to whether he is right, he has but to walk up to one of these waymarks and read the direction inscribed thereon, and he will pursue his steps with comfort and confidence. So is it with the pilgrim; the way sometimes appears to be very difficult, and he begins to question whether he is on the right road, whether it is not all a delusion, when a waymark like our passage presents itself, and he reads, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love : therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Oh, how cheered he becomes! and, if the Holy Spirit seals home the word upon his heart, how comforted, and convinced that all lies right and must be well; and he pursues his way towards his distant home with cheerful steps. Beloved, our passage is a memorable one; it has been the stay and support of many who have arrived on yonder shore. It is one of those fundamental portions that will do to live by and die by. It has been our custom for years to keep by our side a *well-thumbed Bible*, and, although pretty well worn out, lined and underlined, it has been such a companion to us, that we do not like to give it up for a fresh copy; for often, when we turn to a passage, we find such unmistakable proofs of past enjoyment, that it bids us say—

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in sorrow to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to lead me safe through."

In this Bible we have been accustomed to put P. P. against certain precious passages, our meaning being "*promises proved*," and we find upon turning to this portion, as it has dropped with some degree of unction and unfolding upon us, the well-known initials P. P.; nor do we believe we are alone in this realization. Nay, dear reader, are they not memorable words in your experience?

May the Lord the Spirit help us to dwell upon them, bringing out, as they do, the wonderful fact of Jehovah's everlasting love to His elect people; and may what we are led to write bring comfort to them and glory to the ever-precious and sweet name of our Emanuel; to Him we look, to His throne once again we repair:—

"Dear Lord, we venture here again,
For what we hardly know,
We feel we want a something, Lord,
That is not found below."

And surely that something may be found in this sublime passage, "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, I have loved thee with an everlasting love : therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." We have here—

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I. A most glorious declaration, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

II. Jehovah's great design to prove that love: "He sent into the world His only-begotten Son, that through His death His people might have life."

III. The gracious manifestation of His love in the work of the Spirit, "Therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

I. THE GLORIOUS DECLARATION, "I HAVE LOVED THEE."

Oh, think, beloved, who it is that makes it—a God who cannot lie—the unsearchable, eternal, immortal, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent One—the most glorious, high, perfect, holy, just, true, and righteous God, whose dwelling-place is above—the Creator "that sitteth upon the circle of the earth," and "behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, He taketh up the isles as a very little thing." This God has declared concerning His chosen people, "*I have loved thee.*" "Ah, but," says the caviller, "how do you reconcile His choice of a people with His justice in condemning the rest of mankind; how can you explain it?" Caviller, He does not ask me to explain it. He asks me to believe it. My position as a poor worm of the earth is to bow to the sovereignty of His will, and not dare to bring that will before the bar of poor human reason. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Am I to dare to say He does wrong in the display of His grace and mercy? Never, never. Let, then, men cavil as they will, He will do as pleases Him: for "God is the Judge: He putteth down one, and setteth up another." He acts as King, so that we see that His love is *sovereign love*; it is connected with the attributes, character, and will of a covenant God, who doeth as seemeth Him good "in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth." Again, it is *unchangeable love*—"having loved His own, which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." True, this is said of Christ, but it is the same thing, for He is coequal and coeternal with the Father, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." And the believer may ask, "But does He love me when I get into a cold and lifeless state, and feel so little love to Him?" Yes, thy frames and feelings cannot cancel those words, "I have loved thee." Nay, unbelief, with all its wretched pros and cons, ifs and buts, peradventures and forebodings, cannot erase the memorable words, "I have loved thee." Nay, more, Satan, with all his excessive harassing, and with all the forces he can employ against the child of God, cannot destroy the gracious declaration of their God, "I have loved thee." Oh, trembling one, shelter thyself under them! Oh, little one, remember they are for thee! Oh, pilgrim, lay hold of God's unchangeable love, and pursue thy course cheerfully. Oh, soldier of the cross, keep thine eye fixed upon this "banner of love," and fight the good fight of faith, nothing doubting but that a conqueror's crown awaits thee, and then *it is everlasting love.*

How often are persons proud of their pedigree, especially if they rank among the aristocracy of our country; and they will often among themselves trace back the antiquity of their house and the achievements of their ancestors. Beloved, if we are among God's spiritual Israel, we can trace back our pedigree for at least 6,000 years; for, if the world was created 4,004 years before Christ, and we now live in the year 1869, after Christ, our text traces back to ages before the world was made, or the foundations of the earth laid, and declares that God has loved us with

an everlasting love. Surely, then, we must be of the royal family of heaven, whose seed will never be extinct; and we may well boast of the antiquity of our most holy religion, and point to the achievements of our ancestors, "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, turned to flight the armies of aliens," and performed a number of other signal exploits through the strength given them from on high. What an honour to be found in the wake of such, who are now forming the great cloud of witnesses, who are looking down from the battlements of heaven upon the followers of the Lamb. And then

Everlasting love can only issue from God.—There is a lasting love among mortals, and we think there is nothing more delightful than to see an aged Christian couple, husband and wife, grown old in each other's love. They look back upon many a wintry storm that has passed over their heads; they recount many an incident met with as they trudged along the road arm in arm, and their united expression is in thinking of the way. The Lord has been good and gracious to us, and we are now realizing His promise—"Even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." But lasting as this love is, and delightful as it is to behold it, the severing time must come, but the love of our God is *everlasting*.

"Blest is the man, and bless'd indeed,
And will for ever be;
Whom God has fixed His love upon,
From all eternity."

The love, then, of the Father is sovereign, unchangeable, and everlasting. This is love indeed.

And then our passage has in it a very significant pronoun, which must not be passed over. "I have loved *thee*." Yes, some would say, this has reference to Israel. Undoubtedly it has primarily, as the word declares. Saith the Lord, "I will be the God of all the families of Israel, and they shall be my people. They which were left of the sword in the wilderness, even Israel, when I went to cause him to rest." And then it is immediately added, "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." This is clear enough, but must we stop here to think that His everlasting love is only set upon the handful of literal Israel? Rather have we not abundant proof in the sacred Scriptures that this people was a typical people, setting forth a spiritual seed, whom the Lord declared He loved with an everlasting love? But another view we might take of this personal pronoun is, that it might have reference to the prophet Jeremiah himself—"I have loved thee"—and, if this is so, it brings out further the love, grace, and mercy of a covenant God. "Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee I knew thee; and before thou camest forth I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." And then Jeremiah, astonished at this declaration, responds: "Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child." The Infinite One rejoins, "Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." And when, in after-years, disappointed and discouraged with the opposition which

he met with in this work, in the spirit of rebellion, he says to God, "Wilt Thou be altogether unto me as a liar?" God again mercifully and wonderfully reveals Himself to him, promising him fresh strength to go on with the appointed work. Jeremiah then must have felt how these words were personally addressed to him—"I have loved THEE with an everlasting love." And then a third view we might take of this personal pronoun is, that it applies to oneself if we can put in our claim to be one of the Lord's family, even though it should be the very weakest. "I have loved thee." Ah, thee!—a creature so vile that you are constantly feeling the plague of your heart. Ah, thee! a transgressor from the womb, feeling that you only deserve condemnation. Ah, thee! a sinner whose sins are many! Oh, how merciful is the revelation! Shall we ever forget when the words were spoken home to us in personal experience—"I have loved thee?" What weeping tears of joy followed!

II. JEHOVAH'S GREAT DESIGN IN CARRYING OUT THE PURPOSE OF HIS LOVE.

Jesus was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His Person, the coequal and coeternal One, as wonderfully declared in the 8th of Proverbs: "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth. Then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him: and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." And then in the fulness of time, according to covenant arrangement, Jesus came and took upon Himself our nature; for it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren; and what a wonderful expression is that, "the God-man," the conjunction of the two natures, "the mystery of godliness." What a needs-be for this plan, for through the fall, sin entered into the world, which before a righteous and holy God must result in punishment and death. But Jesus offered Himself as the Substitute and Surety for His people; yet as Deity He could not suffer or die; therefore He became the God-man, that His humanity might suffer, the Just for the unjust. O Thou blessed precious One, and didst Thou suffer, bleed, and die for me? The thought of that Calvary's scene melts one's spirit, as it must have done the poet's when he wrote—

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love or sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

No; such love was never displayed before or since: for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend;" and now note

III. THE GRACIOUS MANIFESTATIONS OF THAT LOVE IN THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

"Therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee,"—drawn with *loving-kindness*; it is so indeed. Love, the principle, and that principle put into operation as a matter of grace; the drawn one deserving totally-different treatment, and led to see how completely the whole work is "*all of grace*." And then there is something experimentally significant in that word "*drawn*;" it shows a previous state and a wondrous change—old habits exchanged for new desires, darkness passed away and light shining into the soul; and it shows, too, that a power must have been at work to effect all this: "*drawn*,"—a hand must have been outstretched; and it seems also to convey the idea of a careful and tender influence—effectual yet gentle

—"with lovingkindness have I *drawn* thee;" and perhaps we have here the secret of that expression, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Paul was violently stopped in his mad career; there was a needs-be for such, but more frequently than not, it is a drawing with the cords of love and alluring from a world of sin to the joys of salvation. Dear reader, art thou saying, "Oh that I could feel satisfied, that in lovingkindness the Lord had thus drawn me. How can I know it?"—We will give you four ways by which you may put your question to the test. You may know if the work is real and of the Spirit of God

1. *By your loathing.*—You loathe sin, and yourself on account of it, and increasingly get to loathe everything of a sinful character. Ungodly companions you now hate, and sicken at their talk. Worldly books; you now have no taste for such trash. Worldly amusements; you now feel that entering into them is a waste of valuable time, and that "Vanity of vanities" is written upon them all. And then you will manifest the change

2. *By your learning.*—We do not mean by your human learning. This will avail you nothing in the matter of the salvation of your soul, but we mean, by your learning such facts as these: I am a sinner, born in sin and shapen in iniquity, in and of myself I am totally undone. I am altogether as an unclean thing. I feel I need a Saviour. I am satisfied that just the Saviour I need is to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ. I lay hold of Him as such, and, if I perish, I perish—it shall be at His feet as a poor penitent sinner; and then you may know this work

3. *By your loving.*—You have found Jesus to be suitable to your need and condition, and had the revelation of His love and mercy to your soul; you feel that a love has sprung up within of an intense character, and which is even above all earthly love; and you hate yourself because it is so feeble, when you feel it ought to be stronger than death; and your cry often is, "Oh, to love Him more." And you will also love them that bear His name. A holy brotherhood will be felt ever toward a lowly one who loves Jesus, and you will find more pleasure in the cottage of such than in the tents of wickedness. And then you may know of this inward work of divine grace

4. *By your living.*—Beloved, what is your life—we mean your spiritual life? Is it not hid with Christ? Is He not the Secret Spring of all your joys? Is He not the constant theme of your thoughts? Are you not miserable when there is an absence of sensible enjoyment and communion with Him? Do you not find, the longer you live, the more you are desiring that He should become your all in all? This is a high living. These are proofs of a work of grace in the soul. These are the fruits and effects of the fact, that with lovingkindness God the Spirit hath drawn thee, hath drawn thee out of the world, for the purpose of guiding and bringing you to heaven.

Now we leave, dear reader, these tests with you. Do they accord with your feelings and desires? Then you are experiencing the declaration of God in the manifestation of His Spirit, "Therefore with *lovingkindness* have I *drawn* thee;" and mind never to go back again, never to be lost, never to be again in Satan's grasp, because it is *everlasting love* widening itself in action worthy of a God. And this may bring us to think of the results of His wondrous choice and love. Surely such love betokens

(1) *Everlasting salvation.*—Not a partial salvation. Not in a salvable state one day and in a lost condition the next. This may do for Arminians, but such teaching will not do for the children of God, because it is

in direct opposition to the word of God, the teaching of the Spirit, and would bring dishonour upon the name of Jesus. His is everlasting salvation, saved completely. No flaw, no failure in it; all sure, certain, and satisfactory: and then such love may well bring to

(2) *Everlasting consolation*.—There is abounding consolation in a religion that brings security to the soul. There is no peace to be gained in a religion that is accompanied by butts and ifs, peradventures and conditions; but salvation based upon eternal love, and that the love of the Eternal Three, carried out and completed according to covenant arrangement and agreement. Here is something solid and real, and brings a consolation to the soul, that nothing else can, and to "a peace of mind which passeth understanding." Let me realize that I am loved with an everlasting love, and I can sing joyfully and thankfully with the immortal Toplady,

"My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity cannot erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

And, then, such love will most certainly be followed by

(3) *Everlasting supplies*.—Our precious Jesus is a faithful Husband. He will never see His bride want. His covenant promise is, Thy bread shall be given, and thy water sure; and He ever fulfils his promise. Yea, He does not even keep her upon bread and water, but often feeds her with dainties—the wine of the Gospel, the grapes of precious promises, the fruit that is to be found in Him, honey out of the rock. Such love will end in

(4) *Everlasting glory*.—This is the aim, this is the object for which Christ died for His chosen; even to bring many sons unto glory. Beloved, we sometimes stand amazed at the thought of glory. Picture it we cannot, but, while in the midst of the busy scenes and activity of life, the thought comes, "Glory! glory!" and the soul melts within at its very contemplation. Oh, we would not be without a hope beyond the grave for ten thousand worlds; we would not be without some measure of assurance that heaven will be our final home, for all that the world calls good or great; and certain we are that when we get there we shall feel to the full extent that the cause of it all is the fact embodied in our passage, loved with an everlasting love, therefore saved with an everlasting salvation.

And then, in conclusion, how this subject shows us that from first to last the work of salvation is all of God. Its origin is the eternal love of the Father, its efficiency the redemption-work of the Son, its manifestation the divine operation of the Holy Spirit saving unworthy ones; saved to be glorified, and bringing glory to the name of Him who alone could devise and carry out this wondrous plan. Oh, well may we sing with dear Daniel Herbert,

"Self-moved Thou fixed Thy love on us,
Before the world was built;
To pay off our enormous score
The blood of God was spilt.

"Our souls' salvation there was sealed
 With Christ's own precious blood;
 To save poor sinking, helpless souls
 Must be the work of God."

Beloved, when cast down, look at this "*waymark*"—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Believe that God is ever true to His word and promise, and pursue thy way cheerfully and confidently. Love will provide everything needful, as love will bring thee safely to heaven. G. C.

Iford.

Pilgrim Papers.

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 410.)

A FEW SENTENCES CAUGHT AS THEY FELL BY THE HOLY GHOST
 FROM THE LIPS OF R. R.

"*Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*"—PSALM xxxiv. 19.

THERE is not one word in the revelation of God, or one act of the sovereign discoveries of the God of our mercies, not one path that the Lord has laid out for His people, however painful and trying that may be, but shall be proved to bring the child of God in a right way; and, though there is as much difference between the children of God and the world, as there is between a dog and an emperor—and more—yet God has a sovereign rule in all this; the Lord has His poor, weak, tried, tempted, and afflicted ones; He has His dear children who are in low circumstances, and those who are every day hedged up with trouble; and the enemy makes this a cause of complaint with some of them; it caused Jeremiah to say, "I will speak no more in the name of the Lord;" he could not move his hand nor his mouth in a spiritual way, but trouble and conflict awaited him. So it is with the children of God; sovereign displays, and covenant supplies, and purposes of unalterable love are opened up unto them. But I will now speak a little of the afflictions of the children of God, whether it be of body or of mind, I cannot draw a line about it. Affliction the child of God must have from some quarter, and the Lord will regard them in these afflictions. There are fleshly troubles caused by fleshly plans and devices, and it is easy to distinguish between these, and to know whether our afflictions are of God or not. We shall not speak of these fleshly troubles to-night, only as Jesus overthrows them. We shall speak of the afflictions of the children of God that are unavoidable and sudden, which are laid in their path, and cannot be shunned by them. You may ask, "What are the afflictions which are unavoidable?" Hast thou not often prayed that the Lord would create in thee a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within thee? and that He would keep thy tongue as with bit and bridle? has not this caused you great affliction, when you have felt those things working in your nature contrary to this? If you were to ask a natural person what would do him the most good, he would say something of this world: but put the same question to a poor, empty, hungry

child of God, "What is the greatest blessing you can crave at the hands of God, or in the language of one of old, 'What is thy petition, and what is thy request?'" the answer would be this, "That Christ, in undying and unchanging love and holiness, might be stamped and renewed afresh upon my soul." This puts things to the test; hunger is a sharp thorn to nature: but the power of the Lord is greater in and with His people, and the spiritual cravings of the soul rise above the cravings of nature. There was one child of God sat at the gate deeply tried and exercised in poverty and affliction; the gate was a place of merchandise, and many gathered to it. Those around this poor child said, "Who will show us any good?" and they do to this day, and they did not see anything very desirable about them, and they would have nothing to do with them. This is the language of mere professors in the day in which we live, "Who will show us any good?" but the child of God says, "Lord, lift Thou upon us the light of Thy countenance," and this will do us more good than when their corn, and wine, and oil increaseth; this proves the power of love in a child of God,

"A babe would prize its mother's smiles
Beyond a crown of gold."

It is so with the believer, when Jesus smiles, the light of His countenance is sweet. He has the greatest of all good. Here their consolations abound, as their sufferings abound. There is no better place for the child of God to bring his afflictions to, than where there are sweet supplies suited for them; and nothing short of a Spirit of divine love can draw them there, and nothing else can meet their case. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous," and not a day nor an hour but what the child of God has some affliction. Some are felt very deeply, and there are those afflictions which the child of God has never known, which the Lord delivers them from. Perhaps the Lord has shown it to you in after-days, and you have wept under the power of divine love when it has shown you your afflictive circumstances, and things you have never known; you have rejoiced in your escape and preservation when you have seen the place you were in. Wherever divine love leads you, it will not leave you until it has delivered you. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." Every child of God is this; though he may not know it to its full extent, still he is righteous. Jesus was put to death for our offences, and raised again for our justification. He is righteous, because the precious blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and he is freed from all things which he could not be by the law of Moses. This is a great treasure; do you realize this in your afflictions, that you are righteous, that Jesus has removed your guilt and sin, and in Him you stand complete before God, the gift of righteousness being bestowed upon you? All who fall short of this are tempted and in the dark, and destitute of much comfort and consolation. Some think that affliction robs the child of God of his evidence, of his interest in Christ, and rest in Him. Such judge by frames and feelings, sight, sense, and reason. The Lord has not designed this, though the children may be ensnared in it. Thou mayest be an afflicted child of God, yet thou mayest never doubt thy interest in Christ, and thy righteousness in Him. If I were to ask, Are you a righteous person? you might say, "In my flesh dwells no good thing." But you are made righteous by gift, and by the power of divine love in your own experience. Some children of God might say, "Jesus hath brought me into this affliction, because He hath something against me." No, He hath not; but Jesus

is bringing you away from something painful. To this end He has afflicted thee, and not because He is angry with thee. So it is of all the afflictions of the children of God. It is to bring them away from that which would be more afflicting to them. So one affliction swallows up another, and the child of God is brought off more than conqueror. Have you found things to be so? I do not wish to speak of that which you have never handled, tasted, or felt, unless it be that which the Lord will open up to you. I pray God that your minds may expand, and you may be led more deeply into the treasures of covenant love. Is there any affliction Jesus has led you into but it has really worked for your good? "Many are the afflictions of the righteous;" but out of them all the Lord will deliver them. The Lord delivereth them out of them all.

The Lord shows His people two things—1st. That in love He brings His people into trial. 2nd, and in love He brings them out and delivers them; love brings the trial and love brings you out of it. Great blessings are opened up in deliverance. There is more comfort and consolation than in the supplies administered under the trial. Lovingkindness and tender mercy meet them at every turn: but oh, when they are delivered! This is so great often that they are overwhelmed, and say, "I desire no more; I am full; it is enough. I am swallowed up in love; the best wine has come at last; I had many sips while I was passing through the trial, but the Lord has kept the good wine until now; let me die, I am so satisfied." This was the language of thy brethren of old, and why not of thee? "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Sometimes the children of God say, "If the Lord would do so and so, I should be satisfied." Oh, child of God, the Lord sees all thy afflictions, and out of them all He will deliver thee. There are thousands of trials which you never knew; and the Lord has done more for you than you could ask or think; you could not ask if you never knew them. I have said that there are trials and deliverances which we have never known, but perhaps in after-days we have been led to view the same spot. When David met Abigail, he said, "The Lord sent thee to keep me back from shedding blood." He did not see this trial before: perhaps you may not have seen it at first, but you have seen more in the latter end than you did in the beginning. You may often have thought that you should be overcome, and have said, "What shall I do when I am brought into such and such things?" and sometimes the child of God has said, "What shall I do when I come to leave the world?" What shall you do when you come to leave the world? Out of them all the Lord will deliver you. Would an householder smite the guests as they entered the hall? and will the Lord lead His children to the portals of heaven, and then leave them? Impossible; and, though you may look at death and fear, if you look at Jesus He will tell you these things, and His words sink deeply, "He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." May thou enjoy His presence here and there, and it will be an heavenly place. Amen.

"The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed."—

PSALM ciii. 6.

Care and mindfulness is over, and for His people, to defend them from evil, and to execute His wrath upon all that hate them, and His blessing is upon His people, upon His afflicted saints; as their trials abound so also their consolations abound. Fear not, dear child, thy greatest comforts are handed to thee in the thorny crown of tribulation;

that is a righteous act that worketh for good. When the judgments of the Lord are abroad in the earth, then the saints learn righteousness. The wine and honey flow from the rock, and the holy land flows with Gospel milk; babes of grace shall be refreshed, and play Gospel games round the hole of the asp; the asps of wickedness always have a deep hole where they deposit their poison, and lie in wait with their hidden sting to do mischief.

"The captive exiles hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail."—ISA. li. 14.

A child in bondage is not a bond-child, though as yet he may be in bondage; life is discovered and felt, and, though as yet not enjoying the sonship freedom of divine liberty, he hasteneth here his spiritual motions, because of life. The slave to lust boasts of his freedom, but the living child, under a process of law-work, groans, being burdened; he hasteneth to be loosed, but the law worketh wrath. The law cannot give life, though it has a spiritual claim that the transgressor cannot answer in any part of its claim; but, when the jubilee trumpet is blown, the prisoner's fetters fly, he hasteneth that he should not die in the pit, and, as a living soul, he is hunger-bitten; and none but Jesus, the Bread of life, can supply him.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—PSALM xxiii. 1.

Oh, the ever-present fulness of covenant love, that makes hell and devils to tremble, carrying the Church upon the wings of the wind, and makes the fire its triumphant chariot, which takes the prey from the mighty, and holds the delivered captive in its jubilee victory. Oh, ye needy, behold your ransomed title, and look at your flowing cups, with portions of mercy supplied. A bitter draught may appear, but mercy sweetens the whole. Mercy is cup-bearer to the royal family, and delights to give them more than they ask; Mercy adjusts her portions with great delight, and is the best nurse on a sick-bed; her cordials are well suited to taste and treasure. Mercy is the best warrior that ever entered the field, and "more than conqueror" is the undying watch-word, and her banner is spread with unsullied delight. Mercy gives songs in the night, and myriad hosts shout hosannahs. Mercy leads in safety through the rough deserts, and tramples the dragon under her feet; the beasts of the field give a fair path, and her royal tribes set their feet upon the neck of lions. Mercy's date is endless, and her name hath cheered thousands that have been on the very borders of despair; and, every moment of time, Mercy carries the victory in her hand.

PLAIN REMARKS ON PORTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

(Concluded from page 417.)

"Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little."—HAGGAI i. 9.

WHAT we expect to increase may decrease. Much is looked for from man; but how often it comes to little! and not only to little, but in some cases to nothing. Frequently much is looked for by young people when they leave their parents to make the first start in the world,—much looked for when they get "settled in life," as it is termed, and much looked for when beginning business. How often such characters who have looked for much under circumstances named above have lived to prove the truth of Solomon's words, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Parents often look for much from their children, and how disappointed they frequently are! Instead of meeting with the much obedience they looked for from their children, they meet with much disobedience; instead of meeting with joy, they meet with sorrow, and, instead of their offspring's behaviour being a comfort to them, it wellnigh breaks their hearts, and brings down their "gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Masters look not unfrequently for much from their servants, and it comes to little; as well as servants look for much from those who employ them, and it comes to little.

Ministers sometimes look for much from the people they labour amongst, and it not unfrequently comes to little. They look, it may be, for much encouragement, and it comes to little, or for much pay, and it comes to little, or for a great living, and it comes to a little one, or for much success, and it comes to little, or for much support from the rich members of their churches, and congregations, and it comes to little. Oh, the many—very many—disappointments of ministers!

Then the people, on some occasions, look for much from the minister, and it comes to little. In some cases much talent and intelligence are looked for, which comes to little; much work, and it comes to little; much visiting, and it comes to little; much preaching, and it comes to little; much entering into their various cases of trial and affliction, and it comes to little; much love, fruitfulness, meekness, gentleness, forbearance, diligence, zeal, and sobriety, all of which come to little. How often are people disappointed in their ministers, as well as ministers in their people!

Those look to man for least who look to the Lord for most. Leaning on the Lord will tend greatly to prevent undue looking to man. In these days how much looking to man, how little looking to the Lord! How true are the words, "It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man."

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me."—PSALM iii. 4.

Troubles increased, not decreased, with the Psalmist. He was never long together without troubles, sometimes more, at other times less. What child of God is there who has not troubles both by night and day? Are not inside troubles more troublesome than outside ones? It troubles the Christian sometimes to know what to do with his troubles. Inside troubles are not like bubbles; not so easily made to disappear. There is One, however, who can effectually remove inward troubles—namely, "the Holy Ghost, the Comforter." Among so many troubles where can the believer find comfort but from the Comforter? Christian friend, the comfort conveyed to your soul by "the Comforter" will sustain you under all the troubles arising from your troublers, whether they are men or devils, the world or the flesh. There will be no troublers in heaven, nor troubles. Bless the Lord for "a good hope through grace." What a great privilege it is to be comforted by "the God of all comfort!" Fellow-pilgrim, if He comfort you, He will not condemn, confound, consume, or curse you, but graciously care for you; "cover your head in the day of battle," correct you, compassionate you, console you, compass you, confirm you, counsel you, correspond with you, commune with you, and crown you. A child of God is often more trouble to himself than he is to others or others are to him; yet there are times when the people of God trouble each other. Moses, "the man of God," endured more trouble from the Israelites than from the Egyptians. It is better to be

moved by the Holy Spirit to pray for the children of God than to be influenced by Satan to plague them. The Holy Spirit does not instruct believers in the Lord Jesus Christ to loathe one another, but to love one another; not to be spiteful, but spiritual; not to tease each other, but to please each other, "for his good to edification."

It troubles a servant of Christ sometimes to feel so destitute, so empty, so vacant, so low. The Lord does not frown on those whom He graciously brings down. The Saviour smiles on His dear people who are acquainted with Satan's wiles; yes, and His precious smiles will help them to overcome the enemy's ensnaring wiles. To the Lord's people dejection is not destruction. People who are exposed to destruction may not in this world be so often in dejection as those whose lives "are redeemed from destruction." Those who have the least grain of what is spiritually right in them from the Lord feel they have heaps and heaps of what is carnally wrong in them, from themselves, which proves to be a source of no small trouble to them. "See where those are who came out of great tribulation" (Rev. vii. 14).

Tetbury.

F. F.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IV.

"He will keep the feet of His saints [or holy ones], and the wicked shall be silent in darkness: for by strength shall no man prevail."—1 SAM. ii. 9.

In the connexion which our text stands, we are presented with an interesting portion of Scripture history, and how beautifully does it illustrate Paul's admirable statement respecting the whole of God's revealed word, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17). The words of our text contain three important declarations, in reference to the saints,—in reference to the wicked,—and in reference to the universal impotency of man.

I. In reference to the saints. This teaches us their perfect security. These are the Lord's—His saints. I am aware this is a term which the ungodly make use of by way of reproach and ridicule; but it is an honourable term, a term that distinguishes the righteous from the wicked, the Church of God from the world, the followers and genuine disciples of Jesus Christ from the mere professors. To be the saints of Jehovah is to be the holy ones of Jehovah. To this, moreover, they were predestinated before to all worlds; and to this end they were elevated from the ruin of the fall by Divine grace (Eph. ii. 9, 10). Hence in what a striking point of view does Peter describe them (1 Pet. ii. 9, 10), and to a state of perfect spotless holiness shall they be infallibly conducted, agreeable to the doctrine of Paul laid down in his admirable epistle to the Romans (viii. 28, 29). But, in the words of our text, they are represented as journeying. Yes; they are travellers travelling in an enemy's country, and are beset with snares and temptations on every hand. It is sometimes a long and tedious path, sometimes very difficult, at another very slippery; sometimes dark and very tempestuous. As a wayfaring man, you must partake his fare. The world is but your lodging-place. Here you are but a sojourner, as all your fathers were. Not-

withstanding all this, you have your comforts, your brighter scenes, your songs in the night, your triumphs, and your victories. Strange that such a feeble worm should be able to hold on his way: and yet it is not strange. Our text explains the secret; it unfolds the mystery. "He will keep the feet of His saints." This constitutes their security. Ah, were they their own keepers, soon would they tire, soon would they be seen drawing back unto perdition, falling to rise no more. "The Lord will keep," &c. The Father chose them, hence they are folded in His eternal embrace. The Son redeemed them, hence their life is hid with Him in God. The Holy Ghost quickened them when dead, hence He maintains in them the sacred principle of divine life, so that nothing can destroy it. How beautifully do other scriptural declarations hold out or teach the security of the Lord's children: Psalm xxxviii. 23—25 and 28; Job xvii. 9; John x. 27—30. "He will keep the feet," &c., and guide them by His counsel, and lead them in the right way. Do they falter? It is a mercy they do not falter here. Do they wander to the right hand or to the left? It is their mercy they are not permitted to wander still farther; hence He restores their souls and bringeth them back, and leadeth them in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Do they fall? How much deeper would they fall were they not in His hands? And, did he not hold up their goings, soon would they fall to rise no more, soon would they sin the sin that is unto death! "He will keep the feet of His saints." Hence, notwithstanding their infirmities, their weakness, and their sinfulness—the sinfulness of a depraved heart, they keep pressing onward; they go from strength to strength. But how often does it appear to the Christian pilgrim as if he were going back instead of forward; but, in spite of all these outward and inward impediments, the work of grace is going on; you are advancing to your Father's house. "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." A few more hills of difficulty to surmount, a few more valleys of humiliation to descend, a few more conflicts to engage in, and then, when you enter the last valley—the valley of the shadow of death—and pass through its gloomy shades, how cheering the thought! You will then enter the gates of the celestial city. He who directed your feet to the little wicket-gate, and enabled you to enter the celestial road through the strait gate, and kept your feet hitherto, and would not let you go, will continue to keep you; according to His covenant engagements (Psalm lxxxix. 28—37.) No, He will not leave you until He has elevated you to that throne, and put you into possession of that kingdom, ordained and prepared for you before the foundation of the world.

II. Let us consider the declaration in reference to the wicked: and what an awful contrast do they present unto us. The saints are the holy ones. The wicked are the unholy ones. It is no difficult task to describe their features, although it may be painful. They carry about with them the marks of the beast; you may read it in legible characters in their foreheads; they are unregenerated, unconverted. They are in love with sin; lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God, they hesitate not to declare it openly; they live without God, without Christ, without hope in the world. They hate the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Hypocrites, dissemblers, and self-righteous Pharisees are not so easily to be detected; so that good old Bunyan writes of one, whom he represents as knocking at the very gate of heaven, and, instead of being admitted, was detected as a dissembler, "So that I perceived," said that good man, "that close to the gate of heaven

there was a bye-path to hell." Affecting, awful thought! But our text says, "These shall be silent in darkness." They may be noisy and clamorous now; boasting of themselves, their riches, their pleasures, their boldness and fortitude in the work of sin, and in the faith of the infidel. But the triumph of the wicked will be short; their joy as the crackling of thorns under the pot, which is noisy but of short continuance, and at the best but an empty sound; but soon will they be silent, silent *in the grave*. No feet there to be heard running swift to shed innocent blood. No voice of the drunkard singing the bacchanalian song! No tongue of the blasphemer is there heard uttering horrid speeches against God, against His providence, against His Gospel and His people! Ah, where are our celebrated warriors, statesmen, philosophers, and literati, the noise of whose fame once filled the earth? *Silent in the darkness of the grave*. Oh, what an immense multitude are congregated together amidst those silent shades of death in the darkness of hell. And how awful that silence, the harbinger of a tremendous storm. *They shall be silent in darkness!* To what further does this allude? No doubt to that place of darkness which our Lord Jesus Himself describes thus, and by which He teaches us there is such a place of torment called hell—*Into outer darkness* (they shall cast the wicked), "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. xxii. 18). Silent in darkness, the silence of despair. Who can describe the despair that reigns in hell?—of conscious guilt, silent and constrained acknowledgment of the justice and holiness of Jehovah in the infliction of their punishment; silent, perhaps, in agony of feeling that cannot be expressed! *Silent in darkness*, bereft of all comfort; no cheering sounds, no ray of light; no hope; all, all, will be dark. Yea, it will be an eternal night of darkness! A visible darkness! A darkness felt! Oh, the desolation, the dreariness, and the horrors of this dark silence of hell! And is this the prospect of the wicked? O my God! Let mercy, mercy, flowing in streams of blood, plead, plead, in behalf of those in Thy presence whose conscience accuse them of having hitherto waged war against Thee and against Thy glorious blessed Gospel. But the third declaration is in reference to the universal impotency of man, "For by strength shall no man prevail."

III. It is an affecting as well as a scriptural and self-evident truth that man in his unregenerate state is poor, wretched, blind, and naked—helpless and impotent (Rev. iii. 17). There is no health in him (Isa. i. 6). This is a very humbling view of man, but you perceive it is a scriptural one; and experience will make it appear to an enlightened mind a self-evident truth, insomuch that a man taught in the school of Christ wonders how any one can for a moment doubt it. No sinner can regenerate himself. This no created nature can produce. It involves that principle which is the life of God in the soul; it comes from God, has its source from Him, and is breathed into the soul of a sinner by the Holy Ghost, and a fruit of the dying love of Him who is the Resurrection and *the Life*; hence, until this divine operation takes place in the soul, no conversion to God can be effected by any mere human means, however strongly exerted, for "by strength shall no man prevail." Away, then, with the notion of man's ability and power and the potency of his free-will.

1. This truth also holds good in regard to the Church after her spiritual resurrection from a death in sin; and so also with every individual believer in all spiritual matters. How is it possible for any believer in his own strength to prevail against his spiritual adversaries—the world,

the flesh, and the devil? Ah, many a saint, and strong ones too, have felt to their sorrow that *their own strength* is perfect weakness, when they have been left, or partially left, to contend by themselves against the adversary. See how Adam, the federal head and representative of mankind, fell, amidst the beauties, the felicities, and the holiness of Paradise. We may also refer you to some of the most eminent saints under every dispensation of the Church as striking proofs of the truth of our Lord's words, "Without me ye can do nothing," all wonderfully corroborating the solemn declaration of Jehovah, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. iv. 6).

2. This declaration of our text is essentially true as regards Jehovah—His Church and His word. By strength shall no man prevail against these; no man, no enemy. Yea, all enemies combined, they shall be as chaff before the wind; they shall be as the burning of tow or flax. Against Jehovah shall a man prevail? "Hast thou an arm like God?" or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him? Against the Church, the Church of God, built upon the eternal Rock of ages—against which it is written even the "gates of hell shall not prevail." Oh, many a hard and dreadful contest has the Church sustained against the world assisted by the powers of darkness! Nor has the Church sustained the least real injury. She has withstood for nearly six thousand years the most determined and deadly attacks of her enemies. Dungeons and banishment; rack and fire; yea, every destructive engine has been employed to overthrow the Church of God, but all in vain! She still rises in magnitude and splendour, and shall continue thus to flourish in spite of all opposition, until her glory filleth the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it, and His zeal shall accomplish it. There is yet a dreadful struggle awaiting the Church; perhaps it has commenced or is about to commence. Good old Eli trembled for the Ark of God; but ye who are the true followers of the Lamb, tremble not for the safety of the Church. She is in safe hands; and in His keeping she is a strong city. "Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks," and "in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength" (Isaiah xxvi. 1, 4). Equally unavailing and impotent will be their strength when opposed to the Word of God—which is the truth as it is in Jesus. Oh, what strenuous and unholy efforts have been made to destroy this sacred volume; to silence the preaching of the Gospel; and to impede the triumphant progress of the truth, even by the professed friends as well as the avowed enemies of revealed religion! and this, too, in almost every age of the Church. Infidelity—atheism—deism—error in all its multiform appearances—have striven to destroy it, to mutilate it, to corrupt it, to deface its beauteous form, to tarnish its lustre, and, if possible, drive it from the Church. Arianism and Pelagianism, in the early days of the Church, sadly prevailed. Then Socinianism, and now Arminianism, seems to be the most popular heresy of modern times. But all will be in vain. The truth will and shall prevail. It is the high decree of Heaven. Jehovah hath said, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." It shall accomplish all that for which it is designed; not one iota less, not one iota more. When it has instrumentally accomplished the salvation of the whole elect family of God—and nothing can prevent this—then will it also accomplish all those dreadful threatenings against all its enemies which abound in its sacred pages.

- (1.) Learn from this the security of the Lord's people (Psalm xci. also cxxv. 1—3.)
- (2.) The certain doom of the wicked.
- (3.) The impossibility of frustrating the sovereign purposes of the Triune Jehovah.

COWPER'S "TABLE-TALK."*

THE following very vigorous passage is now restored to its place in the poem from the first edition. It was removed by Cowper from the second and all subsequent editions. The probable reason of the omission was that in the interval Cowper had formed a friendship with the Throckmortons—a Roman Catholic family. His sensitive mind shrank from giving them pain by speaking thus strongly of their creed.

"Hast thou admitted with a blind, fond trust
 The lie that burned thy fathers' bones to dust,
 That first adjudged them heretics, then sent
 Their souls to Heaven, and cursed them as they went?
 The lie that Scripture strips of its disguise,
 And execrates above all other lies,
 The lie that claps a lock on mercy's plan,
 And gives the key to yon infirm old man,
 Who, once ensconced in apostolic chair,
 Is deified, and sits omniscient there;
 The lie that knows no kindred, owns no friend,
 But him that makes its progress his chief end,
 That having spilt much blood, makes that a boast,
 And canonises him that sheds the most?
 Away with charity that soothes a lie,
 And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by;
 Shame on the candour and gracious smile
 Bestowed on them that light the martyr's pile,
 While insolent disdain in frowns expressed,
 Attends the tenets that endured that test:
 Grant them the rights of men, and while they cease
 To vex the peace of others, grant them peace!
 But trusting bigots whose false zeal has made
 Treachery their duty, thou art self-betrayed."

THE SELF-EXISTENCE OF JEHOVAH, AND CARE OF HIS PEOPLE.

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."—Acts xvii. 26.

To take another verse or two in connexion with this, Paul appears to be trying to prove the self-sustaining nature of Jehovah, who stands in need of nothing from any of His creatures. It seems as if these Athenians might have exhausted all their deities, but, lest they should have omitted any, they erected an altar to the "Unknown God," thus in their blindness worshipping God, although they did not know Him; but the Apostle

* *Table-Talk and other Poems.* By William Cowper. Reprinted from the Edition of 1782: with Notes by the late Robert Southey, Esq., Poet-Laureate. Illustrations by Harrison Weir, Wimperis, Barnes, Gilbert, Noel Humphreys, and other eminent Artists. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

goes on to show them that the "Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hand as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things" (ver. 25). Then in ver. 26 he proceeds to show that there is no difference with God as regards any of His creatures, seeing "He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," thus proving that although our first parents were placed in the garden of Eden, yet it was in the purpose of God in "the times before appointed" that their descendants should be scattered all over the earth, and speak different languages, which purpose was accomplished at the building of Babel. "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth" (Gen. xi. 8). It was then He appointed "the bounds of their habitation." And it appears to be this to which Moses alludes in Deut. xxxii. 8: "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when He *separated the sons of Adam*, He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." And, though the latter part of this verse is somewhat abstruse, it proves what an important place the children of Israel occupied in the mind of God, that He had an especial eye to *them* in determining the boundaries of the several nations of the earth. Well might He call them His "peculiar treasure," and choose them to be a type of His spiritual Israel to the end of time.

W.

COMMUNINGS BY THE WAY.

MY DEAR L—,—I was led, as we say casually, to take down the volume of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for 1860, and there lighted upon your letter, and the very precious account of the short illness and dying experience of dear Mr. Thame. It came to me as fresh as though I had never seen it before; in fact, the letter, and all the facts connected therewith, had quite passed from my recollection. I cannot express one-tenth part of the sacred pleasure and satisfaction this re-perusal of your letter and the narrative it introduces afforded me. It so fell in with my present state of mind, which has for a long season been very anxious and greatly perplexed. It appears to me that I have not sunk so low for any length of time, for the last five-and-forty years, as I have during the last eighteen months. How much what I have been passing through has reminded me of your dear sainted father, and how often have I mentally exclaimed, "Oh that my last end may be like his!" that end you and I were privileged to witness. I was especially thinking of him this morning as, during my last visit to his bedside, he stretched out his arms at full length, and exclaimed, "*I want a full armful of Christ.*" Ah, yes, Christ was all his theme and all his want. I often think that it is here I fail; I seem to be resting in or upon something short of Christ. I do not mean essentially or in the main, because I too well know, and rejoice in the fact, that "there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved." But what I fear is, that there is an ever-constant disposition in me to look at something in self, or about self, to be attached to or rested in. I fail, I fear, to recognize, except in doctrine and mere words, that *perfect poverty* and *absolute nothingness* which makes Christ, in His fulness and power, and love and grace, so suitable and so precious. There is a peculiar blessedness and an unearthly satisfaction in the realization of Christ as a wondrous set off against and

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antidote for all our creature-weaknesses and woes. But this, with me at least, seems so seldom experienced and enjoyed. I find myself so continually looking for a something in myself in regard to acquired wisdom or strength or courage. In my judgment I know this to be wrong. The attitude which I know I ought by grace to be assuming is that of a perpetual looking out of and off from *self*, simply and entirely to Jesus. Oh, what volumes do those three short words contain, "LOOKING UNTO JESUS." The position may be readily simplified thus: what is the condition of a new-born babe but that of cleaving and dependence? and that very cleaving and dependence is attended with such a peacefulness and contentment. The felt want of the needy babe prompts to an immediate betaking its possessor to its one source of help and succour. Oh, how often, when in the act of baptizing the dear infants, have I been reminded of this. The nurse or the mother has handed me, it may be, the *sleeping* babe. Roused so unexpectedly from its slumbers, it no sooner feels the strangeness or the novelty of its position than it turns its little head towards me, and seeks to nestle itself in my breast, as though I could afford it the wished-for soothing balm and nutriment. Oh, I have thought to myself at such moments, "Would that I could thus cling to *Jesus*! Would that *I* could perpetually seek solace and comfort and succour from His own dear and adored Self! Would that *I* could recline upon His own dear bosom, and feel the tender throbbings of His loving heart towards me; but alas, alas! there is for most part such a strangeness and such a shyness, at least as far as *I* am concerned."

Again, in years past, when I was in the habit of travelling a great deal, I have been powerfully reminded of the believing soul's resting and reposing in and upon Jesus, in the following simple way. Let us be where we may, or travel where we might, I never once remember my dear wife's expressing the least anxiety about the *means*: as far as memory serves me, she never once asked me if I had *money* enough to take us here or there. She always seemed to take for granted that I had made my calculations, and prepared accordingly before we started. Now what lessons this simple matter has suggested to me about *Jesus*. In this respect I have not one-tithe the confidence in *Him* that my poor wife had in *me*. I am virtually constantly interfering, and, if not positively asking Him if He has the *means* to pay travelling charges, I am base enough to doubt whether He has the *HEART* to do so. Oh, my dear L—, I cannot tell you how ashamed I am of my distrust and ingratitude and unbelief. It appears to me as though I never was so plagued with it as now. Instead of the marvellous mercies of which I for so many years have been the ever-constant recipient, giving me greater confidence in the Lord, and instead of being able yet more and more to repose upon His divine faithfulness on the ground of His covenant promises, I am ever disposed to say with the unbelieving prophet, "If the Lord were to make windows in heaven, might such and such things be." I am ashamed of it, but I dare but confess the honest truth. I am resolved whatever my doctrinal belief may be, never to *assume* what I do not *realize*. I sincerely sympathize with the words of the blessed Hart:—

"Let us never, never dare
What we're not to say we are."

I thought, as I left my bed this morning, "Well, the sincere language of my heart is—and I cannot get beyond it—"God, be merciful to me, a

sinner," for I do feel that the distrust and the ingratitude of which I have spoken do indeed stamp me a sinner far, far above and beyond those who have never been petted and indulged as I have been by the utmost possible condescension, love, and mercy. The Lord, it seems to me, has indulged me above most of His dear children, but I am quite sure He has never received baser returns than at my hands. Oh, I cannot tell you the dark and gloomy apprehensions which I have in regard to the little residue of my time-state. I feel my sojourn in this vale of tears is now but short, and I am so very full of fear about all the attendant circumstances of the decline and the finish-up of life. I have been reading this morning some four chapters in the first book of Chronicles, and certain passages here and there caused me to weep before the Lord in the prayerful hope that, in the riches of His condescending love and His divine mercy and faithfulness, He might in measure do for me what He was pleased to accomplish for the psalmist. Mark, beloved L—, the 18th verse of the 12th chapter, "Then the spirit came upon Amasai, who was chief of the captains, and he said, Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse: peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; *for thy God helpeth thee.*" Oh, how sweet this language, and how grateful must it have been to David, after all the strife and the turmoil and the conflicts in which he had been engaged, for these men thus to have come to him upon the death of his adversary. How true is the word of the Lord that "when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Moreover, what a full, what a blessed, what a comprehensive word *that*, "**FOR THY GOD HELPETH THEE.**" Oh, how true was this with regard to David, and how equally true is it with respect to all His dear people. Such is the way by which He leads them, and such are the special means and instrumentalities by and with which He interposes on their behalf, that all most clearly bespeaks the great and glorious fact—"THY GOD HELPETH THEE." And observe, beloved, the statement—it is *help, help*; not full, complete, final deliverance, but help, help according to the necessity; help for the occasion, for the hour, the day; help for the trial, the temptation, "holpen with a little help." Oh, who of us dare deny but we have had this—yea, all absolutely needful help and strength for this, that, or the other however great emergency? I am sure when I look back I am astounded. When the Holy Ghost, as the Remembrancer, is pleased to open, in sweet and blessed retracings and reviewings, the way by which He has led me, how He has sustained me here, protected me there, and provided for me so remarkably through and amid all, I am amazed; and this review and recollection it is that makes me so abashed and disgusted with self, when I reflect upon my distrust for the future.

Look again, beloved L—, at the 22nd verse, "For at that time, day by day, there came to David to help him, until it was a great host, like the host of God." Here again see the Lord's sustaining power, and how striking the proof, that He has all hearts in His hand. How both men and devils are compelled to obey Him. What are they before Him but as so many ciphers, whom He moves hither and thither at His will? What a glorious contemplation it is, amid all the perplexing and apparently-adverse circumstances in the day in which we live, when wicked men seem to be having everything their own way, that He still "rules in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and that none dare stay His hand, nor say, What doest Thou?" This is un-

speakably comforting to my own mind, as I contemplate what is at present going on in the earth. I know that upon the surface of matters, it would seem as though the Lord had withdrawn Himself, and had left men to themselves to regulate and to rule; but oh, it is not so. He still holds the reins of government; still He "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." The Bible would not be true, in so far as the present state of things is concerned, were not men to say and do what the Holy Ghost commissioned the apostle to declare they should say and do in these last times.

What a marvellous display of divine love and mercy is that contained in the 17th chapter, where the Lord sent the prophet Nathan to David, in recognition of his wish to build a house for the Lord; and, although He denied him his request, in so far as his personally building Him a house was concerned, yet how gracious His intimation with regard to Solomon and his seed. Oh, well might it be recorded under these circumstances, "And David the king came and sat before the Lord, and said, Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? And yet this was a small thing in Thine eyes, O God; for Thou hast also spoken of Thy servant's house for a great while to come, and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God. What can David speak more to Thee for the honour of Thy servant? for Thou knewest Thy servant." How sweetly does David counsel Solomon in regard to his future procedure. Have you not often, dear L—, admired the readiness and the promptitude with which David surrendered his will to the will of the Lord, with respect to the building of the temple? From the immense provision which David himself, and by means of his people, made for the house of the Lord, it was evident how much his mind was set upon its erection; yet, notwithstanding, upon the revelation of the Lord's mind concerning it, there is not the veriest resistance or rebellion upon the part of David. He quietly, yea, adoringly, acquiesced.

Furthermore, in the closing chapter, when dedicating the vast resources which he had accumulated for the Lord's service, how humble yet how grateful are his utterances, "Wherefore David blessed the Lord before all the congregation: and David said, Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel our Father, for ever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine: Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all; and in Thine hand is power and might; and in Thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name. But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee. For we are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared to build Thee an house for Thine holy Name cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine own. I know also, my God, that Thou triest the heart, and hast pleasure in uprightness. As for me, in the uprightness of mine heart I have willingly offered all these things: and now have I seen with joy Thy people, which are present here, to offer willingly unto Thee." Then how sweet his prayer for the people and for Solomon his son, "O Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, our fathers, keep this for ever

in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of Thy people, and prepare their heart unto Thee: and give unto Solomon my son a perfect heart, to keep Thy commandments, Thy testimonies, and Thy statutes, and to do all these things, and to build the palace, for the which I have made provision."

Lastly, how blessed the testimony with respect to David, "and he died in a good old age, full of days, riches and honour: and Solomon his son reigned in his stead." What a blessed confirmation of the hopes and the confidence long before expressed; "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Dear L—, the Lord grant that, when you and I shall have done and suffered His will during our sojourn in this vale of tears, the like mercy may attend us. God, of His great mercy, grant it, for Christ's sake.

Yours most affectionately in the Lord,

July 31, 1869.

D. A. D.

LETTER OF JOHN BERRIDGE.

Everton, Nov. 7, 1786.

DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter along with your present, and attended I find with your daily prayers for me, which I value more than human presents. The Lord bless you and lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you a sweet enjoyment of His peace. I have hitherto found that Christian people who live in the dark, fearing and doubting, yet waiting on God, have usually a very happy death. They are kept humble, hungering, praying, and the Lord clears up their evidences at length in a last sickness, if not before, and they go off with hallelujahs.

From what I know of you and from the account you give of yourself, I have no doubt of the safety of your state; yet rest not here, but seek further. Two things should be carefully attended to by all upright people; one is the evidence of the word, the other is the evidence, or witness of the Spirit. The word says, "All that believe are justified from all things." I ask, Do you not place your whole dependence on Jesus Christ for salvation? Do you not heartily accept of Jesus Christ in all His offices, and are you not daily seeking Him to teach you, and rule you as well as to pardon you? Then you are certainly a believer in God's sight, and let this encourage you to seek for the evidence of the Spirit, to proclaim that justification to your heart. The evidence of the word is given to hold up the heart in a season of doubt and fear, and the evidence of the Spirit comes to scatter those fears. Remember also that salvation does not depend on the strength of faith, but the reality of it. In the Gospels Jesus rebukes weak faith, but never rejects it. Weak faith brings but little comfort, yet it is as much entitled to salvation as strong faith.

Grace and peace be with you both, and with your affectionate servant,
JOHN BERRIDGE.

When God calls out a man to any work, He would have him be strong and do it, and not to fear, or be dismayed; for God will be with him, and not fail him, or forsake him till he hath finished (2 Chron. xxviii. 10—20).

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

OUTLINE OF A SERMON,

PREACHED BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, OF PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

"But call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions; partly, whilst ye were made a gazing-stock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly, whilst ye became companions of them that were so used. For ye had compassion of me in my bonds, and took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance."—HEB. x. 32—34.

PAUL, in this epistle, appears as if writing to a mixed people; not a mixture of Jews and Gentiles, but to those who seemed to have grace and had it not; who were in a profession, but had no possession; who were destitute of the life of God: but in our text he turns round and addresses those who were true believers, gospelized in heart, who had the real thing, and gave undoubted proofs of it in their life and walk; and very confident his language is concerning them (see text). Now to consider the subject in a little order, we will begin where Paul began, and that is with their illumination. "Call to remembrance," says he, "the former days, after ye were illuminated." There is an illumination into many things given to the children of God, as we shall see; but we may be sure there is an illumination upon one point which is given to them all, and which perhaps some here know nothing about, and that is enlightenment into the character and nature of sin. The light of the Spirit discovers sin; shows up the desperate case of fallen man; yea, and opens it up more and more, so that, as the child of God travels on, he feels more of the evil within. No Christianity without this first step, my friends; no vital work unless the foundation be laid in a Gospel-sight of sin and its nature. When you and I were in our natural state, what false views we had of sin—of self! What pharisaism! what trifling with sin! what carelessness! what indifference! what hatred to the things of God, and the ways of God, and the people of God. Carried captive by the devil at his will, blinded by the ignorance that was in us, we did not know what sin was, so we did not care about the remedy. Christ, the hope and help of a poor sinner, had no worth in our eyes; but, when illumination began, and we saw what we were, then such a word as this suited us well, "Lord, save me," "Lord, deliver me," "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Now, doubtless, there are some here into whose hearts God put such a cry; and I can tell you that you will never have done with it till you get to heaven. A saint is a greater sinner than a worldling,* so this language is true, and suits him well, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Worldlings do not sin against the love and grace and blood of a dear Redeemer, as you and I have since we have been illuminated. A worldling knows nothing of grace, love—of pardon—of divine whispers. *Saints do*; hence their sin is the deeper, and this makes them lie very low—this makes them ashamed of themselves—this makes them say with Paul, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." This makes them feeling sinners—humble Christians. But have you no good thing in you? Not in my flesh, say you, but I hope God has dropped a little of His love, His grace, His light, His peace, His pardon, into my soul—a

* Reader, do you believe this? We do most fully.—Ed.

little faith that looks to blood and righteousness, that hangs upon the work of a precious Christ. Why, if you have got that, you shall win the day. I can congratulate you if such be your state; for victory is yours, and the Lord will never leave nor forsake you till the battle is won, and you made more than a conqueror through Him who hath loved you. Some of you have not had to wait for the end to get here. You have shouted "more than a conqueror" often, and will again before the final shout of victory; so now you are praising Him who hath delivered you out of so many trials, temptations, difficulties, and made you for that time "more than a conqueror." "Call to remembrance the former days, after that ye were illuminated;" therefore you know something about "former days." Oh, do you not like to look back at the former days, when you were illuminated—the first days, when you apprehended Christ, tasted Christ, enjoyed Christ, were made happy in Christ, when every ordinance afforded you a blessing, and every hour passed in love and praise to the Author and Giver of grace? That was bounty-money given you as a young recruit—love-days, feasting-times. Have you known such days? Look well to it. Don't be deceived as to the beginning of things; to be deceived here is to be wrong all the way, and lost at the end.

Now, the next step from illumination is afflictions. "Call to remembrance the former days, after that ye were illuminated ye endured a great fight of affliction." Illumination in the knowledge of sin, illumination into the great remedy Christ Jesus, and then follows *affliction*, and, mark, it is called "a great fight of afflictions," not one, but many; ranks of enemies in battle-array—a hard fight. The poor soul thought it was to have peace, but it comes to find Jesus' presence brings a sword, not peace, as if Jesus said, "I am come to equip you for a fight, to turn you out into the battlefield, and baptize you with the Holy Ghost, to prepare you for a great fight of afflictions." Look at our Lord, the great Exemplar and Pattern of the Church. He must be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and then sent into the wilderness to contend with the prince of darkness. So with the saints, as soon as peace is established, war begins. Can you look back to days of illuminations to former things? did not the fight then begin? when grace came into thy heart, did not the devil begin his attack? He did not know before that you were a child of God, but, as soon as ever he did, then he rallied his forces, laid his ambushments, spread his snares, and commenced the war, and a mighty adversary you found him, a roaring lion, so that you felt the need of that petition, "Deliver us from the evil one," for so we may read it. Oh, my friends, what a powerful foe he is! What suggestions he can present to the mind, what temptations, what accusations, what hard thoughts of God, what quarrelling with His dealings! As soon as those Hebrews were manifested as the children of God, directly he began the attack; as soon as Christ was revealed as the Son of God, the devil was at Him. Have you been manifested as a child of God? then I am sure the devil has begun with you, and he will be at you again and again; like his dealings with Christ, he left Him "but for a season," so you will find; for he will renew the attack, and, when you get too wise to be caught in one snare, he has another ready for you; some fresh form he has at hand to beguile you into evil. Oh, say you, how am I to contend with such a foe? how can I guard against such an adversary? A very wise consideration this, and a useful one, if it lead you to the safest of all positions, the feet of a dear Redeemer, with the cry, "Lord, save; Lord, help; Lord, fight for me." A great part of the

afflictions we are to endure is the mighty power of Satan, let loose against us, as God permitted him to attack Job. We are to be illuminated in a feeling sense of sin through the power of the enemy, and thus to discover the use and worth of the remedy. The artillery of Satan is all aimed at Christ, though it falls upon you. Said Christ to Saul, "Why persecutest thou me?" The Lord took it all as done to Himself that was done against His saints. The only way Satan can attack Christ is through His people, and he stabs Jesus through the side of His saints. We look next at their endurance. "Ye endured a great fight of afflictions;" it was a two-fold endurance in the way of sympathy with the apostle, "Ye had compassion of me in my bonds." Secondly, endurance in thier personal sufferings, losses, crosses, and tribulations, for Christ's sake; "ye are made a gazing-stock," or a public show, a theatrical display. Thus, by the sufferings of these Christian Jews they became companions in tribulation through their sympathy with the children of God, "partly whilst ye were made a gazing-stock, and partly whilst ye became companions of them that were so used." It was neighbours' fare; they had compassion, sympathy in the sufferings of others; and this proved a sweet evidence of their illumination. Sympathy with a suffering Christ is to have fellowship with His sufferings, and an interest in them, and Christ says of each for whom He suffered, "Them also I must bring;" it is laid upon me, I bring them *as sons*, because they are sons, and it is through the knowledge of their sonship they get at fellowship with a suffering Christ and a suffering Church. They are made willing to take Moses' choice, who refused the dignity and splendour of this world, the honours and pleasures of a court, but chose far greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt, "the reproach of Christ." I trust some of you are of this mind; if so, grace has done it. Something of the same spirit is in you, if you are made willing to cast in your lot with the people of God, and be found in the footsteps of the flock. Woe betide you if you are not! It is but a little flock; there are multitudes of professors, but real possessors are few. There is one peculiarity about the flock: they all look unto Jesus as the Shepherd; He leads them in and out to pasture, and, when He leaves them, they go wrong. Does not, then, this language suit you: "Lord, set Thyself before me: Lord, keep me?" Don't you want Him to lead you up and down this wilderness world? Don't you want Him at hand to rescue you from the great power of the Adversary?

But let us go on to consider what it was that encouraged them under this great fight of affliction. "Knowing in yourselves that ye have a better and an enduring substance," as if everything else were shadow. And this is faith's office, to loose the hold of all other things, to view them as shadows, and grasp the substance. Now the Lord had taught these Hebrews this blessed lesson, that their sins were forgiven, that they were the children of God, that Christ was theirs, that they were His jewels and should form a part of His crown. My dear brethren, if God has unfolded these blessed things to any of you, then I know you are made to feel they are the substance; all else is but shadow. How many of you present have this persuasion, "knowing in yourselves that you have in heaven a better and an enduring substance?" How many of you are gospelized—are real Gospel hearers? There is a hearing with the ear, and a hearing with the heart; what has the Spirit revealed and unfolded to you? Do you know you are a child of God? Do you know your sins are pardoned? Has God taught your heart in these truths, or have you only received

them by the ear? Oh, have these blessed truths got into your heart in such a way as to make you drop the creature, put down the cup of creature-delights, and say, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord?" This is to enjoy Gospel privileges, Gospel mercies, and this will make you lively in the ways of the Lord, willing to serve Him, anxious to please Him, as David said, "I will run in the way of Thy commandments." When? and why? "When Thou hast enlarged my heart." "Draw me," said the Church of old, "and we will run after Thee." Divine comforts are very influential; for, when Jesus smiles, then the soul finds it easy work to do or suffer what God calls us unto in the way of obedience. These Hebrews endured the great fight of affliction because they knew in themselves they had a better and enduring substance. And what have you got of this substance? I don't ask you what you have got of this world's goods; some of you have very little, scarcely enough from day to day, and some of you have feathered your nest comfortably; but I didn't ask what you have here, but what you have in heaven. When the Lord comes, He will take such to Himself who knew something of this better and enduring substance in Christ while they were upon earth. It may go ill with them here, as to poverty, health, crosses, trials of one kind or another; but by-and-by it will all be well, and you shall sing over them all you sighed about here. As a dear saint on her death-bed observed lately to me, "I had a pathway of sorrow and trial, but I could not part with one; I see now He led me by the right way to a city of habitation; I could not have missed one step of the way." Ah, friends, you will find at the last your trials were but so many stepping-stones to keep you out of the mud of this world. God will not ask you which way you would like to go, but His wisdom marks the way in which you *should* go, and that for your good. I know you are often tempted in heart to choose for yourselves, but I hope, if God were to put it to you, you would refer it back to Him, and that will be acting upon divine direction, "Commit thy way unto the Lord." So you see the office of faith is to lay hold of the substance to bring things future before us as if present, and to make us drop our hold of earth for the sake of what faith reveals of heaven. But, like Peter, we are prone to look down, to fix our eyes upon the waves, and then we sink. But the sinking of Peter brought out the cry, "Lord, save," and then followed the rescue. Well, then, we see from these Hebrews that it is possible, which some deny, to have a secret persuasion that heaven is ours, and God is ours, and Christ is ours. All this is necessary to the comfort and peace of the soul, though not necessary to salvation. There may be a state of salvation; and yet great ignorance as to interest and a sense of salvation.

But with what feelings can you contemplate the approach of death if you have none of this substance in yourself? No sense of sins forgiven, no knowledge of which world you shall find yourself in when you awake in eternity. "Oh," say you, "this just speaks to my heart. I want to know I am loved of God, chosen of God. I want to feel my sins are pardoned, that I shall be found at God's right hand." Now none can tell you that but God. I may tell it to you again and again, but that is no good. My words are but breath, utterly unprofitable to you, unless the Lord by His spirit is pleased to make them life, light, and power to your soul, and then you will find them to be, not my words, but His words, which are spirit and life. But I can tell you, if you are looking only to Jesus, to His blood and righteousness—if you are a poor sensible, feeling sinner, des-

titute of all hope from yourself, and that your only hope is in and from Christ, then I do think you are assuredly on the road to all the privileges your heart is now desiring, and that ere long the Lord will appear to your comfort and peace, and give you the testimony that alone can make you happy. "Knowing in yourselves you have a better, and an enduring substance." The question is not whether you have great faith, or the assurance of faith, but whether you have any faith; and a little leads to more. The devil, I know, will make you miserable if he can, and he will tell you that you have none; for, though he can't hinder your salvation, he will hinder your comfort, and he will devour your peace, spoil the cup of blessing, and rob you of all he can get hold of. Is it not necessary you should watch and pray, that you should be found looking unto Jesus? But I must close my subject. The Lord give you this same testimony in yourselves, that you have an interest in Jesus and His great salvation, and have that divine influence infused which will separate you from the world, enable you to bear reproach for Christ's sake—endure a great fight of affliction, and live for a blessed and eternal world. "Knowing in yourselves you have a better and an enduring substance."

GOSPEL LIGHT AND PAGAN DARKNESS.

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent."—ACTS xvii. 30.

THE apostle Paul is here alluding to the time when, after scattering the people, He left them to follow their own devices, without laws and without teachers, as it is said, in Acts xiv. 16, "Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways." So that they had no light given them, save that of reason and nature, which is sure to lead astray. But even in these dark times, as the apostle goes on to say, "God left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." God is said then to wink at this ignorance, but it is not intended to imply that He would not punish their sins. But He left them to themselves, until He called Abraham out to be His especial servant, appearing to take no notice of the world at large for a time when, their wickedness becoming so great, He overthrew the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. But now, in the Gospel dispensation, with increased light, the responsibility of men is greatly increased, and so will the punishment of those be who are brought under the sound of the Gospel, and reject it. "Repentance and remission of sins" was to be preached in Christ's name among all nations, "beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke xxiv. 47). And in Titus ii. 11: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." And it must be "a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death," to all who hear it. "But now commandeth all men every where to repent;" that is, this Gospel of repentance is to be sounded in their ears; they must be warned of their danger, "whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear," for it is a Gospel of repentance to all whom the Holy Spirit enables to receive it rightly as the word of truth, and to those who do not so receive it, it adds to their condemnation. "Because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."

W.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM xxxvii. 37.

ANOTHER CONQUEROR THROUGH HIM WHO HATH LOVED HER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Psalmist urges the redeemed of the Lord to give thanks unto the Lord, to call upon His name, to make known His deeds among the people, to talk of all His wondrous works. If all the Lord's works in creation and providence praise Him, as they surely do, much more then doth His eternal life-giving work of salvation praise Him. And all who are the Lord's workmanship, created anew in Christ Jesus, find a sweetness in musing, and speaking of His works, as they have and do feel those works in themselves; or have been, or may be favoured to hear and see them in others. This, if I know anything of my own heart, is the prompting motive that constrains me to send you this little scrap respecting the late Mrs. Jones, who for upwards of ten years resided in your parish and sat under your ministry.

The dear old creature was left a widow many years gone by, with a family of six children, upon a farm near Newport, Monmouthshire. Here she had proof upon proof, as she would often say, that the Lord was in truth the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow, not the Judge to condemn, but to award her the widow's maintenance and protection. When she left the farm she came with her two daughters and two sons to reside in Bristol; her other two daughters had, before she left the farm, gone out into gentlemen's service.

When the dear old lady came to Bristol she was told that there was preaching in a wooden church; and, perhaps more out of curiosity than otherwise, she went to hear you. But, whatever might have been her motive, she told me she was much comforted because the way in which the Lord had led her was so minutely and affectionately pointed out. Under the ministry she found a little sanctuary, a temporary home, where she was trained, built up, and prepared for her great, glorious, and everlasting home in heaven.

At the close of the year 1859 I was introduced into her company; but I soon found that her knowledge of salvation by sovereign grace was very indistinct, and this in part, I knew, was to be attributed to the ministry under which she had sat for so many years. If the man who occupies the pulpit is not in his own soul established in the faith of God's elect, sure I am that he never can be the honoured instrument of building up the household of faith with sound doctrine, so that they be sound in the faith, and strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. For the last twelve months her earthly house was gradually dissolving. But before her own death, to her comfort, the Lord took her afflicted daughter, the account of whose death you inserted in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, October, 1868, under the appropriate heading, "*Simple but Safe.*" "Oh," said the aged, weak, and weary mother, "how thankful I am to the Lord for His great goodness, in taking from this world of sin and woe my dear child, before

He removed me. Oh, the Lord has done all things well! How it would have grieved my heart, and wrung my feelings, if I had been laid upon my dying-bed, and seen my poor dear helpless child about to be left behind me, to be exposed to the cruel treatment of the wicked, of whom it is said that their tender mercies are cruel; and, if their tender mercies are cruel, then what must their cruelty be? Now," she said, "I have no strong earthly tie left to hold me here, or to make me desirous of living, or reluctant to go when the Lord shall call me."

After the death of this daughter, the dear old creature was often laid upon a bed of weakness. And Satan, the great adversary, taking advantage of her sufferings, tempted her to call in question all the Lord had done for her, and wrought in her. And so plausible were the temptations framed, that, to detect and expose his cruel, hellish craft, constrained me to crave, not only for the Interpreter, one among a thousand, but for the interposition of the righteous Advocate, sworn into office to undertake the cause of those who would not sin, if they could attain the summit of their best desires; yet they do sin, to their grief and shame.

Being satisfied in my own soul that she was an heir of promise, and that the root of the matter was in her, I generally found a sweetness in speaking to her of the glorious things she had, through grace, a sure everlasting right and title unto. In reply, she would say, "Ah, I know that Jesus Christ died, but I have not the comfort of believing that He died point blank for me; and nothing short of this will give me comfort. I am perfectly satisfied that the righteousness of Jesus justifies from all things; but then I think, how shall I know that His righteousness is given to be mine. I am confident that His blood cleanses from all sin, but I have not felt its efficacious cleansing power, in the way I think I must be made to feel it before I can in truth hope that I have an interest in that precious blood. Ah, sir, I am afraid of presumption; that dreadful sin in laying a claim to that which does not belong to me."

"I am in my mind, as I have heard you say, how, years gone by, you have been tossed about in your mind, in the matter of laying a claim to an interest in covenant love, grace, and blood. And how one day when you had made your claim, you were brought into the Lord's presence, who said, or seemed to say unto you, 'Now, Thomas, you have laid your claim to all the exceeding great and precious promises upon record, and you think all is right, and are much pleased with your own thoughts. But, for aught that you know to the contrary, with you all may be wrong. It is true you have made your own claim; and now I will leave you to carry out that claim to its consummation'; and you, being filled with terror, said, 'No, Lord, no; do not leave the matter to be carried out by me; I shall never be able to do that. Oh, do Thou, Lord, in Thy pity, claim for me; and then the carrying out of that claim to a triumphantly-glorious consummation will be certain.' " I little thought the dear old disciple had retained in her memory this, the substance of one of those exercises through which I had been made to pass.

But, instead of Satan's buffetings proving injurious, they were made singularly useful to her; under them the Holy Ghost made her spiritually skilful, and caused her faith to grow exceedingly. "Oh," she would say, "how good the Lord has been to me all my days, and what a poor unprofitable sinful creature I am; but I find this to be a resting-place at times; when doubts and fears stir up murmuring and repining, to look back upon all the way which the Lord hath led me, and see how faithful He

has been to His promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!' Oh, how true and how sweet! In His dealings with me I see the Lord shine in His loveliness; and this draws out and constrains me, notwithstanding the sinful deadness I feel within, to love and trust Him. Oh, precious God, Jesus, love, blood, compassion, and power." It was in this strain she was led to think and speak, during the last few days she continued to sojourn in this vale of tears.

The last interview which I had with her she grasped my hand with a smile, and said, "The Lord is with me, He is faithful; He will not leave me. Oh, no, He will never leave me, bless His dear name; no, never, no, never. Then, with a new smile, and new strength, notwithstanding her pains, she broke out in God-honouring triumphs, saying,

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through."

"Oh," she said, "my Ebenezers are not solitary ones—here one and there one. No, no; my Ebenezers are spread over all my days. I see it now, for, had not the Lord been on my side, I should many a time have been swallowed up. But the Lord has been my constant Friend; I did not see it until now, but now I see it. I used to be full of doubts and fears, but now I can trust Him."

That night, her daughter said to her, "Are you happy, mother?" In responding, she lifted up her hands as high as her strength would admit, and said, "she did not care what she suffered, so that she may win Christ, and be found in Him."

Afterwards she went off into a doze, and continued in that state for a considerable time. And, her children being filled with sorrow, and weary with long watchings in the silence of the night, they also dozed, like the disciples in the garden with Jesus the Man of sorrows, of whom it is said, that "they were sleeping for sorrow." But their Lord and Master awoke them. And so it was with these waiting and watching children of this dying mother; the Lord awoke them. There was something wonderful to be seen, and, just at the nick of time, they were roused, and drawn to look upon their mother, and at that moment she awoke out of her doze, and looked round upon them as they stood before her weeping, with such a look of unearthly joy and delight, that filled them all with trembling astonishment. Evidently there must have been made to and in her soul such a revelation of the coming glory, that filled her with glory, and shone through the face of her earthly tabernacle, and filled the beholder with silent wondering awe, giving them a miniature glance, of how the face of Moses was made to shine, by reason of the communion which the Lord favoured him with on the mount.

Who can tell what a flood of light the soul of this dear saint of God was filled with? What a high and glorious vision she was favoured with of the King in His beauty, that caused her face to shine with such ravishing sweetness, and that made her lips to move, as if desirous that her last time-state moments should be spent as dear Medley craved—

"Oh, may my last expiring breath
His lovingkindness sing in death."

But, although she tried to speak, there were no words uttered. And in this

silent contemplative state she continued for some time. Then, taking her children by their hands, she pressed them, like one that loved, and was bidding them an endearing adieu. She then sank down upon the arm of her son, and into the bosom of Jesus, her glorious Lord and Husband-Redeemer, who kissed her away from mortality into immortality and eternal glory.

Thus the days of warfare and weariness of one of the blood-redeemed were brought to a close. She had not many banqueting-days while here. It was with her as dear Watts hath said—

“Long nights and darkness dwell below,
Without a glimmering ray.”

But where she now is there shall be no night; she is gone to live in the full blaze of that glorious day “where her sun shall no more go down, neither shall her moon withdraw itself; but the Lord shall be her everlasting light; and the days of her mourning are for ever ended.” All hail, triumphant grace, *all hail!*

THE OLD PILGRIM.

LINES SUGGESTED THROUGH THE “FALLING ASLEEP” OF MRS. S. E. DEAL.

THE week had reached that day its last;
The shades of evening gathered fast;
The sun had long since dropp’d behind
The western hills; and, though the
wind,

In fitful gusts, had moan’d all day,
At evening it had died away.
But still the noise of busy feet—
The din of voices in the street
Arose above the “scene of care,”
And floated through the evening air.

* * * *

A dear young wife! and by her stood
A child, who loved her well;
“Dear Walter, listen, and be good,
While I of Jesus tell.”

Oft had she told the tale before
Of Jesus’ dying love;
Oft had she spoken of that Door
Which leads to rest above!

Oft, too, her words flow’d fast and
sweet;
But ne’er so sweet as now!
“Say, Walter, shall we in heav’n meet,
And low before Him bow?”

Thus long she pleaded with the child,
And begg’d he’d not delay,
But now with God be reconciled,
Ere she should pass away!

She paused. A fit of coughing shakes
Her pale and wasted form!
But all is o’er—her spirit takes
Its flight to endless morn!

“Oh, may I, when I’m called to die,”
She oft was heard to say,
“Not linger long, but to the sky
Be quickly borne away.”

Her prayer was heard—the answer
came,
When she for heaven was rife;
For, when the cough convulsed her
frame,
She snapp’d “a cord of life!”

Oh, what a truth may here be read,
Or what a warning rung!
That on a very slender thread
The life of man is hung!

J. J. P.

ECHO TO THE ABOVE.

DEAR FRIEND,—

How sweet the subject of your pleasing lay—
An heir of glory pass’d to endless day!
That “dear young wife,” who now has taken flight,
Raised to her heavenly home, her “mansion” bright!

Methinks her exit from this world of sin
 Whispers sweet, peaceful words to us within;
 Yea, speaks aloud in accents full and blest—
 "Arise, arise; for this is not your rest."

The cross of Jesus, how she meekly bore!
 That cross He bore for her so long before;
 With Him true "fellowship in suffering" knew—
 She "kissed the rod," and bowed submission too.

And how devoted to her loving Lord!
 How earnest for His truth and precious word!
 His strength how perfect in her weakness shone!
 His grace sufficient—ah, that grace alone!

How sweet her teachings to that little boy!
 To speak of Jesus seemed her only joy;
 How forcible—how earnest for that child to come!
 And then how soon the welcome sound, "Well done!"

The "cough that snapp'd a cord," through loving zeal,
 Brings to one's thoughts a martyr's heavenly seal;
 May Walter ne'er forget her precious death,
 Her words so faithful with her dying breath!

And then how graciously her Lord complied,
 Bending to hear her prayer before she died!
 "Let me not linger," moved His tender heart,
 Then flew to Jesus' breast, no more to part!

Oh, may I now, and in the solemn hour of death,
 Thus speak of dying love with dying breath!
 Spirit of life, revive this languid soul;
 May Christ henceforward be my "All in all!"

R. C.

To be without complaints of corruption and weakness is for saints above and angels—not for Christians in Christ's camp on earth. Weakness can speak and cry when we have not a tongue.

As we can never be saved without a Saviour, so we can never see Him without an eye. What is faith? Faith is an inwrought, firm or abiding, affectionate and reverential persuasion of the truth and goodness of what God has said in His word. Inwrought, for God Himself has worked it; firm and abiding, for it goes through all the wind-blasts of the wilderness and the wreck of death. Foiled it may be, but dislodged from its position it never will be. Affectionate, for it works by love; reverential, for that faith is not worth calling mine that leaves its subjects to an impudence in religion. Persuasion is the determining feature of its persuasion of the truth and goodness of what God has said in His word of the truth and goodness of the testimony of the Gospel. A man who has faith is a man in whom God works, a person in whom there is something done that is too firm for Satan to undo it; a person of some veneration for the authority of the word, treating God and His testimony with reverence. A man of conviction and persuasion, he can say, "I am persuaded." The truth of God's testimony is that of which He is persuaded, concerning the grand mystery of man's redemption by the person of a Mediator.

A YOUNG DISCIPLE: HER WALK IN LIFE, AND HER VICTORY IN DEATH.

I HAVE often found it a great aid and encouragement to read the memoirs of young Christians, who passed through the same conflicts and trials that we are now perhaps feeling bitterly; and yet they have been enabled to hold on their way rejoicing, and have remained faithful unto the end, and are now "for ever with the Lord." It enkindles a hope within us that we too shall, through the same Almighty power, be kept through faith unto salvation. Our hearts are so often pressed down within us that we wonder, "Can this be possible?" Sin, Satan, and our own wicked hearts must gain the victory. But "He is faithful that promised," and as surely as His work hath been begun in our hearts, so surely will it be carried on and finished. Blessed be His holy name. But, although it is a great encouragement to read of those who have kept the faith, been helped through many trials and conflicts, it is still a greater privilege to have known them personally; to have witnessed their trials temporally and spiritually; and at last to have seen them enter the dark valley, to have gone with them to the river's brink, and to see them enter undismayed, knowing on whose arm they leaned, and that He in whom they have trusted for so many years will not desert them now in their hour of need.

Memory brings back one or two bright examples, which we purpose giving for the comfort of others, especially young believers, who have the burden and heat of the day yet before them, and perhaps feel dismayed at the conflict. Let their motto be, "Heads up, soldiers." If you lean on One above for strength, you shall never be put to confusion.

It is now just about ten years since we first met with the subject of this sketch, and had the privilege of knowing her intimately. Amongst all our young friends, there was none who stood out so boldly for the truth as S. C—. Always of a bright, energetic temperament, when the Lord manifested Himself to her as her Saviour, all her powers, all her energies were devoted to Him and to the advancement of His cause and glory. Nothing was too much to do for Him who had done so much for her.

She was born in Wiltshire, and was the eldest of a large family. She was, her mother often told me, before grace refined her heart, of a most self-willed, unruly temperament; but afterwards the change was very apparent. We shall see how hard she struggled against her temper, from her diary. Her talents were of no common order. She was a very deep reader and thinker, and possessed a most retentive memory. Everything she undertook she carried through, no matter what stood in her way. After some years her parents removed to a large manufacturing town, and, when she was about seventeen, her indulgent father granted her most cherished wish, and let her proceed to Canada for a twelvemonth to visit her aunt. She sailed from Liverpool for Quebec, and it was in that far-distant land the Lord met with her. Her mother writes: "It was in Canada that the Lord manifested Himself to my dear child in a peculiar and marked manner, so, like Colonel Gardiner, that she often spoke and read of Him with delight. Her friends thought some strange thing had happened to her, and bewailed the alteration. But the active mind that had before been given to the world and its pleasures was directed with the same zeal and energy to the work of the Lord. Her letters home were full of love to Him."

A letter to her father has just come before me, from which I shall give extracts, as it is so truly characteristic of her bright happy disposition, and

keen love of the beautiful, and tells also of the beginning of the work in her own soul:—

Delaware, Canada West, February 15th, 1858.

MY OWN DEAR PAPA,—I received your kind letter some little time ago. I know, although the restless deep old ocean is between us, that you still feel the same interest in your little daughter's welfare. I shall endeavour this morning to bring into exercise that storehouse of the mind, wherein all the fruits of knowledge are treasured up, "memory," and transfer to paper some of the events of the past. Last Saturday I went to London, "The Forest City," so called because it is situated in the heart of the woods. Whichever way you go to London, from any direction, you ride through miles and miles of trees, even when in the railway cars. I went with Mr. L—— in a pretty "cutter," with plenty of buffalo robes, for it was rather cold; it was indeed pleasant. I felt very strange, though in some parts of the drive, and once in the midst of the woods, I thought of you all at home, and wished you could see me at that moment. Methinks you would be rather astonished. Fancy me sitting on buffalo robes, merry bells heralding our approach to other travellers on the road, and at the same time scaring wild animals away, Mr. L—— sitting by my side discussing various topics of the day, both at home and abroad. But I must not dwell too minutely on the journey. Suffice it to say, we arrived in London in good time, and proceeded to our friend, Mr. L——'s house, who gave us a hearty welcome. Whilst there, I saw the Royal Exchange, the new Post Office, the Court-house, St. Paul's Cathedral, the English church, and several large stores or shops. Every day, with one exception, for the last week, I have had a nice sleigh-ride with one or the other of my kind friends. I enjoy it most by moonlight, the snow and frost, especially on the trees, glitter and sparkle like diamonds, and after sunset the wind is generally down, and it is not so cold. Deer and other large game have been very plentiful this season, and the hunting enjoyments are numerous. Nelson Beaver, one of our celebrated Indian hunters, has killed no less than one hundred and twenty deer, and some, (I forget how many) wolves already. I should call that fine sport for one man.

The time draws near, dearest papa, when, God willing, I shall see you once more. Sometimes, when I think of it, I can hardly contain myself, and I fancy that when I step on shore at Liverpool, it will be too much for me to think my long-talked-about visit to America should not only be realized, but ended. How much I shall have to tell, yet perhaps at first joy will be victorious, and I shall not be able to speak one word. I read in a nice book or paper not long ago, "The end of all travelling," it was "Well, I am glad to get home again!" I felt it was true, and wished to find out the cause, and have come to this conclusion. In any place, on water or land, at home or abroad you can do no more than enjoy yourself at the best; and happy dispositions may do that anywhere. But when you travel, it is not the actual pleasures you there and then enjoy; but the reminiscences of it afterwards, and the thoughts of those at home, and what you will have to tell them, they form the enjoyment. It is true there are a variety of scenes, and difference of manners and customs, to be met with across the seas, that enlarge our ideas, and give us much increased information; and we can gain this alone in travelling. J. H—— has given me a handsome album. All my particular friends have, or are going to write in it for me, which will be very nice, for it will be a speak-

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ing memento of them, and may in after-years, if I am spared, remind me pleasantly of many happy hours and Canadian times.

* * * * *

Feb. 19th.—My dear Papa, again I thank you for my precious Bible: did you ever read anything so good as Eph. ii. and Rom. viii.? What should I do without my Book? Your prayers are heard, God has indeed blessed it to me.

You will see I wrote the pink letter a fortnight ago to-morrow. I can only say the same now as I did then,

“Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be.”

Pray for me, my dear ones, and I will by God's grace do the same for you. Mamma says, “What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” I find that so true,

“Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me,
Once I admired its follies too;
But grace has set me free.”

I now would be wholly the Lord's, and only live for Him. I am worthless myself, my Saviour's worth is all my plea.

I was reading in a book the other day, that a person ought to celebrate his spiritual as well as his natural birthday, and I think so too. The 30th October, as well as the 11th of September, I hope always to commemorate, and praise, and bless the Lord. For was it not rather singular the text for the 30th of October in my little book, “Dewdrops,” was Eph. iv. 24? Was it not appropriate? I hope, as soon as possible, after I return home, if it is God's will I see you all again, that I may be confirmed, and openly profess my Saviour and my religion, and dedicate myself to my God. Then I hope to set the seal to my profession, by partaking of the Lord's Supper, and commemorating His precious death.

“Since I have known a Saviour's
name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke.

“Joyful now my faith to show,
I find His service my reward,
All the work I do below,
Is light for such a Lord.

“To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly.
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity.

“Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire.
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconcerned in fire.

“Oh that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to Thee.
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy goodness see.

“Walk in all the works prepared by
Thee
To exercise their grace;
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thee face to face.”

Now I must say good-bye. May God bless and keep you, and suit His grace to all your several necessities, both of body and soul, and preserve you till you come to His heavenly kingdom, for our blessed and precious Saviour Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. S.

(To be continued.)

Real greatness attaches to character, and character arises from a course of action.

"VICTORY, VICTORY THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB."

ON the 4th ult., another veteran entered upon his eternal and uninterrupted rest. We refer to the late HENRY MARTIN, Esq., of Littleport, Isle of Ely, father of the Rev. JOHN C. MARTIN, B.A., minister of the Circus Church, Portsmouth. The late Mr. MARTIN was a personal friend of the renowned Mr. HUNTINGTON; and to him many of his published letters were addressed. Mr. MARTIN attained to the patriarchal age of fourscore years. Although a man of noble stature, he was for years a great sufferer; and his last illness was a very protracted one. Still his mind was wonderfully sustained; and we believe, from all we have heard, that none more fully experienced the fulfilment of the apostle's words than he, that "although the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day." We rejoice, on his behalf, in the full and complete victory which has at length been vouchsafed to him. He has left behind him an aged widow and a united family, one and all of whom can rejoice in the mercy that "though he shall not return to them, they shall go to him." Blissful prospect! What a blessed company is one by one congregating around the throne, and what a season of triumph and rejoicing will that be when the one Church, gathered out of every nation, tongue, and people, shall meet in their Father's house, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, to come no more out for ever. Lord, hasten the time, we pray Thee. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."—EDITOR.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Riversdale House, Matlock Bridge, August 4th, 1869.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Having just read your thoughts upon enviable dismissal in this month's Magazine, I cannot refrain to tell you what passed about six weeks ago. I was lying awake about five one morning, you came into mind, "fearing death." I prayed for you, and, taking up my Bible, which was at my side, I read, "*David*, after he had served his own generation, *by the will of God fell on sleep*, and was laid unto his fathers." And with it came the deepest impression that you would fall "asleep in Jesus." I felt as if God had told me so: may it be dear brother; but why fear death? Has not Jesus, our covenant Head, taken away the sting of death? I am naturally nervous, and can enter into the fleshly fear you encounter; but you have the promise, rest upon that: "*Fear not: when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, the rivers shall not overflow thee.*" When you were under the afflictive hand of your God, I too was called to part with my dear mother; she was eighty, suffering from cancer, and we had anticipated seeing her pass through much suffering. Our gracious God in Christ Jesus ordered it otherwise; she was taken with bronchitis, and died in five days, "looking unto Jesus." She said, "I am waiting for Him, but He is long in fetching me." My sister remarked, "You have not waited long," the reply was, "No, not as long as a woman did, whom I read of in the Magazine; she waited five months." I have hope my dear mother fell asleep in Jesus, being brought to His feet the previous spring. We have been privileged to let our house to Mr. E. Knocker and family this summer. I took them in suddenly, and next day being the Sabbath, he was making

inquiry about the services, when I asked him if he were related to the late Captain Knocker, R.N.: he replied with tears in his eyes, "He was my father." Oh, the prayers he offered up! He lives near the mercy-seat. You were much the subject of conversation. We were friends, united by the bond of Christian fellowship. Your words, "We may mourn, but not murmur," often comfort me. May our Jesus Saviour be with you, and hold you in His arms when passing through the valley, prays
 Your sister in Jesus, E. R.

SUDDEN REMOVAL OF ANOTHER SERVANT OF GOD.

WHEN at Plymouth some three or four years since, we heard with much interest and profit a Mr. JOHN CORBITT. We considered him a man sound in doctrine, deep in experience, and of much originality of mind. His practical acquaintance with husbandry greatly facilitated his illustrations of the great truths of God, and tended, in no small degree, to rivet the attention and feed the soul. It appears that, in the providence of God, his lot was to remove from Plymouth in the month of June last. Little, however, did this servant of God then imagine that not only his work at Plymouth was closed, but his work on earth also. He had only just arrived at the sphere of his prospective labours, when, as we learn from the annexed letter, he received his summons to his eternal rest. The now sorrowing widow thus speaks of her dear husband's removal, in the *Earthen Vessel* for August:—

"Irthlingborough, July 6th, 1869.

"DEAR MR. BUTT,—I beg to return you many thanks for your very kind consoling letter to hand this morning, and in return, I will endeavour to give you as correct account as I can of the leadings of providence towards me and my dear departed husband, in bringing us to this, our anticipated new home. We arrived here on Tuesday evening, from Cheltenham. Mr. Corbitt was very poorly the time we were there, so that we were fatigued with our journey, but the Lord was very kind to us in giving us a comfortable night's rest, and we were as cheerful and happy as it is possible to be in this world of changes. On Wednesday morning, Mr. C. was very poorly, did not get up until midday. He took but little dinner, but was cheerful; between two and three o'clock, we went to look at our new home, and here I must acknowledge the friends had done everything they could to make us comfortable. We were very pleased with it. My dear husband expressed himself thus, 'If the Lord gives me strength, I shall do well here.' The time we were looking at the house he was taken worse, and we were obliged to return to our lodgings, and send for the doctor, and put him to bed, and in one hour and forty-five minutes from our leaving our expected new home, he was a corpse, with spasms at the heart. On Saturday afternoon, his body was laid in the silent grave. Mr. Wilkins, his son-in-law, gave an address at the grave, when more tears were shed than has been seen on such an occasion for many years, in this place.

"Accept my love and present the same to all inquiring friends. I am, dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

MARY CORBITT."

How sudden and how peaceful was the removal of this dear servant of the Lord! How little did he think, when surveying so approvingly his new habitation, that he was about so immediately to take possession of

his seat in "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Truly, but for sorrowing survivors, the manner of his being taken home was much to be envied. A little pain—without faintings of the poor frail frame or harassings of soul—and then, "absent from the body, present with the Lord." We rejoice in his conquest over death, hell, and sin, and pray God that He would continue to vouchsafe to the weeping widow all needed grace and divine consolation; giving her richly to feel that the separation will be but short. Surely the taking away of the Lord's servants is a remarkable feature in our times. Such has, in bygone days, commonly preceded some signal judgments and sore calamities.

Reader, seek to be on your watch-tower.

EDITOR.

THE CLIFTON CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

23, Berkeley Square, Bristol.

"Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law."—**PSALM CXXIX. 136.**

"Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"—**MATT. V. 13.**

"Walk before me, and be thou perfect."—**GEN. xvii. 1.**

"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."—**JOHN xvii. 16.**

MY DEAR FELLOW-BELIEVERS IN A CRUCIFIED AND RISEN CHRIST,—I venture, in His name, to give you an invitation to our SEVENTH ANNUAL CLIFTON CONFERENCE.

I believe that none of those who joined with us on former occasions have had reason to regret the efforts made to associate the members of God's family, scattered abroad and disjointed in the body, in such a periodical gathering, which, while demanding no sacrifice of ecclesiastical tastes or relations, constrained them to recognise their mutual Christian unity, and conduced, it may be, to a more scriptural estimate of the things that outwardly sever those whom God has made one in the Beloved.

On the contrary, I have received many testimonies from Christians of all parties to the genuine enjoyment which attendance on our Conference afforded them, not only in the topics discussed and the spirit by which the brethren engaging in the various exercises were actuated, but from the manifest presence of the Holy Ghost in our midst, uniting and harmonizing the various living elements from whatever quarter of the Christian field they came, and without any ostentatious display of unity, proving that the oneness of God's children is a reality, and that it needs but relief from earthly infirmity to ascend its appointed throne in the midst of the redeemed Church, and exert all the influence which the prayers and promises of our loving Head have secured to it.

Signs of coming convulsion in the earth are not less abundant or legible than they were this time last year. The voice of Jehovah seems to proclaim more and more loudly the coming crisis in the solemn words, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it;" and, indeed, the fulfilment of the Divine announcement seems already begun, and they who have "received a kingdom which cannot be moved" rejoice to recognise the first tremblings of the earth," which must go on "until He come whose right it is." He expects that "the bride will make herself ready" to receive Him when He arrives.

The men of this world know not what an important part they are fulfilling in the announced purposes of Jehovah. Various carnal objects

actuate them, but He ruleth over all their plans and enterprises, to give the kingdom into the hand of His co-equal Son. That kingdom, dear brethren, is all our desire, and it is our privilege to believe that all human politics are working together to secure it "to the people of the saints of the Most High," who, with their Divine Head, shall reign therein for ever and ever.

It is our privilege and obligation to walk worthy of these exalted expectations, not to be conformed to this world, and not to adopt its fashions or its maxims. Our citizenship is in heaven. We are here to shine as lights in a dark world, and to reflect the holiness of Him who has called us, and to maintain His cause.

We come together this year especially to consider how the children of God may practically exemplify the spirit that is in them. Will you join us in Bristol and Clifton, dear brethren and sisters, in asking our Father, in the name of His Divine Son, to give us the Holy Spirit, that we may be led with all truth regarding this vital question?

Our Meetings will, God permitting, be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th of October, 1869.

The subjects proposed for consideration are—

JEALOUSY FOR GOD IN A GODLESS WORLD (1 Kings xix. 10).

WALKING BY FAITH, NOT SIGHT (2 Cor. v. 7).

Hospitality will, as heretofore, be provided for those brethren who will kindly signify to me, on or before Saturday, September 25th, their intention to be present at the Conference, and their need of accommodation during their stay. I am, my dear friends, yours affectionately in the hope of the Gospel,

SAMUEL ABRAHAM WALKER,

Rector of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol.

The Conference will, as usual, assemble (D.V.) in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, each day at eleven o'clock, a.m., and at seven p.m. Dinner (for which tickets, at 2s. each, will be issued during the Conference) will be provided within the building at half-past one o'clock, and tea at five. The intervals between the Meetings will, as heretofore, be devoted to Prayer Meetings, Bible Readings, Addresses, Free Conversations, &c.

Our local friends are reminded that Meetings for Prayer will be held at the Victoria Rooms, on the three Friday evenings, September 17th and 24th, and October 1st, preceding the Conference, and also on Monday evening, October 4th, to ask the Lord's blessing on our proceedings.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE WARNING VOICE.

AMONG the significant signs of our times is, the voice of warning that has been so continuously, and in such a variety of way, lifted up. The different mediums through which these warnings have been given, as well as the many men by whom they have been declared, go to prove that what has been done, with respect to England's apostasy, has not been done in the dark, but in spite of loud and repeated cautions and admonitions. We know nothing personally of the writer of the annexed letter,

nor do we remember before to have heard even of his name, but we do respect his opinions, and thank him for his outspokenness. We are, moreover, agreeably surprised that his sentiments should have been allowed to be disseminated through such a channel. This fact gives significance to our remarks as to the medium, as well as to the extent of these warnings and remonstrances.—EDITOR.

THE VIALS OF WRATH.

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph."

SIR,—The Irish Church is disestablished and disendowed. A "Liberal" policy has triumphed. Now, in this your hour of victory, listen to a warning voice. I am persuaded that the hand of Almighty God will descend in chastisement upon our land for the guilt of national apostasy. England is now utterly faithless to the deposit of Protestant truth confided to her at the Reformation. The whole course of God's providential dealings with England since the Reformation shows that we have only been great and prosperous as we have maintained the Protestant religion and kept Popery down. If we look to the Bible, and examine the 14th of Ezekiel, we find that God's four sore judgments upon a land blessed with the oracles of God, but lapsing into idolatry, are Famine, Pestilence, the Sword, and Noisome Beasts. I say, therefore, solemnly, that we may look, in the near future, for all, or many, of the following events:—

1. Famine.
2. Pestilence.
3. The Sword, in the form of violent civil tumults and commotion, and, perhaps, civil war.
4. Naval and military disaster.
5. National degradation and loss of prestige.
6. The overthrow of the Established Churches of England and Scotland.
7. The subversion of the dynasty.
8. The overthrow of the House of Lords.
9. The separation of Ireland from England.
10. The shivering to pieces of the British Empire, on which we have boasted that the sun never sets, and which was won for us by our Protestant forefathers.

These are gloomy vaticinations, but they are based upon the word of Him who has specially declared His abhorrence of idolatry, "who will not give His glory to another, nor His praise to graven images," and who has said, "Them that honour me I will honour, but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Popery is a predicted and a foredoomed apostasy, and it is ruinous to England to pet and foster and caress that worst form of idolatry. She cannot do it with impunity.

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES STIRLING, M.A.

Vicar of New Malden and Coombe, Surrey, S.W.

JESUITISM, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ACCORDING to promise I send you a short statement of facts to prove the terrible evils of Jesuitism, as it worms its way into unsuspecting Protestant families. A mother and family of some four or five sons and

daughters, resided many years ago in the South of England; and a happier and more united family could nowhere be found. After a time, however, it was considered necessary, when on the return of her husband from abroad, the mother could not so exclusively devote herself as before to her children, to procure for them a resident governess, and one was accordingly engaged who had been highly recommended. Alas! little did the mother know what has since come to light, that this *Protestant* governess was a Jesuit in disguise. Her sister at that very time was being educated at a convent in France, where an uncle was confessor, as far as I can remember; at any rate he was a Jesuit, and held some ecclesiastical office there. For a time all seemed well, and, the mother's bad health frequently laying her aside, no evil was suspected. At last, however, slowly but surely, a change showed itself in the feelings and manner of the daughters towards their hitherto much-loved mother, who they were taught to regard as heretical, from whom all religious feelings and difficulties must be concealed, and from whom their former affection must, as a Christian duty, be withdrawn, on the strength of our Lord's solemn statement, "He that hateth not father and mother," &c. For years this went on, the father would not interfere, the governess kept her ground, and the mother's bad health made her a most unequal match, so that her life became a perpetual martyrdom. In the meanwhile one of the sons went to Oxford, when Pusey, Newman, &c., soon did their evil work; and in his case, too, his unusually strong filial love was completely undermined, to further their fiendish ends. At last the girls' education was finished; and now they boldly and openly insisted on having a confessional in the house, and unlimited intercourse with their (so-called Church of England) priest. The mother feeling she must now, if ever, make a firm stand for Protestant truth, refused the demand, not daring to expose husband or servants to influences which had already so destroyed her domestic happiness. They then left the parental roof for a short time. An attempt was made, at the poor mother's suggestion, that they should live with their brother, and make him their confessor. This, however, did not suit them, and soon they left their ritualistic brother, and have been living for years with some of "the sisters," while their wellnigh broken-hearted mother, now a widow and in delicate health, is left in her old age in solitude, hearing occasionally from her clergyman son, whose letters, however, cause more anguish than comfort; and night and day her prayers ascend to a throne of grace on behalf of these rebellious children, that the God of all grace would be even yet pleased to turn them to Himself.

THE GOSPEL IN SPAIN.

At the Annual Meeting held in Exeter Hall last May, of a Society which is doing a good work on the Continent, the Evangelical Continental Society, the Rev. W. P. Tiddy gave some interesting details concerning the Gospel in Spain. The following extract from his address will, no doubt, gratify many of our readers, and call forth their earnest prayers:—He said: Archbishop Manning, lately discouraging upon schism, spoke of Catholic unity being the only foundation on which religion could be built, and declared that without that, it was a rope of sand. I cannot help asking myself the question whether the Archbishop really believes what he said, as he

must know that there was as much difference between various Roman Catholic bodies, as there was between the leading Protestant denominations. I have lived for twenty years among a Roman Catholic population, and I know something of the mode in which the Dominicans and Franciscans discuss their differences. Never did two Protestant opponents fight each other with more hearty good-will. It was true that in Spain, the Inquisition had secured, to a certain extent, an outward unity, but there was no inward unity to correspond. How had that outward unity been secured? It was not established in Spain until the beginning of the eleventh century, notwithstanding that the Inquisition had been at work for two and a half centuries. Nor was it until 1071 that Rome could secure the introduction of her liturgy into Spain; it took some fifteen to twenty years more to secure its universal adoption, and the complete rule of the Roman See. The *modern* Inquisition, which had done the most mischief in Spain, dates from the days of Ferdinand, who, it is said, carried the first faggot of wood to open the proceedings, in 1481. In its first year of operation, this Inquisition put to death some two thousand persons. When Philip II. came to the throne he found that the commands of the Pope were not sufficiently stringent, and he asked for new powers to examine persons who had once held or taught Lutheran doctrines, or were suspected of doing so, although they had recanted or were willing to recant; and to hand them over to the secular power; by this means those persons who had been cast into prison by the Inquisition, were condemned to death. As early as the middle of the twelfth century, some of the Vaudois settled in Spain, and brought with them the pure Gospel truth, which was warmly embraced by many Spaniards. But the Reformation in Spain may be said to date from 1519, when a printer in Basel, in Switzerland, sent to that country a considerable number of Luther's tracts in Latin. These were greedily studied by those who could read them. The year following, the Reformer's Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, was translated into Spanish, and secured at once a large circulation. Other books quickly followed from Antwerp, introduced through the Custom House in bales of merchandise and as casks of wine. Such was the progress which the Reformation made, that one of its enemies writes, "Had not the Inquisition taken care to put a stop to these preachers, the Protestant religion would have run through Spain like wildfire—people of all ranks and of both sexes having been wonderfully disposed to receive it." It required all the energy, severity, and deadly cruelty of Philip II. in carrying into effect the *third* Inquisition, or the new powers conferred on him in 1559 by the Pope's Bull, to stamp it out. This he succeeded in doing in 1570. But, although the Reformation was quenched, the work of the Inquisition went on. The correspondent of the *Star* newspaper states that on the 12th of May, 1669, exactly two hundred years ago, eighty-three persons were put to death, among whom were twenty Jews, five of whom were women. During this very month the remains of those persons have been discovered. I regard this discovery as the finger of Providence pointing us to the evangelization of Spain. Why were not these remains found last year? If they had been, the Government was then sufficiently strong to have hushed it up. How was it that this discovery was made at the very time that the Chamber of Deputies was discussing the question of religious liberty? It seems to me as if the finding of those remains was an indication of God's will that the friends of religious

liberty should go in and possess the land. Many of those who had embraced the Christian religion, and who loved Christ, found in that country a martyr's death, while others escaped to foreign lands. Perez, one of the predecessors of Valera, translated in 1556 the New Testament into Spanish, and at his death left his entire fortune to carry on his work. Ten years after, in 1569, the whole Spanish Bible was translated and published. Mark these dates:—In 1569 the Spanish Bible was published; in May 1669 the *auto da fé* was celebrated, the remains of which have been just discovered. In May 1869 the Cortes pass a bill securing religious liberty throughout the country! Three hundred years after the Bible had been translated, and two hundred years after those persons were brought to the stake, the Evangelical Continental Society was privileged to commence its operations in Spain. In 1864 I visited Spain, and believed, before I went there, that during my long residence on the Continent I had seen Popery in its worst as well as its best aspects; but I had not conceived the degradation and demoralisation to which Popery could reduce a population when Protestantism was not present to counteract its effects. The Inquisition had had its influence on the national character. Spaniards were afraid to open their minds, even to their own relatives; formerly it was the father bringing the son to the stake, and the son the father. In one province alone, thirty thousand persons, in some thirty years, denounced themselves to the Inquisition in hopes of more lenient treatment than if denounced by their families, of whom they were in fear. I inquired for a copy of the Bible, and was shown two editions, one costing 25s., and another 35s.; in the windows of the same shop I saw the most objectionable French novels openly exposed for sale. Religious liberty had been proclaimed in Spain, but many of the Spanish Liberals were infidels. I cannot feel surprised that, having seen religion only in the form of a degrading superstition, they refuse to bow down their intellects to it. The attention of the people of Spain is now seriously turned towards the Gospel. The Holy Scriptures and religious tracts are circulated abundantly; the chapels that are opened are crowded, and unable to contain all those who flock to them. In one of these, at Madrid, fifty communicants sat down at the Lord's table. This chapel contains nine hundred to one thousand persons, and is presided over by a gentleman who was brought to the knowledge of the truth about ten years ago in Italy; he it was who was instrumental in God's hand, in bringing Matamores to the same knowledge. His colleague is a native who has studied in Geneva. The worship on week-days is diligently followed by the same persons as attend on Sundays. A register has been opened for inscribing the names of those who desire to become members of the congregation. Several persons have fearlessly availed themselves of this privilege, and a truly spiritual work is being accomplished. At Barcelona there is a congregation of three hundred persons. At Seville, a congregation of six hundred hearers is presided over by a faithful Spanish pastor, once a Roman Catholic priest. Eighty communicants, after having witnessed a good confession of faith, surrounded the Lord's table. A weekly religious paper, the *Echo of the Gospel*, has been established in this town, and is edited by a Spanish gentleman who resided for some time in England. In Valladolid a converted medical man conducts the public worship of a large assembly. He is seconded in his efforts, by a Christian man who had been for six years a refugee in France for the truth's sake. At Saragossa a fellow-

prisoner of Matamoros is preaching the Gospel. There is also a congregation in Grenada, and another in Valencia, presided over by an ex-Roman Catholic priest. In Malaga there has been a Christian community ever since the days of Matamoros, and, while Queen Isabella was still on the throne, an edition of the New Testament was secretly printed in a cellar, bound, and distributed. There is a chapel here containing four hundred persons, which is well filled. There are also two schools. In another part of the town an ex-monk preaches from his balcony to a crowd below in the court. Although religious liberty is now established in Spain, there is no knowing how soon revolution might again break out, and what turn it would take. I trust that the efforts made in Spain will be vigorously seconded by Christian friends in this country, and that my ministerial brethren will bring the matter before their congregations.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

ANOTHER instance of Roman Catholic cruelty and wickedness has just been brought to light. In a convent at Cracow a nun was found who had been kept imprisoned under circumstances of the most revolting barbarity, for twenty-one years. The civil authorities were informed of the case by an anonymous letter in a woman's handwriting; and the vice-president of the Criminal court deputed a magistrate to visit the convent, which he did, in company with several officials. When he arrived at the convent, he informed the nun who received him that he had come to see and to speak with an inmate named Barbara Ubryk, but she shrunk back and replied that it was not possible. She would then have hastily retired with another sister, but the magistrate prevented her, ordering her in the name of the law not to move. Accompanied, then, by the nuns, the commissioners ascended to the upper corridor, where betwixt the dining-room and the cloaca they were shown the cell of the nun, with its strongly-fastened double door. On entering the cell, a spectacle met them scarcely to be described, and yet it ought to be told, for it shows what fearful wrongs may be perpetrated if individuals are handed over to the tender mercies of Rome. The cell was some 7 ft. in length by 6 ft. in breadth. The window was walled up, and only through a narrow chink a ray of sunlight could penetrate. There were no tables nor chairs, and no stove to furnish heat in the inclement winter. The stench of the cell was hardly supportable. In a corner, lying on rotten, stinking straw, lay the poor crouching creature, half human, half a brute, half savage, half mad, utterly naked, her body filthy; for she had not been washed for years. Her lean bones hanging loose, her cheeks sunken, her hair dishevelled and dirty—a fearful being, whom even Dante, with his amazing imaginative force, could not have portrayed. This poor skeleton of a woman at the sight of her visitors shook herself up, and folding her hands, and bitterly weeping, said, "I am hungry, have pity on me, give me food, and I will be obedient." Here, in this den, the inhuman sisters, who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had kept her in close confinement for twenty-one years—since 1848. The magistrate instantly ordered the nun to be clothed, and went himself for Bishop Galecki. The bishop was deeply moved, and, turning to the assembled nuns, he vehemently reproached them for their inhumanity. "Is this," he said, "what you call love of your neighbour? Furies, not women, that you are, is it

thus that you purpose to enter the kingdom of heaven?" The nuns ventured to excuse their conduct, but the bishop would not hear them. "Silence, you wretches!" he exclaimed; "away, out of my sight, you who disgrace religion." The Father Confessor of the cloister ventured to say that the immuring of the nun had been known by the Church authorities, but the Bishop indignantly denied this as an utter falsehood, and suspended both him and the abbess at once from their offices. When the unhappy nun was led away, she asked anxiously whether she would be brought back to her grave, and, when asked why she had been imprisoned, she answered; "I have broken the vow of chastity, but," pointing with a fearfully wild gesture, and in great excitement to the sisters, "they are not angels." In the evening the poor creature became wilder, and it was settled to move her next day to the madhouse. On Friday, therefore, the 23rd, the Commissioners came again to take her away. On seeing the sunlight and green grass of the convent garden, she was convulsed with extreme joy, and when one of the Sisters who accompanied her to the gate ran out (whilst the others turned back), embraced and kissed her, she was so touched with the strange sympathy that she implored the exhibitor of it to come away with her, and incessantly called for her afterwards on the road. The fresh air was too much for her, and during the journey she fainted. In her new home Sister Barbara was provided with everything comfortable; but at first she kept frequently rising from her bed to lie on the bare floor, as she had been used. Since being properly washed and dressed the wildness had quieted down, and the doctors have hopes of eventually restoring her to her senses. An investigation has commenced. The lady superior declared that Barbara Ubryk was kept in close confinement since 1848 by order of the physician, because of her unsound mind. But this physician died in 1848, and the present physician, Dr. Babrzynski, who has been practising in the convent for the last seven years, has never seen Barbara Ubryk. Such treatment, in the opinion of the doctors, is sufficient to drive a person mad. On account of the importance of the case, the Attorney-General has taken the matter in hand. The people are greatly exasperated, and according to the latest accounts, their excitement increases rather than diminishes. It is stated that the bishop intends to dissolve the convent, and that it is very probable that the case may lead to a complete change of the law respecting such establishments throughout the whole of the Austrian dominions. Such are the "tender mercies" of Popery. This case is only one out of several which have lately been brought to light. May there not be a special design in their being discovered at such a time as the present? Whilst we as a nation are perpetually fostering and encouraging Popery, may there not be given to us thus a gentle reminder of the dangers which we are incurring? How many similar cases too may be entirely hidden; how many poor wretched beings may even now be lingering in hopeless misery in convent cells, whose cases may never be known until the last great day; how many a cry of anguish may ascend to heaven—perhaps even in our own land, which the world outside will never hear. It is monstrous that in a free land like England such establishments should be allowed not only still to exist, but to exist exempt from all inspection. Ten thousand nuns (it is calculated) are incarcerated amongst us under the same accursed system, and yet we have no means of ascertaining what cruelties are practised upon them.

At a recent public meeting of Orangemen in the North of Ireland, at

which it is said that some 30,000 persons were present, the president said, That one law existed for Protestants and another for Roman Catholics. In many respects this seems to be only too true: *e.g.*, in the House of Commons the other day an application was made for a return of the Roman Catholic charitable and religious gifts and emoluments enrolled under a special act of Parliament; but the application was refused on the plea of "equality." A return of all other charities has recently been enforced by Parliament, but Roman Catholic charities must not thus be publicly made known. An act was passed for the express purpose of ensuring the publicity of this species of gifts and bequests, and enabling tenants and other interested persons to know to whom the property in which they are concerned has been transferred, and who is responsible for its management and liable to defray their claims upon it. This act, it seems, like several other acts—such as the Ecclesiastical Titles and Lotteries Act—is repeatedly and systematically evaded by the Romanists, and consequently it altogether fails in their case to effect its purpose. Now, if a Protestant sect acted thus, how speedily would their delinquency be brought forward and punished; but on the plea of "equality" the Romanists are allowed to do this with impunity, and even an inquiry which might perhaps show how far they have transgressed is refused. We believe that they have good reason to fear such an inquiry, and that such a law is very obnoxious to them. It serves their purpose at the present time to appear poor; they are thus enabled the more easily to amass riches. Much has been said lately about the poverty of the Romish Church in Ireland, and the wealth of the Protestant; but it ought to be remembered that the truth is not fully known, if it were it is not at all unlikely that the very reverse would be found to be the case—that the Romish Church compared to the Protestant is immensely rich, and that the Protestant (even with all the revenues which she so recently possessed) is comparatively poor. Intelligent Roman Catholics and converted priests acknowledge this, and any one who is conversant with the way in which the priests bring money out of the pockets of their deluded flocks may quite think it probable. The credulity and the patience of the people are wonderful. Witness the two following cases, one of which we heard stated by an Irish clergyman who was personally acquainted with the facts, and vouches for their accuracy; the other is related by Mr. Charley, M.P. At Roman Catholic marriages in Ireland, it is customary not only for the bridegroom to pay a considerable fee, but during the marriage feast for a collection to be made amongst the assembled guests on behalf of the priest. On one occasion, the priest himself made the collection, and in passing round came to a farmer, who contributed, as most people would suppose, in proportion to his means, most liberally. The priest, however, did not think so, and having begged for a larger sum to no purpose, he snatched a heavy brass candlestick from the table, and felled the poor man bleeding and senseless to the floor. So much in awe, however, were the people, that they did not even dare to remonstrate with the priest, much less punish him for his cruelty. "A lottery, on an extensive scale, was held a very few years ago in a certain town in Ireland, for the purpose of raising funds to build a new chapel. Two of the largest prizes, amounting to more than one thousand pounds, fell to the lot of a small tradesman in the town. The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and impatient to grasp his newly-found treasure. The priests suggested that he should give, in honour of the event, a banquet. The banquet

proved a great success. His health was drunk with all the honours. Still the prizes were not forthcoming. At length he demanded them, and, irritated by the delay, threatened to 'take the law' of the priests, who laughingly replied, 'You have no remedy at law; the whole proceeding was illegal. We want the money for the chapel. You will have the satisfaction of seeing it well spent, and we have to thank you for a very good dinner.'"

The Irish Church question is for the present, at least, set at rest. Mr. Gladstone's bill has become law; the Church is for ever separated from the State, and despoiled of half her property, with the prospect of a loss of great part of the remainder unless great care and caution are exercised. The enemies of the Church and of Protestantism have so far triumphed, and loud are their rejoicings. But what do they triumph over?—the temporary exaltation and aggrandizement of their political party—the humiliation of a Church, which, whatever were her faults, to say the least, encouraged liberty of conscience, education, and progress, whilst her bitter opponent, whose cause they have aided, does just the reverse. They triumph in a great robbery performed by a great nation; but respecting which we cannot but believe that the solemn words of holy writ are applicable: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me . . . in tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation." But they can triumph in nothing more. We believe that many of the promoters of this measure really expected great things from it. They distinctly affirmed so. It was completely to pacify Ireland; it was to put an end to Fenianism, and to satisfy the Romanists. Alas, for these sanguine dreamers! During the very progress of the bill they were forced to change their language; they saw from the very reception of the measure in Ireland that it would do nothing of the sort; and now, thoroughly disappointed, they have to point to something else—the Protestant University of Dublin must next be assailed, and the whole land arrangements of Ireland must be transformed, before that which it was expected and intended that this bill would do can possibly be done. The observations of the Roman Catholic papers on the subject are remarkable. The *Irishman* says: "Between Lords and Commons the interests of Ireland fall to the ground. The Disestablishment Bill robs Ireland of £100,000 annually. That sum is now paid into Ireland, through the Maynooth grant and Regium Donum. But this is not to be so. The imperial fund is to be freed from further payment, and Ireland alone must support the burthen! England and Scotland shift it on the shoulders of Ireland. This is a monstrous piece of robbery, but it is done so audaciously that no Irish member lifts his voice against it." Such is Romish gratitude! The same paper also calls for the disestablishment of landlordism, and rages against Mr. Fortescue's suggestion of employing detectives for the discovery of agrarian assassins, declaring that in such a case, "no man's home will be safe. A miscreant may be set by every Irishman's hearth to swear away his life at any chance. Blood-money will taint the pure domestic life of the country." "'Up for the land!'" (says the *Weekly News*) "is the cry that should echo over mountain and valley. Give us the land, and we shall soon make this island what God intended it to be, rich, prosperous, and independent. There is a great stake to be played for, and the people must be prepared to act their part. In ascendancy we have levelled a greater and more powerful foe than landlordism." And the

Flag of Ireland, another Nationalist organ, says, "Since 1829 our countrymen have learned many a political lesson, for which, it is true, they have paid very highly. They cannot now be persuaded that Ireland will ever prosper while she is but the province of a foreign power. Nothing short of complete independence will improve the wretched condition of Ireland." Such is the "satisfying" effect of this iniquitous measure. It has highly incensed the faithful Protestants, and wounded their feelings deeply; and it has encouraged the outrageous demands of the priests and their followers, without reconciling them in the slightest degree.

Meanwhile the Protestant Church in Ireland especially needs our sympathies and prayers. She is passing through a serious crisis. Many dangers threaten her. Some few traitors may be found within her, and multitudes of enemies hover around her. In the hour of her weakness they may do her serious harm. But the Lord reigneth. May He graciously avert this. May He give wisdom to her rulers, and grace to all her members, so that when once more launched on her heavenly mission, she may be more thoroughly fitted for her work. Impoverished in worldly goods, may she be rich in the divine favour; and, being purified by her heavy trial, may she shine more brightly than ever.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Sydney, June 16th, 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Through your son and the *Earthen Vessel* you will have been informed of the death of my dear wife, twenty-three days before our arrival in Sydney.

Oh, what a trial it was to me! and, while my heart was almost broken, I was then called to Geelong, to see my dear daughter Sarah, aged 26, who is now with her dear mother in glory.

Although I am very wretched and desolate, yet grace reigns, and I am upheld by that loving hand that heals as well as wounds; but I have written fully upon the subject, which will doubtless appear in the *Earthen Vessel*, and my log-book you will likewise obtain, giving some account of our God, who is the safe Harbour of refuge in all storms. You will excuse my not writing you a full letter at this time.

The enclosed is copy of an address presented to me by our people; they are kind to me, but I very much fear I shall never be able to settle down here. The change is so great, my nest is not only stirred up, but broken to pieces; my wife and daughter are now in glory; Esther is in the Fiji Island, and Jemima in Queensland. I have no one to keep house for me. Oh, how I need wisdom and the Lord to guide me with His counsel, for all is dark with me as to the future! Nevertheless, I am most graciously upheld by the Lord, and, with the shoes of iron and brass, I am enabled to walk in the stormy way, and shall, through the Rock of Ages, stand, and outlive all the surging billows and death-threatening hurricanes in my way home.

Give my love to your dear wife and family.

I remain, my dear brother,

Yours in tribulation,

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Testimonial to JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE, Pastor of the Particular and Strict Baptist Church, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Presented by the Members of the Church and Congregation, June 1, 1869.

DEARLY-BELOVED PASTOR,—We, the members of this Church and congregation, desire, on this our earliest opportunity, to express to Almighty God our sincere gratitude and thankfulness for your safe return from the land of our fathers, after having so signally accomplished (through the blessings of our covenant-keeping God) the great and arduous task you so cheerfully undertook, viz., collecting the sum of £1,000 for the purpose of liberating this house of God from the heavy burden of debt under which it has so long lain; and, though you were not personally responsible, not one felt the weight, and the crushing weight, of that burden more than yourself. And, in taking a retrospect of the past three years, more especially the earlier portion of this period, when journeying through this and the neighbouring colonies, with the same object in view, and call to mind the many severe trials you have passed through while in *perils by sea* and *perils by land*, in hungerings and thirstings often, we are constrained to admire the goodness and mercy of our ever-gracious God, in thus after all restoring you to our midst, and to the bosom of your dear family in safety and in health, with the great desire of *your* and *our* hearts accomplished. But, dear brother, while thus rejoicing and giving glory to God for His lovingkindness unto us through you, the thought suddenly arises, "*At what a sacrifice!*" Yes, our faithful promise-performing God has indeed granted the desire of your heart in the matter, but in His wisdom has seen fit to take away the desire of your eyes. And we desire to express our deep heart-felt sorrow at your bereavement, and to assure you that many have been the tears of sympathy shed for you by this Church and people; and, though our all-wise and loving Father did not see fit to answer our manifold and earnest prayers that He would spare your dear wife until your return, yet, blessed be His holy name, we trust that He has answered our cries unto Him, and He would so strengthen you by His grace as to receive the stroke submissively, acknowledging the hand of your heavenly Father, *who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.*

And now we respectfully request you to accept of this small token (thirty guineas) as our love and affection for you as our pastor, and our obligation unto you for your untiring energy and indomitable perseverance in these efforts on our behalf, which are now, by the blessing of God, crowned with complete success. We regret that it is not in our power to present you with an offering more commensurate with your deserts, but we are sure we need make no apology on that ground, knowing that you look not at the *amount* of the gift as the measure of our love, but the *spirit* which prompts it; and our earnest prayer to the God of all grace now is, that He will still be merciful to us in sparing your life for many years, and preserve you in health and strength to labour in this portion of His vineyard, that He will abundantly fill your *earthen vessel* with the richest stores of His grace. Yea, we pray that the great *Head of the Church* will so honour and bless your labours, as He hath honoured and blessed them in days that are passed, that many *spiritual children* may be given you in this place, that *pastor* and *people* may be blest in each other—dwelling in peace, love, and unity, striving together as one man, to build up and strengthen the wall of Zion here, until called to join the loved ones gone before to the "*House of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*"

Signed, on behalf of the Church and congregation,

SETH COTTAM,
STEPHEN CROSS,

WILLIAM WAGO,
JOSEPH FORD, } *Deacons.*

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 46,
NEW SERIES. }

OCTOBER, 1869.

{ No. 1,246,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

DIVINE PROTECTION; OR, THE SAFETY OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

"He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISAIAH xxxiii. 16, 17.

BELoved READERS,—The life of a believer is very much that of *protest*. From the nature of those divine principles of which, in regeneration, he is made the partaker, he must "come out from the world, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing." He is called, in the exercise of that new and spiritual life into which he has been begotten by the sovereign and gracious power of the Holy Ghost, to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in this present world." He is called to "deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow Christ." This may be easily written or read, but the putting it into practice is a totally different thing. It necessarily entails an amount of odium and reproach that are most repugnant to the pride and self-love of the human heart. Still it is wonderful how the Lord supports and maintains His people in their self-sacrifices for Him. He forewarned them of what their position should be in the present life—that "they should be hated of all men for His sake;" but He graciously declared also, that those who "endured to the end should be saved."

In regard to Jehovah's sustaining power, in connexion with a bold and fearless advocacy of His cause, what a striking and encouraging example is given with respect to Elijah! No sooner had the prophet declared, in his holy zeal for the Lord of hosts, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but accord-

ing to my word," than "the word of the Lord came to him, saying, "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." Thus we have significant proof of the Lord's interest in and special care over His servant; and that in the work to which he was called he should be protected and provided for. And, dear readers, may we not appeal to such of you as have been led to declare yourselves on the Lord's side, and even contented to forego personal considerations and worldly advancement, so that His kingdom and His interests should be promoted,—have you not found special strength, and beheld, again and again, His own kind and gracious interposition on your behalf? Did any ever, think you, regret what they did for the Lord? Was any loss, or any privation, or any affliction for conscience and for the truth's sake, a matter for permanent sorrow and lasting regret? We say—and that most emphatically—never! Sure we are that, whilst there was One who once declared, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," so with equal truth did the self-same Almighty One also declare, "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting" (Luke xviii. 29, 30).

Now, mark, dear reader, the character upon whom the blessing in our text is he conferred; it is he who is described in the preceding verse as "He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil" (Isaiah xxxiii. 15).

In our last, beloved, we spoke of his high *privilege* as "dwelling on high;" raised to the sweet and sacred contemplations of all the covenant verities connected and identified with the grand and glorious scheme of redemption as existing in the eternal mind of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; a scheme as clear in the conception—as comprehensive in the details—as sure of accomplishment as a wise, and gracious, and all-sufficient God could make it. To this redemption-plan there appertains not so much as the semblance of an oversight in the arrangement, nor the veriest shade of contingency or uncertainty in the execution. It is so minute as to embrace even the numbering of the hairs of the head of each and every redeemed sinner; it is so vast as to comprehend the rescue from the Adam-fall and the eternal glorification of the whole election of grace. Over the heads of this one redeemed family—a "multitude which no man can number"—floats the banner of Immanuel, on which is inscribed, in characters of love and blood, this blessed declaration, "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His."

Beloved, amid all the dying circumstances and ever-varying phases

of our poor pilgrim-life, how sweet is the contemplation of these great and glorious verities ! There are some of us who, amid the aches and the pains, the darkness and the depression, the clouds and the conflict, inseparable from pilgrimage, know not what, alas ! would be the consequences if there were not at least some little comfort and consolation arising from doctrinal stability, or, in other words, from a conviction that Jehovah is "of one mind, and none can turn Him, and that what He purposeth that He doeth." His unchangeable love, His sovereign pleasure, His inexhaustible mercy, His boundless compassion, His covenant pledge, His marvellous forbearance, His omnipotent power ; oh, what a sacred and what an inconceivably satisfactory theme is this to dwell upon ! Well may the poet sing :—

"Unchangeable His love,
Though fickle be my frame ;
His loving heart is still
Immutably the same :
Did Jesus once upon me shine,
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

We pass on, however, to consider the *protection* that is here promised : "His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks." Now, circumstanced as we are in this country, we can but very imperfectly enter into the full meaning of this kind and gracious promise. Those, however, who are familiar with travel, and are acquainted with the various fastnesses, and strongholds, and rocky heights of foreign climes, will at once see the force and the beauty of this promise. Our readers will remember the but-too-famous Affghan war, with that terrible mountain-pass in which so many of our brave troops were destroyed. Now, the enemies from their elevated position, and sheltered as they were behind the jutting rocks, were under no apprehension of personal danger. It is, we believe, very generally believed that, in respect to the still more recent war, had the despicable king Theodore held out, it would have been a moral impossibility to have taken Magdala, such was the security which its natural formation had given it, or rather the all-wise and all-powerful Creator had appointed it. We read, moreover, of David's strongholds ; of his being pursued by Saul, and being screened behind the ridges in the caves of the mountains. All this goes to show the force of the figure made use of in our text, and that marvellous security vouchsafed to the people of God : "His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks."

Ah, yes, and what mind can indite—what tongue tell—what pen record, the safety of those whose "place of defence is (not merely) the munitions of rocks," but round about whom Jehovah is as "a wall of fire and the glory in their midst?" Yea, "whoso toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye." "In the time of trouble," says the psalmist, "He shall hide me in His pavilion ; in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me : He shall set me up upon a rock." Again, we read, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." The security of

the people of God, amid their apparently imminent dangers and perils, is most precious to contemplate. Dear believer, be assured the same safety is vouchsafed now as in the prophet's day. "And his servant said unto him, Alas! my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

There is another mercy with respect to this security, beloved, that we would not overlook, and that is the sweet calmness and the precious fearlessness which the Lord, in the midst of seeming danger and insecurity, is pleased to impart to His dear children. Some of us know this experimentally, and that, too, as a marvellous set off against much natural fear and constitutional nervousness. The presence of a sweet serenity and a heavenly calm, under these circumstances, is the more marked, and the more evidentially and conspicuously of God! We read of "the sword without and the terror within;" of their (the wicked) being "in great fear where no fear was." Again, we read of those whose "eyes stand out with fatness," and who "have more than their heart could wish;" but we read also of these very persons, "How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! they are *utterly consumed with terrors!*" By which we learn that, whilst men of natural courage, boldness, and intrepidity, and with respect to whom nothing humanly would seem to intimidate or alarm, find in a moment their self-possession and undauntedness forsake them, and leave them a prey to the most terrible of terrorism and dismay—the child of God, naturally, it may be, as we have seen, sensitive, timid, fearful to the last extreme—is equally of a sudden, and in circumstances of deepest necessity, possessed, not merely with a placidity, and a calm, and a serenity perfectly supernatural, but, in times of imminent peril, possessed also with a courage and a fearlessness that has astonished their enemies. Witness this with respect to the stripling's going forth to meet the giant of Gath, and mark not only the courage and the self-possession of Elijah, but his bitter sarcasm and inimical irony when defying the dunghill gods of Baal. "And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud, for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."

There is one thought more, beloved, before we pass on, and that is this: do you think that the Lord would give all this calmness and courage and blessed fearlessness to His dear children according to their necessity in times of trouble and difficulty and danger, when on pilgrimage, and not vouchsafe to them the same equally in the closing-up of the same? By which we mean, shall they be supported and shall they be emboldened to meet—to confront—to rejoice over every foe on pilgrimage, and be put to shame—or even be the subject of fear—when they come, at the completion of that pilgrimage, to

meet the last enemy? Nay, we believe, in spite of all that Satan may suggest to the contrary, and all that constitutional infirmity or natural fear and timidity may awaken within, at the last critical juncture, and in the final dread conflict, there shall be such a marked realization of the presence and power of their great and gracious Deliverer, as shall enable them exultingly and triumphantly to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Reader, we believe from our inmost soul that, at that time and under those circumstances, there shall be a holy, a blessed, an inconceivably happy participation in the glorious triumphs of Him who, ages before His incarnation and mediatorial conquests, exclaimed, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave: I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plagues: O grave, I will be thy destruction: repentance shall be hid from mine eyes."

Dear reader, may the Lord the Spirit enable you and ourselves to enter into all the fulness and blessed reality of these divine verities! May they instrumentally lift us above all our natural fears and fleshly infirmities! At the moment of writing the eye dropped upon that precious assurance, as though the Lord would have us quote it for your encouragement. Here it is: "*They shall not be ashamed that wait for me. Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?*"

Personally, we are free to confess our deep regret is that we should ever, even for a moment, call in question Divine wisdom, or love, or faithfulness. We often tell the Lord, if He is but as merciful, and as gracious, and as bountiful in the *future* as He has been in the *past*, we shall be perfectly satisfied: for, with respect to the past, with all its numberless trials and afflictions, we are bound to say that "He has done all things well;" nor would we have one thing altered. Oh, then, for that simple childlike faith, that we may be enabled to rest in Him for the future, leaving to His wisdom, and His love, and power, the direction and control of all!

"'Tis enough that *Thou* shouldst care,
Why should *I* the burden bear?"

"This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit must guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

Lord, Lord, give us grace so to do, we earnestly pray Thee! Faith is Thine own sovereign gift. Thou, and Thou alone it is, that doth bestow it; and it is Thou, and Thou only, canst nourish and strengthen it. Thou, dearest Immanuel, art the Author, and Thou must be the Finisher of faith. "Lord, increase our faith!" "Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief!" And do grant, we pray Thee, that we may, by the putting forth of Thine own power in us, be lifted

up above all fleshly fears—above all surrounding appearances—above all passing circumstances—above all Satanic influences! And enable us, we pray Thee, to come before Thee, from time to time, with a “Do as Thou hast said!” “Be it unto us, O Lord, according to Thy word!” Amen and amen.

We come, however, dear reader, to the next clause in this sweet portion: “Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.” Now, it would have been very merciful and very gracious had the Lord said, “His bread and water shall be sure;” but, as though He would be plainer, more definite, additionally assuring, He condescendingly makes the promise in this double or twofold way, “Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.” And, dear reader, whatever our own base hearts or Satan may suggest in opposition, we believe from our inmost soul that it shall be even as the Lord has spoken. We have nothing whatever to do with appearances, or with what poor carnal reason may say to the contrary:—

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.”

Oh, it is so blessed, beloved, when the Lord is pleased to give that simple childlike faith by which He enables us to trust in Him, and repose upon Him, in the very face of the most adverse circumstances! “The Lord hath spoken!” That is enough for faith. That was a blessed position of the prophet when he had been inwardly moved and irresistibly prompted to declare to Ahab, “Get thee up, eat and drink, for there is a sound of abundance of rain.” Where was there that sound [or noise] of abundance of rain? In *faith's* hearing; not in the natural ear. Did any hear it but Elijah? Certainly not. Then comes the wrestling, the watching, the waiting. Reader, do you know anything of it? “And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel.” [When some special plea is to be presented, or some close wrestling at the throne, there is sure to be a drawing off from the creature, and a seeking to be closeted with the Lord—oh, how blessed the contact!] “And he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees.” [Becoming position, dear reader, for a poor sinful suppliant, when seeking to approach unto and to plead with the holy and the righteous One—yea, the God of the whole earth.] “And said to his servant, Go up, now, look toward the sea.” [The prophet must be left alone. Not even his servant must be with him.] “And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing.” [Ah, reader, this is the test—here is at once the trial and the triumph of faith. Flesh and reason say, “It is false, you are deceived, *there is nothing*,” but faith says, “Go again seven times”—perfect number. And what a wrestling and what a waiting time the interval! Oh, who can imagine the depth and the ardour of the prophet's plea at that most critical juncture? Mark, dear reader, what the Holy Ghost has said upon this precious subject, by the mouth of the apostle

James: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not reign: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit" (James v. 17, 18). Oh, what an encouragement to prayer is this! "And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." Mark, dear reader, "a little cloud"—the openings of Jehovah's providence are commonly so minute, seemingly so insignificant, such unlooked-for and unlikely means; "rising," too, "out of the sea." Ah, from the very bosom of that vast blank—out of the very depths of the forbidding and seemingly-destructive element. Deliverance is to come from this. And, further, "like a man's hand." Is there not something special in this, dear reader? Was it of mere chance, think you, that Elijah's servant was thus prompted to express himself? Is there not a glorious Gospel truth couched in the saying? Does it not intimate that Jehovah's best gifts to man were to be communicated through the medium of humanity?—that Jesus, the omnipotent One—co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and the ever-blessed Spirit—was to take human nature into union with the divine, and that as man He was to serve and as man He was to suffer? "His own arm brought salvation." Again, is there not another idea plainly suggested by this fact, namely, that the Lord commonly vouchsafes deliverance to His people by means of *men*? He uses this one and commissions that one to go and minister to the wants of His poor and needy ones. All hearts are in His hands,—all circumstances and all events under His divine direction and control. Nothing is hidden from Him, nor is He in the leastwise indifferent to or regardless of His people. He is cognizant of every pain, familiar with every trial, reads the language of each sigh and of every tear. Moreover, He graciously adapts Himself to all the varied positions of His dear children. "In all *their* affliction *He* is afflicted."

Beloved, in the gracious fulfilment of this divine promise, "His bread shall be given him, and his waters shall be sure," it is so sweet and refreshing to contemplate the various ways in which the Lord ratifies His word. He first brings His dear children down into the very depths of trial or affliction, or dark and drear necessity, and then, in the face of difficulty and seeming desertion, worketh "wonderously." Independently of all human interference or creature-resort, He directs this instrument or that to administer to His poor distressed child, proving by the very way in which He works *how* His ear was open to the cry of His oppressed ones. By way of example, we will quote one instance, out of the thousands upon thousands which, we doubt not, are daily in sweet and blessed operation, under the gracious direction and control of our God. Since this article was commenced, two of Zion's pilgrims met, as we say casually, in the street. One had passed his threescore

years and ten, and had been called indeed to witness "great and sore troubles." With respect to the other, when about to walk in his usual direction, a something seemed to say to him, "Don't go *this* way, but *that*." He immediately followed the prompting, when, scarcely had he turned off in the other direction than he met the aged pilgrim before alluded to. "Well, how are you?" "Not well, thank you." "Why? what's the matter?" "I am very low—very depressed. But for ——'s kindness I should have been in the union, and I sometimes think even now that I shall come to the union after all." "Never!" was the answer. "You will never come to the union. It reminds me of one who, many years ago, once said to me, 'I fear sometimes I shall come to the union, after all.' 'Never,' said I; 'the only union you will ever know anything about is that which exists between the Lord and His dear people.' I visited that old pilgrim afterwards, upon his death-bed—which was indeed a peaceful one—and reminded him of what had passed in our former conversation. It cheered his heart, animated his soul, and led him to testify afresh to the goodness and faithfulness of His God." Now, from what followed, we have not the smallest doubt that it was *the Lord* had the ordering of the meeting of those two pilgrims just at that moment; and that it was to be a further illustration of the truth of His word, "His bread shall be given him, and His waters shall be sure."

Here again, dear reader, for the present we leave the subject. May God bless His word to your souls; and, when it is well with you, may He give you grace to remember before Him your brother in tribulation, but in the hope of eternal life,

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster, Sept. 10, 1869.

THE EDITOR.

EFFECTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

MARK the rain that falls from above, and the same shower that droppeth out of one cloud increaseth sundry plants in a garden, and severally, according to the condition of every plant; in one stalk it makes a rose, in another a violet, divers in a third, and sweetening all. So the Spirit works its multiformous effects in several complexions, and all according to the increase of God. Is thy habit and inclination choleric? Why, try thyself if thou be very apt to be zealous in a good cause, and it turns thy natural infirmity into holy heat. Is melancholy predominant? The grace of God will turn that sad humour into devotion, prayer, and mortifying thy pleasures to die unto the world. Is thy temperature sanguine and cheerful? The goodness of God will allow it unto thee in thy civil life, in a good mean; but over and above, it will make thee bountiful, easy to pardon injuries, glad of reconciliations, comfortable to the distressed, always rejoicing in the Lord. Is a man fearful? If this freezing disease, which is in thee from thy mother's womb, be not absolutely cured, yet the Holy Ghost will work upon it, to make thy conscience tender, wary to give no offence, to make thee pitiful, penitent, contrite, ready to weep for thy transgressions.

Dayside Notes.

RECOGNITION IN A FUTURE STATE.

WHAT! are our dear ones who have died in Christ lost to us for ever? When we have watched by their bedside, and seen them draw their last breath, are we never to know them again? Such a thought is distressing indeed; but we do not believe that such is the will of God concerning His children. We believe we shall recognize them in a future state, and the hope of a reunion in another world is a source of great comfort and consolation. And, as this subject must be one of general interest to the Lord's family, it is laid upon our heart at this season to dwell upon it. May He guide us into truth, that we may not err in our judgment and tracings! We believe we shall recognize our dear ones who have died in Christ, because—

I. *We have the confirmation of it in the Scriptures*, which are the revealed will of God; and we put this foremost, because our assurance is not founded upon sentiment, but upon the Scriptures. And this is important; for opinions are not to be depended upon—they are various and uncertain. "For what saith the Scriptures?" is the all-important point: not "What are our views clothed with the Scriptures?" No, the Scriptures should be our guide, not ourselves the guide of the Scriptures—an error prevalent enough in the present day. We much like good Bishop Hurd's words:—

"Wait till He shall Himself disclose
Things now beyond thy reach;
But listen not, my child, to those
Who the Lord's secrets teach.

"Who teach thee more than He has taught
Tell more than He revealed,
Preach tidings which He never brought,
And read what He left sealed."

What is revealed must be, then, our guide on this and every other point; and we shall see that it is according to the Scriptures, if we mark

II. *It was the expectation of the worthies.* For example, it was good old Jacob's expectation concerning Joseph, when the wicked brethren took Joseph's coat, dipped in the blood of goats, to the sorrowing patriarch. "He knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, *For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning.*" A gleam of solace burst into the heart of the poor distressed parent, when he thought that after his decease he should rejoin and know his son in the kingdom of God.

Again, the same fact consoled the contrite spirit of the erring David. Nathan, by his striking parable of the poor man's ewe lamb, had brought home the sin to David's door, and the child, the fruit of that sin, was doomed to die as a mark of the divine displeasure. David felt it deeply. "And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now

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he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I SHALL GO TO HIM, BUT HE SHALL NOT RETURN TO ME."

His consolation was that he should "GO TO HIM," but what comfort could there have been in this anticipation, if he was never more to recognize his departed child? And it is not likely that David's would be a mistaken joy; for, however much he had shown the infirmities of the flesh, yet in spiritual matters he was signally inspired and taught of God, and, having acknowledged with true repentance of heart his folly, may we not take it that the Spirit of God, with a view to comfort him and all believers to the end of time, cheered him with the anticipation, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," and a contrary belief can only be fraught with distress. Furthermore—

III. *It is in accordance with the teaching of our Lord.*—Our blessed Lord, when surrounded by His disciples, upon one occasion said to them, "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and SHALL SIT DOWN WITH ABRAHAM AND ISAAC AND JACOB IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN." Here the happiness of the glorified ones is represented by a festive gathering, or, as it is elsewhere described, the marriage-supper of the Lamb. It would be a curious marriage-supper if the guests held no converse with one another, and recognized not their blood-bought relations. But our Lord taught that they shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—three illustrious patriarchs whose lives have been so familiar to them throughout their pilgrimage. They shall distinguish them and others in the mansions of bliss, and the very recognition will cause them to glorify the Lamb the more. Reader, do we not as Christians get familiar with the lives of the prophets, apostles, and saints, who have gone before? Do we not live, as it were, often in fellowship with the apostle Paul and the beloved John, feeling that they express our desires, and convey to us by their writings the beauties of our Lord? Why should death cause us no more to be acquainted with them? The idea is painful, and unlike the working of a God of love. Be it our rejoicing that we shall, as our Lord declares, sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, and, in sitting down with them, shall recognize these beloved patriarchs.

Again, we believe the mind and will of God in the recognition of the saints in a future state is most strikingly set forth in the *transfiguration of our Lord*. "And it came to pass about eight days after these sayings He took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. And as He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistering. And, behold, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias: who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep: and when they were awake, *they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him.* And it came to pass, as they departed from Him, Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias: not knowing what he said." They saw His glory, and the two men that stood with Him, Moses and Elias. The scene they gazed on was nothing short of a glimpse of celestial glory, and in that glimpse they beheld their Saviour exalted, and with Him in holy converse Moses the lawgiver, and Elias the chief of the prophets, were seen talking with Jesus; and our blessed Lord in the centre was the Fulfiller of the law for righteousness' sake, and the fulfilment of all pro-

phacies. Hence a voice came from heaven, saying, "Hear ye Him." So we conceive did our Lord teach the same fact in His parable of the rich man and Lazarus. "And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and SEETH ABRAHAM afar off, AND LAZARUS in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." The rich man dies, and his punishment is aggravated by the recollection of his sinful career; and now he recognizes the once-despised Lazarus in his blissful abode, and Abraham the favoured patriarch. It may be said, "But this is a lost soul recognizing saved ones in heaven." But surely, if lost souls are permitted to do this to show them the awful difference between their relative positions, saved souls will recognize each other, that their happiness may be increased. But again,

IV. *It is in accordance with the teaching of the apostles.*—The apostle Paul, in one of his epistles to the Corinthians, writes: "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." Now my conceptions of Christ are only as seeing through a glass darkly; by and by I shall see Him as He is, without a vail between. Now I know in part—I am only a child learning; by and by I shall be perfected in the knowledge of Him. Now I have only an uninterrupted converse with brethren and sisters in the Lord; then shall I fully know them even as they will know me. Now we see them in occasional visits, and we are away again to our respective duties. Such visits, when led to compare notes together, and recount the goodness of the Lord, are joyous, and strengthen our faith; but by and by it shall be uninterrupted converse upon the beauties of the One we mutually love. Why not? And again the same apostle writes to the Thessalonian Christians: "But I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

But why not be ignorant concerning them which sleep? He could not allude merely to the fact of their resurrection, because this they were not ignorant of, but believed. Surely the apostle implies that there is comfort to the Christian whose dear ones have died in Christ, that, though now parted for a time, there shall be a glorious reunion and recognition when the "Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Further—

V. *It was revealed to the beloved John.*—When John looked through "the door which was opened in heaven," he saw not a multitude of glorified spirits which could not be recognized the one from the other, but he distinguished prophets from martyrs, circle from circle. Writing of one happy group he says, "I heard the number of them which were sealed: and there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand of

all the tribes of the children of Israel. After this," he says, making a distinction, "I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Then he beheld angels round about the throne, then elders, who fell down and worshipped, and then a company, which there is little doubt were the martyrs, who are described as having come out of great tribulation. Surely, then, if it constituted part of the glorious revelation of heaven, that John should recognize these different orders of glorified ones, this will be a part of the future joy reserved for the Church triumphant, when every elect member thereof is gathered home.

It does appear to us that the Apocalypse is a continued illustration of the truth we are endeavouring to establish, that the heavenly inhabitants are recognized one from the other, while their universal songs of praise burst into one harmonious strain of rich melody, the theme of their joy being the greatness of that love which raised them from the depths of sin to the possession of eternal life.

VI. *It is the general anticipation of the family of God.*—If we were to ask ninety-nine out of every hundred, Do you believe that we shall recognize each other in heaven? the reply would be, "Oh, yes, I do think this is according to the will of God." It is only an isolated one here and there that differs upon this point. We might fill these pages with the opinions of divines and men whose lives have been spent in searching the Scriptures, and surely such testimonies ought to weigh with us.

We will quote from the writings of one: "Is it possible that those who sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God will not recognize them? We think, however, that recognition in a future state is most clearly deducible from the transactions on the Mount of Transfiguration. We do not believe that Moses and Elias talked with our Lord, and spoke to Him of His approaching decease, without recognizing each other." This is quite our view of the subject.

Lastly, *Why should not love to the brethren find its expansion and fulness in heaven?*—Such love is one of the earliest tests of regeneration. "By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we *love the brethren.*" And this love is increased as, year after year rolls on, we find in the companionship of the true followers of the Lamb an enjoyment which the world knows nothing of; and why should death terminate that enjoyment? Yea, rather, why not love be perfected in the recognition of the family, when grace bursts into glory? An old divine says, "I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love for them on earth. If I thought that I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should in reason number them with temporal things, and love them as such. But now I delight to converse with the children of God with a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them for ever and take comfort in those of them that are dead or absent, as believing I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love that shall there be perfected."

But we must not close this subject at this season without noticing one or two objections that are brought against the anticipation of recognition in a future state. It is said,

1. If it be that we shall recognize our dear ones who have died in Christ, will it not afford us pain to know that many once dear to us in the flesh are not in heaven with us? Certainly not, for two reasons: First, because no pain or sorrow can enter there: secondly, because as spiritual beings we can only recognize those that are glorified also.

First, no pain nor sorrow can enter there. It would mar the bliss of heaven if it could; therefore no cause of pain can possibly be found within the pearly gates.

How joyous the thought to be shut within that place where sorrow cannot enter. O blissful portion! And to be where nothing that defileth can enter. O blessed purity! Faith would stretch her wings towards it; and then,

Secondly. As glorified bodies we cannot recognize that which is sinful. With us on earth, if followers of the Lamb, there is a growing dislike of that which is sinful, and when we come to the death-bed, nothing is so obnoxious to the dying saint as ungodly people around him, even though they be earthly relations; but, when death closes the earthly scene, nothing more that is earthly can ever be recognized; therefore, with all that is of the earth, ungodly relatives must pass away for ever from the remembrance.

Another objection is, some say, "I shall be so absorbed with the sight of Jesus that I shall have no time throughout the countless ages of eternity to think of anything or anybody else. God forbid we should detract from such enjoyment. We would, indeed, say,

"Oh, may I breathe no longer than I breathe
His praise."

But would recognition of the saints detract from His praise? Shall I cease to praise Him when I tell of His perfections to other "*harpers*?" How can this be? It is so in the kingdom of creation. Supposing I am viewing some beautiful outstretched scenery in nature, is my appreciation of it increased by being alone in the enjoyment? Is it not greatly increased by having a dear one to whom I can point out the charms of all around, while that dear one responds by his or her directing me to yet further beauties in the fair scene; and, if so in the kingdom of nature, why not in the kingdom of glory? But we must conclude. Much more might be written upon this most important and comforting fact, but space forbids.

We have seen that the recognition of those happy ones who die in Christ is, "According to the Scriptures:" that it was the expectation of the worthies, for Jacob's comfort was that he should again see his long-lost Joseph when he believed him to be dead, and David's solace was that he should go to his child, though he should not return to him: that our Lord taught the same fact in His declaration that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob: that it was set forth in the transfiguration, as well as in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus: that the apostles taught the same, Paul stating, "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known;" and again in his comforting his fellow-Christians concerning "them that were asleep:" that it was revealed to the beloved John, who saw in heaven the different glorified groups of prophets and martyrs: that it is the belief of most Christians: and, lastly, that it is God-like in the expansion and fruition of that love which commences with regeneration. So that we trust we have drawn from God's word God's will in the matter, and written sufficient to

comfort the Christian reader concerning the dear one who is asleep in Jesus, that at the appointed time there will be a glorious reunion and recognition which shall form part of the joy of heaven.

“That so before the judgment seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremembered we may meet,
For endless ages to embrace.”

If these tracings are according to the mind and will of God, which we venture in all humility to think they are, may He add His blessing upon them, for the Redeemer's sake. Amen. G. C.

Ilford.

Pilgrim Papers.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

V.

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son . . .”—JOHN iii. 36.

SUCH is the testimony of John the Baptist (or Dipper) concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. The whole of the discourse is highly worthy of devout consideration; his humility blended with holy delight; his prediction of the increasing advancement of the Saviour's kingdom; his exalted view of the Son of God; the sovereignty of divine grace (ver. 27); and then he closes his admirable testimony concerning the Lamb of God by asserting the blessedness of the believer, and the awful state of the unbeliever. Our text consists of two parts, descriptive,

1. Of the blessedness of a believer.
2. Of the awful condition of those who believe not.

1. The blessedness of a believer. And here it will be very proper to inquire, Who or what is a believer?—in other words, What is faith, or what is it to believe in Jesus? “Dost thou believe on the Son of God?” This is a question of no small importance; yea, of the first importance—it involves eternal realities. With this subject there are other vital considerations inseparably connected, such as a deep and abiding sense and conviction of our guilt and misery in the Adam-fall and nature, our actual transgression against the holy law of God, and to have such a powerful impression of these as leaves us without hope in reference to ourselves—all within dark, depraved, polluted, guilty; and so far from the law of God having any relief to administer, that it leaves the sinner who looks to it for help without mercy into the hands of inflexible justice.

Thus the conscience-stricken sinner is left without refuge or resource save one; and how suitable is that relief which the Gospel presents! how safe that refuge to which it directs the weary, heavy-laden sinner! “Behold the Lamb of God!” Oh, His blood is a balm and cure for every wound, whilst it also cleanses from all guilt. There we behold an atonement offered equivalent to all the sins of God's chosen family; a righteousness commensurate to all that law demands and justice claims. Full redemption—a finished salvation. The poor awakened sinner, under the teaching of God the Holy Ghost, sees in the remedy all that he needs, and is enabled to act faith in that Jesus who came to seek and to save the lost; hence faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is the soul committing

itself and all its spiritual and eternal concerns into the hands of Jesus, for Him, and Him only, to save it—abandoning all other hope, every other foundation, and every refuge, save what Jesus presents in His finished salvation. Such is faith. Nor is it of ourselves; it is the gift of God. Hence this is an irrefragable proof that such a believer is not a mere nominal professor, but the possessor of a divine principle; yea, that he is born again. Now, it is of such an one that the Baptist declares he hath everlasting life. "This is the true God, and eternal life." This is life eternal. "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Such a faith demonstrates that the life of God is planted in the soul, and a vital union to Christ Jesus, the Head of all divine influence and the medium of all communicated blessedness. Against such the law has no curse, justice no sword; yea, with such the law is well pleased, for His righteousness' sake, who has fulfilled all its requirements, and upon such justice no longer frowns, but smiles for His name's sake who has satisfied its righteous and holy claims. Such have everlasting life; it is an imperishable principle; nothing can destroy it; it is indestructible; it will carry the believer through all the storms and temptations of this life; it will live in death amidst the dying fragments of that earthly tabernacle in which it hath had its dwelling-place; and it will live in splendid lustre before the eternal throne. It is a spark lighted by Him who is the uncreated Life; and, though it is but a spark when compared to Him, yet it is a spark as imperishable as Jehovah Himself.

2. The awful condition of those who are in a state of unbelief—who have not faith. Alas! and how many such abound, not only in the world, but in what is called the professing Church of God. They form a complete and awful contrast with the character we have just described; they may have a name to live, but they are dead; they may have a form of godliness, but are destitute of its power. Hypocrisy, self-righteousness, even profanity itself, may characterize them; yea, they may be amiable, generous, and do many good works, yet they do not believe. They have never been convinced of sin, consequently they feel no need of a Saviour; hence they despise, they reject Him; they make no account of His blood, His righteousness, His salvation. Thus the sentence of the law remains in full force against them. They appeal to that, and they must abide by the consequence of such an appeal. The Gospel damns them not; it is Moses and the law; these have pronounced the awful sentence of condemnation, and the justice of God must and will inflict the punishment, if they live and die in unbelief, delusively appealing to the Divine Justice, or vainly reposing in some confused and undefined notions concerning the mercy of God. "Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father: there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust," or hope (John v. 45). See also Gal. iii. 10: "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse," &c., even now at this present moment (see also John iii. 18). Thus you learn the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against every transgressor; it impends over the heads of the guilty, and only waits the voice of God for its untold and dreadful contents to fall with irrevocable destruction upon the disobedient and the unbelieving. For "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries" (Heb. x. 26, 27). Paul, in his epistle to the Romans (iii. 19), thus writes: "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may

be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." Therefore the sentence of condemnation must be co-extensive with the guilt.

Hence most assuredly the guilt of those who have been favoured with the revelation of Jehovah must be more aggravated than that of those who have never seen or heard or known them, and hence we do properly infer that they only who have been favoured with the glorious Gospel of the blessed God will realize, in all their dreadful import, the tremendous denunciations of the Son of God (see Matt. xi. 20—24), should they die impenitent and unbelieving. But I again repeat, *it is not the Gospel* that condemns them; but these, having rejected the Gospel—the counsel of God against themselves—the Gospel rejects them, and they are given over to law, to justice, and to conscience. What can be more terrible? The Gospel dispensation is the ministration of life; *the law, and the law only*, is the ministration of condemnation (see 1 Cor. iii.). How affecting and solemn the testimony of John the Baptist, and especially if we connect it with similar language which dropped from the lips of the Son of God Himself, from whose mouth grace and mercy so eloquently and richly flowed. Grace was poured *into* His lips, and grace is poured forth from His lips, for He "spake as never man spake." "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ;" read the eighteenth verse of this chapter, and you will perceive how the very words of the Son of God and the Baptist harmonize. How awfully portentous, in respect of the Jews who rejected and despised and crucified their Messiah, and how true! for wrath came upon them to the uttermost (1 Thess. ii. 16); and even unto this day they are the monuments of the awful verity of these words. And in the woful destruction of the Jewish people, you may learn the most terrible of all lessons, the certain and eternal and universal destruction of all the enemies of our God and His Christ; for "how shall they escape who neglect so great a salvation," and such an Almighty Saviour? O ye despisers, the day is at hand, when ye shall both wonder and perish!

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound" (Psalm lxxxix. 15).

"WE'VE REACHED THE RESTING-PLACE."

Thus spake a loved companion, as, walking round the shore on a brilliant summer's evening, she espied a seat hard by. "We've reached the resting-place!" thought I, "there's much in those words. First, it implies labour, and, with that labour, weariness; and is not this the case with us as "strangers and pilgrims," in this waste, howling wilderness? Oh, how much, amid its toil and travail, to tire, and oftentimes to cause the heart to faint and the flesh to fail. "Fightings without and fears within" describe, for the most part, life's pilgrimage. How pleasant, then—yea, how grateful—to "reach at times a resting-place," even though it be but temporary, for a little rest may refresh one's weary frame, and renew the strength for the conflict on the onward, homeward way.

But, strictly speaking, *what* is the resting-place, or, rather, *who* is the Rest? Oh, is not Jesus the Rest, and is He not the Refreshing of His people? All short of Jesus is unrest and dissatisfaction. Naught can avail. The whole is a blank, a void. It is "Jesus only" can fill the vacuum in the heart of man, and give him, with the amazed and grateful patriarch, to exclaim, "It is enough," "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord," that "blessing which maketh

rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." Yes, Jesus is Himself the Resting-place for each and every poor wearied sinner, and as such cast themselves upon Him—lean their whole weight upon Him, rest all their cares and anxieties and sins and sorrows upon Him,—each can feelingly say,—

"When Jesus, with His mighty love,
Visits my troubled breast,
My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blest.

"I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and His ways;
Envy and pride and lust depart,
And all His works I praise :

"Nothing but Jesus I esteem ;
My soul is then sincere ;
And everything that's dear to Him,
To me is also dear.

"But, ah ! when these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone.

"I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel.
I tire and faint, and mope and mourn,
And am but barren still.

"More frequent let Thy visits be,
Or let them longer last ;
I can do nothing without Thee ;
Make haste, my God, make haste."

Dear HART has in the foregoing feelingly described the chequered experience of Zion's pilgrims. He who has now entered upon His eternal rest for a little more than a century,* has thus been the mouthpiece for scores and hundreds of thousands, who have since traversed the self-same hard and rugged pathway, by which he travelled to his everlasting home, "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

In another of his inimitable hymns, he sings, in regard to the toils of the wilderness and "the rest that remaineth for the people of God,"

"Return to work awhile,
And wait the welcome day."

Earth's resting-place, or rather the resting-places which are here and there met with on pilgrimage, are but temporary. Even the special visits to and from Jesus are but occasional, and of longer or shorter duration. The gladness and the joy and the bliss and satisfaction arising therefrom are to help us on, and to animate and invigorate us for our long journey.

But there was another thought suggested by the utterance, "*We've reached the resting-place,*" and it was the more grateful in consequence of the then present association. We were availing ourselves of a seat which overlooked the rising tide of the Bristol Channel. The water was smooth as glass, and the just then setting sun shed a most brilliant radiance across from the shore by which we sat to the opposite coast. It reminded one of life's setting sun ; and, as the water was then so extremely smooth, in contrast to the greatest turbulence a few days before, one thought and hoped that it might be thus in the final crossing of the Jordan. "Possibly," thought I, "it may be thus at the closing up of one's earthly pilgrimage. The river of death may be both smooth and narrow, and the Sun of Righteousness may, perhaps, so brilliantly and so blessedly shine as quite to divert one's thoughts from either depths or darkness, and then

"Over there ! over there !"

on Canaan's blissful, happy shore, how joyous the enraptured exclamation of that multitude which no man can number, "*WE'VE REACHED THE RESTING-PLACE.*" Ah, and what a resting-place ! Not temporary merely, but eternal ! Not as for a way-faring man, who turneth in to tarry for a night ;

* Mr. Hart died on the 24th May, 1768, at the age of 56 years.

but for those who come no more out for ever. A resting-place where "the inhabitant never saith, I am sick; and the people who dwell there are forgiven their iniquity." A resting-place where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." A resting-place where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

Oh, reader, what an eternal exultation will this be among this ransomed throng, as in the immediate presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords, as they joyously and triumphantly shout,

"WE'VE REACHED THE RESTING-PLACE!"

D. A. D.

THE GLORIOUS STANDING OF THE CHURCH IN CHRIST.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED,—After the longest silence yet maintained by me toward you from the first day I knew you until now, I again take up my pen to write you a few love-lines, which I hope will prove both reasonable and suitable. To explain to you the various things which have prevented me from writing would neither be interesting nor edifying. Therefore, I will at once, without further preliminary or apology, attempt to write of HIM whom our souls are grace-bound to love. We cannot help loving the Lord, and yet, when we frequently look within for an evidence of our love to Him, we are exceedingly puzzled to find it. But we have lived long enough to prove that,

"Did Jesus once upon Thee shine,
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

"For ever thine" in bonds of strong love, and in ties of pure affection! Unalterably thine! Uncoolably thine! Do we always believe this? Alas, we often lose sight of the blessed fact of this everlasting relationship. We are continually forgetting the glorious reality of this unceasing friendship, and yet we read, "*He* will rest in His love," and the word also declares that "Having loved His *own* which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." And are we not His own, dearly beloved? Has He not betrothed us unto Himself in everlasting bonds of undivided affection? Can He cease to care for us? Can He help taking a deep, *deep* interest in all our concerns? Can indifference characterize the bearing of our unchanging Beloved? Are we not His own spiritual flesh? His own spiritual bones? And is it not the delight of His bones to say, "Lord, who is like unto Thee?" Why, beloved, He is indeed in one mind respecting our eternal well-being, and none can turn Him to hate our unchangeably loved souls. How truthfully Irons wrote of His unalterable affection for His Church when He said,

"She's dear to Jesus as His life,
He calls her His beloved wife."

We are bound in the bundle of life with the Lord our God, and we live in resurrection life and glory in our oneness with Him. He cannot die, we cannot cease to live because He lives His own life in us. The life of the Head is ever the life of the body. He is both the Source of life and its maintenance. He is the cause of life and the effect thereof. He comprehends the one body. He embraces the whole elect family. We cannot live a distinctive life from Him, for we have no life that He is not, and He possesses no life in separatedness from us. It is one love that

embraces Head and members: it is one life that actuates the entire body elect. The covenant-love of our covenant God never saw but one object worthy of its possession, and that object was Christ, and that Christ is the Son of the Father in truth and love, and that Son of the Father's right hand is our Beloved and our Friend. The blessings of love, election, predestination, calling, justification, and glorification are all given us in Christ Jesus richly to enjoy, "wherein He hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence." These blessings, so rich, full, and free, will never be countermanded, for our God cannot repent of these gifts in Christ Jesus our Lord. His mercies are absolute and eternal. His love is from everlasting to everlasting, and

"Although the Lord of earth and sky
Knew what we all should prove,
He on the Saviour kept His eye,
And rested in His love."

Our covenant God and Father never saw half so much in us to displease Him as He ever saw in His Son to please Him. He ever viewed His Son with complacency and delight, and He is constantly satisfied with us in Him. His merits infinitely overwhelm our demerits; His love-deservings eternally inundate our hell-deserving. Our sins have not a tithe of the power to damn, that His blood has to justify. Were our sins ten thousand times more numerous, and a million times more obnoxious in God's sight than they now are, one look of the Father's eye upon the Son would cause an infinite and eternal satisfaction to arise in His boundless mind of love. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you;" still flows from His heart of pure affection. What a blessed covering! How glorious a shelter! How inexpressibly great a hiding-place!

"I hear th' accuser roar
Of sins that I have done:
I know them 'all and thousands more,
But God remembers none."

Oh, glorious mercy! Oh, blest and unchangeable reality! "But God remember none!" Can this be true? Is it possibly real? Yes, it is blessedly true. The sins of Zion were remembered by our God and Father when He laid upon Jesus the iniquity of us all, and He poured upon Him the fury of His anger and the strength of battle; but from that day to this moment His Church has stood in God's sight as free from sin as is Christ, her glorious Sacrifice and Surety.

"He paid our debts on one grand glorious day,
And left us debtors naught to pay."

How sweet to be out of debt! How blessed to be out of danger! "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" All charges have been honourably met. We have no charges to meet: we have no sins to atone: we have no debts to pay: we have no salvation to procure: we have no wrath to fear: we have no fury to dread: we have no angry Judge to face: and why all this? Christ is our Forerunner: He has cleared our way from the lowest hell to the highest heaven: He has bridged the gulf between death and life, between the kingdom of darkness and the kingdom of light. The ransomed of the Lord by this bridge have safely passed over. For them their glorious Surety has been,

"Death of deaths, and hell's destruction."

O blessed Jesus! O glorious Beloved! O altogether and inexpressibly-lovely Bridegroom, what do we not owe Thee? What hast thou not done for us? Are we not

"Saved in the Lord, for ever sav'd,
And in life's bundle bound?"

Indeed we are. Thou knowest, precious Lord, that Thou hast most honourably saved us, eternally redeemed us, and everlastingly justified us. Can we then be condemned? Is it possible for us to miss of heaven? Can we fall short of the bliss of the glorified? Is it possible, precious Jesus, for Thy loving and righteous Father to spurn us from His blest presence? Will He not ever view us in Thee, and in Thy perfection of beauty? Can His wrath against our sin burn with greater intensity than does His love toward Thee and Thy purity? Has He not taken all His vengeance against Thee on our account? Can His wrath again burn like fire after consuming all Thy moisture, and drying thee up like a potsherd? Art Thou not infinitely and eternally pleasing in Thy divine Father's sight? And are we not pleasing, too, in living oneness with Thee? Didst Thou not say to Thy Father, and to our Father, to Thy God, and to our God, "Thou hast loved *them* as Thou hast loved me?" O wondrous ocean of divine love! O glorious channel of eternal mercy! O blissful river of everlasting delight! What can we say of Thee, *to* Thee, and *for* Thee? Thou knowest, blessed and bleeding Lamb of God, that we would speak to Thee and of Thee in suitable terms; but we find "language is lame, and very far short of expression." We need celestial eloquence to speak to Thee, Thou glorious Christ. We would adopt the pure language exclusively in testifying of Thy love and loveliness; but Thou knowest, O glorious Beloved, that whilst we dwell in tents of flesh—whilst we tabernacle in this dungeon of earth—our language savours much, very much, of Ashdod. But, when we shall get home, when we shall safely arrive at our blest destination, our human tongue and our native language shall all be left behind. The bird of paradise flutters exceedingly in her tightly-fastened cage of clay, and would gladly see the kind hand engaged in gently opening the mud-cottage door, and would be delighted to hear the welcome voice of love saying in sweetest accents, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." This would be thrice-welcome news; this would prove a highly-prized blessing of the first magnitude. But, Lord, we have no will but Thine. All the days of our appointed time will we wait, until our welcome change shall come. But Thou very well knowest, dearest Lord, that we are not at home here. We cannot make a home of a land of pits and snares; we cannot settle down in an enemy's country. The clime of this sinful world is not our spiritually-native atmosphere. We were born from above, and our heart was set beating for eternity; hence nothing of an earthly nature can satisfy its spiritual aspirations. Thou art the Author of this internal new life. Thou art the Source of this pure nature. Thou art the centre of this glowing affection.

"Thou art my heaven where'er I am—
I've all in having Thee."

Our spiritual mind never thought of being captivated with the beggarly elements of this polluted world. We were not born of Thee, without being adopted to Thee. We were formed for Thyself, and we can alone be satisfied with Thyself. Our life in the Spirit is a pure life. It is

love-life, grace-life, and glory-life. Its food is love; its element is love, and its every breathing is a breath of love. Its prayers are prayers of love; its songs are songs of love. But this pure child of pure love is in exile. All below is strange to it; all around is most contrary to it. It sighs to be unfettered; it cries to be delivered; it longs for a full, free, and final emancipation. Thou art well aware of all this, Thou glorious Author of this pure nature; Thou knowest that the earthly house of this tabernacle appears to Thy child but a sorry tent even for the time being; and were it not that it could look forward to a brighter future, how dissatisfied would it constantly be! But oh, blessed be Thy name, the time is not far distant when Thou wilt say, "Come up higher."

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The glowing pleasures of my soul."

Lord, we cannot tell a millionth part of the joys of the glory-land, but this we can joyously tell, we shall see Thee as Thou art, and we shall be everlastingly like Thee; we shall crown Thee Lord of all. Earthly ties and natural bonds will then be eternally left behind, and even now they have no seat in our spiritual affections; they have no claim upon us, and they have no right to us. Indeed, we can say—

"There's nothing here deserves our joy,
There's nothing like our God."

Communion with Thee, our only Beloved, is what we so much enjoy even here below; but, dearest Lord, we are often compelled to say with the poet—

"Communion with our God, how sweet!
But oh, the hours, how few!
When we can sit at Jesus' feet,
And foxes not pursue."

But soon the shadows of earth will flee away, the mists of corruption will eternally recede from our view, and the thrice-welcome voice of Thee, our precious Beloved, will echo in our soul, will vibrate in our heart, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." How delightful will it be then! How blissful will it everlastingly remain then! How more than satisfied with Thy likeness shall we be then! We shall not envy angels: we shall be perfectly satisfied with our precious Jesus.

"Our Jesus still shall be our theme
Whilst in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay."

But, beloved, we must stay our pen. How true it is that love's theme will never wear out, and how equally true it is that our spiritual tongue will never tire out in singing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." This is exclusively the family song. None can learn it but the redeemed, and none can sing it but those who are quickened into life in oneness with Christ who is our life. I can sing it, beloved! Bless God for the inexpressible mercy. You can sing it also, can you not? If your

harp be now upon the willows, may the Lord constrain you to take it down.

“ Loud, to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.”

I need not say how pleased I shall be with another of your glowing epistles, although I cannot well claim one, unless it be upon the unalterable ground of mutual relationship to our Beloved.

With our united best and spiritual love,

Believe me, affectionately yours,

JEDIDIAH.

QUIET THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE.

“ And He left them, and went out of the city into Bethany ; and He lodged there.”—JOHN xxi. 17.

THERE is something touchingly sweet in the expression “lodged,” reminding us of that melting passage, “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head”—or again, “There was no room for Him in the inn.” Lord of all, yet must He lodge as the meanest beggar! “For your sakes He became poor.” Can we at all grasp the wonderful thought, the Infinite becoming as it were (if we may use such a word), dependent upon His creatures for a night’s shelter, while at the same time we know the hearts of all were in His hands?

Lodged! Yes, it was only a brief respite, a very temporary cessation from toil. With the morning light “the Sun of righteousness” would again go forth to pursue unweariedly, unremittingly His labour of love. Ah! there was no real home for the Master upon earth, and shall there be for His servants?

Let us seek to realize that we “are not as yet come to the rest,” that we are but “pilgrims and strangers” passing to “the city which hath foundations,” while we strive by the Spirit’s help to “use this world as not abusing it,” remembering that “the fashion of this world passeth away.”

Has the thought ever occurred to us what a blessed season that must have been for the “family of Bethany” while Jesus “lodged” there? Can we not imagine how, through the day, each member longed for the evening when He should return to them; and, as the sun set and the shadows lengthened, watched for the loved form, listened for the well-known footstep? Then how the busy Martha must have delighted to anticipate and supply every want of the weary Saviour, while Mary experienced a yet deeper joy in hanging upon the precious words which fell from His lips.

Are not our hearts often saying, “Oh, that Jesus would even so come and lodge with me! Oh, that I were privileged to sit at His feet in these quiet evening hours, listening to His gentle loving teachings, and by that close communion drinking more and more deeply into His Spirit—becoming more and more conformed to His image! The disciples “constrained Him, saying, Abide with us” (He had only “made as though He would have gone farther”). “And He went in to tarry with them.” Is He not “that same Jesus?” “Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day and for ever,” as willing to visit and abide with His dear children now He “waits that He may be gracious.” “Behold, I stand at the door, and

knock, if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me."

Dear fellow-pilgrim, is it not very sweet to sit down at the close of the day (especially if that day has been one of trial and temptation, disappointment and care), and think, "I am 'a day's march nearer home,' one day nearer seeing and being with Jesus; the little troubles of to-day are engulfed in the Red Sea of time past, I shall see them again no more for ever." It is true, much of the journey of life may yet remain to be traversed, still 'I am nearer home to-night than I ever have been before,' I am nearer to the close than when I started afresh this morning. I may meet with many and similar obstacles, but I shall never again be called to surmount the hills and avoid the dangers of to-day's path." It is even so, one day at the time and soon, perhaps sooner than we expect, we shall find the "weary pilgrimage" over, and the "messenger at the doors;" perhaps almost before we are aware we shall be "come unto Jordan," and our feet "dipped in the brim of the river," the waters will "stand on an heap," and we shall gaze on the "pearly gates" of the celestial city. Oh, then let us be very willing to abide His time; if we are loving and longing to be with Him, how much more intensely is He loving and longing to receive us! As much as the Infinite is above the finite, His is unerring wisdom, and, while He is preparing a place for His children, He is also preparing His children for their place. He is watching the furnace, and will only leave His gold in the fire until He can see upon it the reflection of His own blessed Image; then He will fulfil the precious promise, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

BESSIE.

PAUL'S VOW.

"Having shorn his head in Cenchrea; for he had a vow."—ACTS xviii. 18.

HERE is another proof of St. Paul's willingness to conform in minor matters to the customs of the Jews, and this truly catholic spirit is still further manifested in the twenty-first chapter, where, at the instigation of James and the Elders, he entered into the Temple with four men which had a vow upon them, and purified himself with them.

The particular nature of Paul's vow in the eighteenth chapter is not revealed, but the manner of performing a vow is set forth in Numbers vi., where we find the vow of the Nazarite fully explained. Probably it was a vow of separation unto the Lord which Paul had taken, and which enjoined that the hair of the head should be suffered to grow, "until the days be fulfilled, in the which he separateth himself unto the Lord" (Num. vi. 5). But, if he became defiled by a dead body, "then he shall shave his head in the day of his cleansing, on the seventh day shall he shave it" (9th verse).

This appears to be the only explanation we can gather of Paul's conduct, where the Holy Ghost has left us so entirely without information; yet it teaches us the lesson so often set before us by the Apostle, that in small matters we may conform to the prejudices of our brethren in Christ in other denominations than that to which we belong.

W.

Though your comforts be gone, yet you are a child of God, though a comfortless one; and an heir, though a comfortless heir; a saint, though a comfortless saint (Jer. xxxi. 18—20).

OMNIPOTENT POWER.

"For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city."—ACTS xviii. 10.

THE first part of this verse is very precious to the people of God who can take refuge in His omnipotence, and feel satisfied that no evil can touch them unless permitted by Him, and, even should that be allowed, His sustaining grace is still there to carry them through every trial. "In six troubles I will be with thee: yea, in seven, there shall no evil touch thee." And in Jeremiah i. 19: "They shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee." And again, that gracious promise of our Lord is so entirely applicable to every state and condition we may be placed in, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

In the last part of the verse the doctrine of election is unmistakably set forth, "For I have much people in this city," and this truth would add greatly to the encouragement of the Apostle in his arduous labours and sufferings for Christ's sake.

From this we should learn to "be not weary in well-doing; for in *due* season we shall reap, if we faint not," remembering the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in thy weakness."

W.

THE GREAT PROPITIATION.

IN the first epistle of John, chapter ii. 1, we have these remarkable words: "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins." There are some interesting points presented to us here; the purpose of the apostles' writing, the means employed, the persons addressed. The purpose and object in view we have told us in these words: "I write unto you, that ye sin not." That is, not indulge in sin; and live in the practice and habit of it, as the unregenerate. He does not mean that they could live actually free from sin, in a state of perfection; "for there is not a just man upon earth that liveth and sinneth not," and God's saints to the last will confess that they are unprofitable servants. But now of the means employed. "These things write I unto you, that ye sin not." And the chief thing is the pardon of sin; a sense of this realized and enjoyed will bring men from sin, when nothing else will. But further, the persons addressed, "My little children;" not that they were His children naturally or spiritually, or that it was children literally He addressed, but a term expressive of union, as much as to say, "My brethren:" because they were God's children, therefore they were His brethren. But several things were implied in this term, as, first, it might signify they had much to learn; that they were dependent like little children, that they stood in need of correction: and, lastly, it implied relationship: because, if children, then they had a father. Here was the relationship between God and them—a blessed relationship, which could never be dissolved. Now we come to the case supposed; and what is that? "If any man sin." And not a very hard case to suppose either. But there is a good deal concluded in this supposition, because it is prospective. If any man do sin—shall sin. Now who are here

meant? Why, God's children, who are plagued with a body of sin and death—the Adam nature; none others. And of them it is said, "If any man sin we have an Advocate." No matter what his sin may be: because we see here that the advocacy and propitiation of Christ has for its extent *all sin*—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Therefore, if the future sins of God's people be not pardoned, as well as the past sins, then is He not the Saviour spoken of in the word of God? Every sin in its aggregate and particular is laid upon Christ. "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy sin." Name me one He has not. "And, as a cloud, thy sin." It is not a work *to be* done, but a work *done*. And this comprehends all sin, as to its pardon, though sin still exists in its being. Sin is ever in the thoughts, the will, the conscience, the affections, the mind, and enters into the whole man; and all this beside and apart from what is called wilful sin. And, after all, perhaps, no sin overtakes a child of God, but the will is more or less concerned. "With the mind I serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." This sinning with the unrenewed will is very different to the sin spoken of in Heb. x., which is apostasy, a casting off Christ as the way of salvation; and the apostle in that chapter deals with the Hebrews as professors, and declares, if you wilfully reject Christ, then there is no way of salvation for you: there is no other sacrifice for your sin: and, if you cast away Christ, there is no hope for you, nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment. Thus, then, we have considered the case supposed, which extends to *all sin*. Not to delay longer here, for we are all guilty, and therefore may gladly hasten to another point—the *remedy provided*; which lies in the advocacy and propitiation of Jesus Christ: and we may notice the Person of the Advocate, *Jesus Christ the righteous*, the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, the righteous God, the just One; He whose righteousness is the righteousness of God, His holiness the holiness of God, whose attributes are the attributes of God; and yet He made Himself of no reputation, took upon Him the form of a servant, yet was equal with God; so then He only took His own in asserting His equality with God. He was in His nature the spotless Lamb of God, like the Lamb ordained for the sacrifice. Christ was so perfect, that when Satan came he found nothing in Him. See Heb. ix. 27. "Such an high priest became us." Yes, was just suited to us, and fitted for us; nothing more or less than Jesus Christ, God incarnate. Now, if He were not essential Deity, He would not be suitable and adapted to you, or able to fulfil the office of a high priest for you. No, but being Jesus Christ the Righteous, therefore is He the Lord our Righteousness; and the Church is righteous in Him. Christ being made sin, "that His people might be made the righteousness of God in Him;" and so He is the hope of sinners, and no other Christ will suit a sinner. An Arian's christ or a Socinian's christ will never do for a poor convinced sinner. Now let us look at Christ in His advocacy. The office of the high priest was to enter once a year into the holy of holies, not without blood; and, blessed be God, not without something else, the names of all the Israel of God upon his breast. When he took in the blood of the goat, he took all the names in too. Ah, have you learnt that your name is wrapped up in Christ's very heart-strings, and that with His blood He takes in your name, and presents it to God? Why, this is the message of the Gospel. But it is not enough to know that Jesus shed His blood for sinners. No, you want a token that He shed His blood for your sin. Oh, what news is this to a poor guilt-stricken sinner, to hear and realize that Christ shed His blood for His sin; to

R R

know His sin was atoned for by that blood. Now the high priest was to take into the holy of holies the blood of the goat; and Jesus is in this figure pleased to represent His suretyship. Here we view Him as under the curse, a type of the wicked, the cursed, which the goat signified. "He shall divide the sheep from the goats, and say to them on His left hand, Depart, ye cursed." Here was the doom on the goats, and in this type we see Jesus made a curse for us, and dealt with as a sinner; and His blood which was shed was to be taken without the camp, as one unworthy of a place in the camp of Israel. But the blood was to be carried into the heavens above, and there to be presented for the whole Israel of God, whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life; all that the Father everlastingly loved. Now, my dear friends, there are those who would tell you that God's people are not the Israel of God—a great mistake. Now I hope some of you have got a blessed testimony in your souls about these things, and that what is said of literal Israel belongs spiritually to all the Israel of God. At all events you know this, that the Church of God is His body, and that all things are for the Church, of which literal Israel was the type and representation; and that nothing can be more blessed than the state the believer is brought into by being one with Christ, which the holy of holies set forth. Oh, may you find you are of that Church where the Lord resides, and is ever looking, and so realize you are of the true Israel, concerning which the Lord declared, "Say unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." Oh that the Holy Spirit may anoint thine eyes, and touch thy heart, and give thee to see the blood shed, and peace made by Christ the glorious Immanuel, God with us. Here we have the true Advocate in the sacrifice of the goat, and the names of the Israel for whom the blood was shed, and to whom it was to be efficacious. As it is written, "He sent redemption unto His people." "In the transgression of my people was He stricken." This shows out redemption in its particularity and speciality, and God's people must be brought to say, "He is mine;" and short of this you should never be satisfied. We notice, next, the persons with whom it is made—with the Father, the everlasting Father, an unchangeable Father; such as He was before all worlds, such as He will be for ever: the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Well, then, say you, what need for an advocate with such a Father, who is unchangeable, and out of whose love sprang redemption; who was everlastingly favourable to His people? Therefore where was the necessity for an advocate with such a Father? Now, doubtless, some of you are ready with an answer. Says this Father, My laws have been broken, my justice has been offended, and reparation must be made. My heart is ever the same toward my Israel—my Ephraim (and I hope some of you have learnt to subscribe yourselves by that name); but they have made a breach, and it must be healed: I must be just and holy in carrying out my purposes towards them. Mercy and truth must kiss each other, and I must be just while I am justifying the ungodly; so my justice must be appeased. Thence the necessity of an advocate between the Church and God, that justice can lay hands upon, and take full satisfaction for all demands. In Jesus we see all brought into harmony, and every attribute satisfied and honoured in His person and by His work; so that salvation is effected in a just and upright way. What greater satisfaction could be made to a broken law than the sacrifice of Him who filled the throne of Omnipotence; yea, the Lamb in the midst of the throne, the Lamb of God, and God the Lamb.

J. A. W.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

[We subjoin the two later songs of our dear aged correspondent, E. B. M., of Birmingham. She speaks in her recent letter of feeling the infirmities of age creeping on apace, and of "the grasshopper becoming a burden;" at the same time she testifies, with a warm and grateful heart, of Divine faithfulness and love and mercy. Our readers will serve her and greatly oblige us, by sending for the leaflets to enclose in letters. By this simple means our dear sister has been much holpen and encouraged in her declining years. She will soon sing her last song on earth, and begin her triumphant and eternal song above, where—

"No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues."

—Ed.]

"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."

THOU Guide of the comfortless heart!
Administer comfort and light,
Bid sorrow and sighing depart,
And banish this gloom of the night.
Oh, put a new song in my mouth,
And let me Thy mercy declare,
Remove the dominion of sin,
Unfetter my spirit in prayer.

I long to rejoice in Thy light,
And speak to the praise of Thy name,
But sin and corruption affright,
And fill with confusion and shame;
Oh, then how I mourn and repine,
My burden is grievous to bear,
The Lion is roaring around,
And I am encumber'd with care.

Oh, let me be joyful in Thee,
For Thou art the hope of my heart,
To whom but Thyself can I flee,
When earthly enjoyments depart?
Thy presence can banish my fears,
And fill me with gladness and peace,
Can raise me from death and despair,
And cause this rebellion to cease.

Dear Father, I fall at Thy feet!
Thou knowest this sorrowful heart,
Some blessed assurance repeat,
And bid the accuser depart.
My spirit, then tuned to Thy praise,
Shall joy and rejoice in my God,
And rising from gloom and distress
Shall spread the glad tidings abroad.
Birmingham.

. To be had post-free of Mrs. Moens, 47, Bath Row, Birmingham, 6d. per doz.
or 3s. 6d. per hundred.

REAPING JOY.

OH, the heights and depths of glory
Manifested to my soul,
While the tempest roars around me,
And the surging waters roll.
Thus I travel on rejoicing
In Thy loving faithful care,
Knowing, whatsoe'er betide me,
Thou wilt all my burdens bear.

Tribulation oft besets me—
Trials press on every hand—
Give me faith to wait with patience,
For by faith alone I stand;
Let me not mistrust Thy promise
In the dark and cloudy day,
But rejoice in sweet assurance
That Thy arm will be my stay.

Yes, Thy loving hand will help me,
Thou wilt be my strength and stay
Love eternal will protect me
To the bright and coming day:
There, in rich, unfading glory,
I shall see Thee face to face;
And, released from sin and sorrow,
Ever rest in Thine embrace.

E. B. M.

God takes them and throws them into a fiery furnace that burns off their bonds (Dan. iii. 25). They are loose, walking in the midst of the fire.

ANTINOMIANISM.

MANY are labouring under the thought that the doctrines of grace have a licentious tendency; which thought has been confirmed by the harsh epithets affixed to the lovers of truth by the enemies of Christ (who by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple), and some believers are afraid of indulging sentiments of so dishonouring a character as Antinomianism certainly is, in the common acceptation of the word.

The term Antinomian being derived from two Greek words, *Anti* against, *Nomos* a law, I am inclined to think that my apprehension of the same is correct, when I say, a real Antinomian is one who is taught of God to look away from the law of works; and to love a full, free and everlasting salvation, originating in eternal union to Christ, established by covenant settlement in Christ, flowing through the heart of Christ, brought by the hands of the Spirit into the soul, and springing up into everlasting life, leads the possessor to certain glory. This being in my apprehension an Antinomian, I am bold to say, *There are none but Antinomians in heaven.* On the other hand, if Antinomianism is, "Continuing in sin that grace may abound," I deprecate the sentiment as abominable in the extreme. Libertinism, not Antinomianism, is the right name for such horrid doctrine as this. Nor can I think that any man living and dying an Antinomian in this latter sense of the word can enter the kingdom of God.

As there is neither chance, contingency, nor conditionality in New Testament truths, but all are yea and amen in Christ Jesus the covenant Head of the Church, so *that* Gospel which contains either is not of God. And as Christ has commanded the Gospel to be preached to every creature, so obedience to this command honours Christ; whereas offering the Gospel dishonours Him. Some persons may think there is no real difference between offering and preaching the Gospel, but there certainly is. Offering Christ to men is setting man above Christ; preaching Christ to men is giving Him the glory due to His holy name.

Though the moral duties of the creature are not superseded by the work of our excellent Immanuel, yet they may be performed without any saving interest in Him; and, at the same time the saints of God find it to be not their moral duty, but their spiritual privilege, to live upon Him by faith, to approach Him with holy familiarity under the anointings of the Spirit, to have fellowship with the mystery, and to live in conformity to His revealed will. The creature's duty and the saint's privilege are widely different.

Nature lost her legs in paradise and has not found them since, nor has she any will to come to Jesus. The way is steep and narrow, full of self-denials, crowded up with stumbling-blocks, and she cannot like it. Moses is obliged to flog her tightly, and make her heart ache. Once she doated on the lawgiver, was faintly wedded to him, and sought to please him by her works, and he then seemed a kindly husband, but now he grows so grim a tyrant, there is no bearing him. When she takes a wrong step, his mouth is full of cursing, and his resentment so implacable, that no weeping nor promise of amendment will appease him.—*John Berridge.*

Anecdotes and Extracts.

[The following striking anecdote, setting forth the all-important matter of substitution, will shortly form the subject of a front-page illustration in *Old Jonathan*. We affectionately commend it to the attention of parents and teachers. In these times of "rebuke and blasphemy," such a circumstance may considerably help those who are anxious to set before their fellow-creatures the great and saving truths of God's blessed word.—ED.]

THE LITTLE SUBSTITUTE.

SEVERAL years ago, when I was teacher in a school at —, I had occasion to reprove a pupil for his inattention and disobedience. My words failing to produce an effect upon him, I was obliged to resort to punishment, and accordingly I called him up, and commanded him to stand for a quarter of an hour in a corner of the schoolroom. As he was going there, a little boy, much younger than the guilty one, came to me and requested that I would allow him to take the place of the lad who had offended. This request astonished me a good deal; however, I was not inclined to put any question to the child, and contented myself with observing to him, that if I granted his request, he should pass the whole of the time in the corner; "and," added I, "a quarter of an hour is very long, when one must spend it in punishment." These words did not shake him. I then pointed out to him the disgrace which attaches to a child who undergoes punishment, telling him that, in the eyes of all the visitors who might enter the school, he would appear a naughty and unruly child. Nothing, however, changed his purpose. He still persevered in his resolution. I then allowed him to take his companion's place in the corner. I was deeply moved, and I silently prayed to the Lord to give me a little of that wisdom which cometh from above in order to draw from this incident some instruction, which might be profitable to the souls of the children who were confided to me.

When the quarter of an hour was expired, I released the little boy, and asked him if it was his companion who induced him to take his place. "No, sir," he replied. "Do you not think that he deserved to be punished?" "Oh," said he, "he deserved it well." "What, then, is the motive which has led you to bear this punishment in his place?" "Sir, it is because I love him."

What a touching reply! The other children had listened with deep attention to this conversation. I then called the disobedient boy, and ordered him to go in his turn into the corner. At these words there was a clamour of protestations. A multitude of little voices cried out at the same time, "Oh, sir, that would not be right; that would not be right!"—"nor just, either," added one of the boldest. "Why would it not be just?" replied I, thinking to disconcert the boy who had thus expressed himself: "has not your schoolfellow disobeyed?" "Yes, sir, but you have allowed Joseph to be punished in his place; you should not, then, on that account, punish him." My prayer, thought I, was heard; and I continued in these words, "Does what has just happened recall anything to your minds?" "Yes, sir," said several voices, "it reminds us that the Lord Jesus bore the punishment of our sins." "What name would you give to Joseph now?" "That of *substitute*." "What is a substitute?" "One who takes the place of another." "What place has

Jesus taken?" "That of sinners." "Joseph has told us that he wished to take his schoolfellow's place, and be punished instead of him, because he loved him. Can you tell me why Jesus wished to die in the place of sinners?" "It was also because He loved us." "Repeat a passage from the Bible which proves that." "The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). "You told me just now that it would not be right, nor even just, to put the naughty boy in the corner, after having punished Joseph in his place; what instruction may we draw from this?" "We learn from it the assurance that God can never punish any sinner who believes in Jesus Christ as his Saviour;" "and," added quite a little boy, "He will never do so; for the Bible tells us that 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son,' in order that 'whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life'" (John iii. 16).—*the Christian*.

[Reader, in the foregoing touching—and we doubt not truthful—story, we have, as intimated, a striking setting forth of the mediatorial undertaking of the Lord Jesus Christ. The conduct of this little boy who asked to be, and duly became, surety for his offending friend, reminds us of a somewhat similar act of substitution of which we have somewhere read. A man, by some breach of the law, had incurred the penalty of death. Whilst under condemnation, he had an intense desire to visit and bid farewell to certain of his kindred at a distance. This could only be accomplished by his finding a surety for his appearance in due time to be executed. A friend was forthcoming to take upon himself this fearful responsibility. He took the offender's place with the thorough understanding and full consciousness that he was to die in his stead, provided the condemned man did not return. But here comes the still more striking feature of the narrative. As the time drew on for the culprit's return, his substitute was most anxious that something might occur to prevent that return, so that by such delay *he might be put to death in his place*. Here was love, here self-sacrifice indeed! After some considerable delay, the offender did return; but, when the facts became known, not only was the substitute discharged from the responsibility he had so freely and voluntarily taken upon him, but the condemned man was set at liberty also.

Now, what this noble-hearted man did for his apparently-doomed friend, Jesus did for poor sinners. He took their place; He became their Surety, He engaged in covenant with God the Father and God the Holy Ghost, that He would personally take their nature, and in that nature which had sinned, Himself answer for their transgressions by dying to atone for their transgressions, and by His sinless life imputing to them the merits of His obedience. "He became sin for them who knew no sin, that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him." But, when the fulness of time came that He should ratify and confirm His suretyship engagement, there was no release for Him, as in the case we have just cited. No, to liberate the Substitute, under such circumstances, would have been at the sacrifice of the oath and the justice and the holy character of Jehovah. It was altogether impossible that "that cup should pass from Him."

There is, dear reader, a most beautiful setting forth of the suretyship and substitution of Christ given in Genesis xviii., where, in consequence of the famine that then prevailed, the patriarch Jacob besought his sons to go again into Egypt, that they might "buy a little food." His sons, however, refused, upon the ground that "the man [Joseph] had said unto them, Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you." It was in vain

that Reuben had previously said to his father, with regard to the going down of their younger brother Benjamin with them, "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee: deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again." No, this proposal availed not. It was not until Judah (an eminent type of Christ) "said unto Israel his father, Send the lad with *me*, and we will arise and go; that we may live, and not die, both we, and thou, and also our little ones. *I* will be surety for him; of *my* hand shalt thou require him: if *I* bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let *me* bear the blame for ever." Here was responsibility indeed; and, considering that this engagement upon the part of Judah did prevail with his father Jacob, fearful would have been the consequences, as far as Jacob was concerned, had not Benjamin returned. With reverence do we speak it, had not Christ, after the covenant into which He entered, have served and suffered, *He* would have taken the blame for ever; for it was by virtue of His covenant suretyship—it was in consequence of the note of hand which He gave to be met in full at the given period—each and every Old Testament believer in Jesus was admitted to heaven. Had Jesus, the great Surety, foregone this oath, or failed in the great and glorious object of His mission, each such Old Testament saint must have henceforth and for ever have been excluded from the bliss and blessedness of heaven, and not a poor sinner of Adam's fallen race could have been saved. Well, then, in the contemplation of the suretyship of Christ might every poor sinner, looking to Him and hoping in Him, exclaim—

"Oh, for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all created human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

EDITOR.]

NIGHT TURNED TO DAY.

"I DON'T feel any better in my body, I'm quite dead all down this side. I did not feel my blindness such a trial as the paralytic stroke; that upset me terribly. But I have been so comforted to-day. The girl reads a chapter to me mornings, and she read to me about the sufferings of Christ. It was so blest to me, you can't think. I felt so ashamed of the fuss I make about my own lot. God sending His Son to bleed and die for a wretch like me was so melting. It came with such a power. I said, 'How can it ever be that Jesus did all that for such a vile thing as I feel I am. What was I when God called me, and what have I been since I was called?'"

"How did God meet with you?" was asked.

"Ah, it was all of grace, that I'm quite sure," responded the poor old woman, warmly. "I must speak up for grace any how at all. I was not a wicked young woman, but I was frolicsome, very thoughtless, and never had any idea of God or religion. I married a gay young fellow, and we ran into all kinds of folly. He earned a lot of money, but we spent it in pleasure as fast as we got it. He was fond of the play-house, and we used to go regular twice a week. This was an expense, but we did not care, and I very much enjoyed it. We kept a public-house, so we could afford it then.

"One wet Sunday evening we were kept from our usual frolics, and we were sitting at home. I was reading the newspaper, and my husband a

play-book—a kind of reading he was uncommon fond of. My brother-in-law called in to see us. He said, looking at us both, ‘This is bad Sunday-work. Why don’t you go to church or chapel?’ ‘Oh, I never go anywhere,’ I said. ‘But you must die some day,’ said he, ‘and ’tis a terrible way to meet death. It is like the brutes that have no souls.’ He talked a good bit to us, till I got quite ashamed, and, before he left, I promised I would go to his chapel the next Sunday.

“When the day came it was bright and fine. I kept thinking all the week about Sunday and his chapel, though I said nothing. ‘Come along for a walk,’ said my husband. ‘No,’ said I, ‘the promise I made William I mean to keep. I must go to chapel.’ ‘Oh, folly!’ said he, ‘don’t think about that; let’s enjoy ourselves.’ ‘But I *must* go,’ I said, ‘for Bill will say I’m a liar.’ ‘And never mind if he does,’ said my husband. However, I was determined to go to chapel just out of obstinacy like, for I had no thought about my soul any more than a beast; so off I started. The service and the text I gave no heed to. I was looking at one and another, but all of a sudden the words of the preacher took effect upon me when he spoke about sin in a way I could not describe. It seemed all about me. Oh, the change that took place in my feelings from that day. It is forty years and more since the Lord alarmed me when I was sunk in ignorance and sin. Then trouble came. Our days of pleasure and extravagance ended in poverty. My poor husband died in the union; I lost my sight; then followed the stroke that made me helpless, but the Lord gave me *Himself*, and at times He makes me happy in His love, and at times I feel very low and troubled. But grace called me, and grace has kept me, and I’m sure the Lord ought to have all the glory from first to last. He must from me anyhow. L.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

PREDACHED FEB. 23, 1869.

“For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”—HEB. iv. 12.

WHAT a description of that word which is so universally despised! But that does not alter the case. The word of God, in the hands of the Spirit of God, is sufficient for all things connected with that teaching which bears upon the eternal existence of man. That word of our God which exposes and denounces all sin, that same word reveals the way of escape from the condemnation due to sin. We live in a world of wonders. We live in an age of wonders—a greater age of wonders, perhaps, than ever was before. But, my hearers, the greatest wonder of the world is that despised word of God, because that word, under the influence of the Spirit, and in the hand of the Mighty One, can accomplish wonders which nothing else can produce. In the hand of the Spirit, it rouses the careless sinner, and gives light to the spiritually dead. It binds up the broken-hearted by the healing balm conveyed in its messages of mercy; it encourages the seeker after truth by the preciousness and the glory of its

promises ; it reclaims the backslider when the hidden evils of a deceitful heart, operated upon by the outward influences of the world, have drawn him aside from the paths of holiness and peace ; and it bears up the dying Christian upon the arms of a consolation which no other system can unfold. Yes, brethren, the word of God is the Christian's light in the day of darkness ; it is the Christian's sword in the day of conflict ; it is the Christian's compass across the ocean of time. Therefore, the great Apostle, when he speaks concerning the origin of the word of God, tells us at the same time the purpose for which that word was sent and given. St. Paul, in the two last verses of the 3rd chapter of his second Epistle to Timothy, says : " All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness : that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." " Oh, but," say people, " what in the world is inspiration ? " I need not stand here and remind you what a vast amount of scribbling there has been, especially during the last two years, with reference to this question, What is inspiration ? And then, allowing that there is such a thing as inspiration, it is asked what the extent of that inspiration is ? Why, you know that both questions are full of foolishness.

St. Paul tells us plainly that "*all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God"—*all* of it. We must take Scripture as a beautiful and harmonious whole, and manifest it by a life of good works. Now, I want to-night, as the Lord shall be pleased in His infinite mercy to help me, to speak to you a little in the first place concerning the nature and the value of the word of God ; and in the second place, on the necessity of messengers, that that word of God may be unfolded to the edification of the people. Brethren, let us stand with all solemnity of mind before that first clause of the text, " The word of God "—the word of Him that built the universe. Do you see this book ? From beginning to end that book, in the beautiful and comprehensive form in which we possess it, is—what ? One great glorious " Thus saith the Lord." Now, you have heard the word of God, you have read the word of God, but with what result ? Has that word been quick and powerful to you ? Brethren, it is an important question. If I know nothing of the word of God in its living, powerful influence, whatever I may possess as the principles of a creed, I shall lie down in darkness in the end, and never appear among the glorified spirits on high. The word of God, in its quick and powerful influence, is that which brings a sinner from the darkness of his natural condition to the footstool of Divine mercy, to sit as a little child at the foot of the cross. This is the meaning of that remarkable expression in the first chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, ver. 23, " But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." Here is the nature of the word, and the reception of the word, " We preach Christ crucified." Why, there is nothing worth the name of Gospel-preaching apart from that. Is not Christ crucified the foundation of His living Church, and the only solid ground on which a sinner can build his hope ? Is not Christ crucified the great principle in which I as a poor sinner can glory ? and will not Christ crucified be the glory of heaven, and the song of eternity unto " Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins " by His crucifixion ? " We preach Christ crucified." But, says St. Paul, to the Jews it was a stumbling-block. Why ? Because the Messiah came in such a very different way from what they expected—it was too simple for them. And

the Greeks regarded it as foolishness, because, with their ten thousand deities and costly sacrifices, they could not understand the simplicity of its faith. What is the difference between that and our day? It appears to me we have got Jews and Greeks all jumbled up together in men's minds now. The text tells us that the word of God is a living, powerful, separating, heart-searching principle. The word of God is quick, living, and invincible. And you must remember it is compared not simply to a sword, but to a two-edged sword. I apprehend that a two-edged sword would be an instrument that would cut both ways. The Gospel is indeed a two-edged sword, for it will cut a man off outwardly from the service of sin, and inwardly from the love of sin. It may be possible for an individual to have the whole word of God in his judgment and his memory, and yet be far off from God. But, on the other hand, only let him have one sentence of that word of God in its living power, written upon the fleshly tablets of the heart, and he will feel something like Adam, when he exclaimed, "I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself." The Scriptures frequently speak of those who tremble at the word. Now, while it is indeed time that all the Lord's people are not pierced equally deep, yet it is time that that 16th verse of the 3rd chapter of the prophet Habakkuk is the expression of the living feeling of many: "When I heard, my belly trembled; and my lips quivered at the voice: rottenness entered into my bones, and I trembled in myself." A deep and powerful experience that: but there are many here to-night in whose heart it finds an echo—some that can really understand it. Further, the word of God is not only quick and powerful in bringing the soul into newness of life, but it is also a living power to urge that soul onward in the way of life. It brings the sinner to the footstool of Divine mercy to hope in the Saviour's blood. Ah, but hope sometimes languishes, faith gets low and feeble, and the soul of the Christian—the living Christian—becomes clogged at times by the influence of the creatures of earth. My hearers, if the soul of the believer—and it is so at times—becomes too much overwhelmed by carnal objects, what is the result? Love grows cold, the services of God's house are without power, the daily reading of the word is a dull and uninteresting matter, prayer dwindles down into mere formality, and all Christian exercises are subjects of indifference. Such a man must be stirred up again by the word, for, my hearers, the word of God has many instrumentalities to make itself over again quick and powerful. It may be uttered by conscience; it may be expressed by the preacher; it may be spoken by affliction, as unquestionably it was on one occasion in the experience of David, when he said, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept Thy word." Now, this was evidently something that was sent to bring him back from the coldness of a wandering heart. But what was it that really upheld him in that affliction? Why, the word of God that he had discovered and found to be life and power to his soul, and therefore his confession was, "This is my comfort in my affliction, Thy word hath quickened me." Why, my hearers, how can a man be a Christian, if he knows nothing of the word in this sense? Is it not the word in its living power that brings him from darkness to light, shows him his misery, unfolds to him the power of Jesus, and raises in his heart the graces of the Spirit when they droop and languish? But again, the word of God is quick and powerful in its separating influence, to keep a man away from the world and its vanities,

and to make him live to the glory of his Saviour God. Do you remember that expression of the psalmist, "By the words of Thy lips have I kept myself from the paths of the destroyer?" Yes, there is a holy fear in the mind of every godlike soul that brings him to say, "My soul standeth in awe of Thy word." Solomon says "where the word of a king is, there is power." Now, if a man has heard the king's word in power, let him take care to walk worthy of the king's son, because if he does not, that word says, "I will reprove thee, and I will spread all Thy foolishness before thee." And some of you know how sharply that word can reprove, and how deeply that two-edged sword can cut. There are two principles of Scripture that never must be separated from each other: one is, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I may not sin against Thee;" the other is, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." I cannot understand any profession of Christianity that is not connected with a living power within—that is not connected with a living, powerful, practical, illustration in the life; because the grace of God that bringeth salvation teaches a man that "to deny ungodliness and worldly lust" is to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world. Again, the word of God is quick and powerful in its consolations. The Scriptures of truth are the great spiritual store-house, where there is treasured up that glorious abundance of gracious provision, from which the great Head of the Church loves to enrich the poor and satisfy the needy. Here, indeed, it is that they have all been fed and nourished from the very beginning. Tens of thousands of glorified spirits now basking in the sunshine of heaven, all grew in grace by eating of that "spiritual meat" and drinking of that "spiritual rock," so beautifully and blessedly set forth in the word of our God. Do you want illustrations? Let me give you one or two. "Oh, how sweet is Thy word unto my taste; yea, sweeter than honey unto my mouth." What saith another? "I have esteemed the words of Thy mouth more than my necessary food." What another? "Thy word was found, and I did eat it; yea, it is the rejoicing of my heart." This is quite enough to show you how the spiritual strength of the old saints was kept up by the word of our God. And let us try and rejoice to-night that it is as full and abundant as ever. Therefore we find it described as "a word in season to him that is weary." Is it not so? Is there not something to suit every season, whatever be that season? Is there not something adapted to every kind of weariness, from whatever source it may arise? How hard, how insensible does a Christian at times become while in this weary land; oh, how cold. Where is his love? Where is anything that can be called spiritual? Who is to help him? Where is he to get strength? How shall he be revived? There is a spirit in Psalm cxlvii. 18, which none but a living soul can understand: "He sendeth out His word, and melteth them; He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow." How is that adapted to the state of the child of God? You know very well how many times you have come to the sanctuary, some of you cold and heart-frozen, but the Lord spoke to you through the messenger, and made His word quick and powerful: it dropped upon your spirit, and the soul melted before its influence. What a wonderful privilege it is to have a sanctuary and to be enabled to meet in the sanctuary without any fear or dismay, but it is not in the power of the messenger to command any saving blessing. It must be the Lord Himself. It must come to this: "My Beloved spake and He said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one; for lo, the winter is past" and is spring

time directly. However, everything may be frozen up. Blessed Lord, we do know something about these things, and, if the winter season comes again, we know that it will by-and-by be over for ever. There is no occasion whatever for a minister to enter into an argument to prove that earth is a vale of tears, or that man is born in sin; but what I would ask is this—what is it, in the midst of all that is discouraging, all that is dispiriting, all that is disappointing, that proves of real support to the child of God in this wilderness condition? Why, it is the word of God, clothed with that living power. Yes, it meets the child of sorrow, and it says to him, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." It says to the poor pilgrim of the cross, toiling through this desert place, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Yes, it brings with it the promise of a final deliverance and an assurance of present support. It enables the child of God, in the midst of all his sins, all his sorrows, and all his bereavements, to lay his hand upon the precious volume and with uplifted heart to say—

"Had not Thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys had fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead."

But the Holy Spirit not only speaks of the nature and the value of the word of God, but of the necessity of messengers by whom that word shall be unfolded, and set before the people to the edification of the soul. Now, that is a most remarkable saying of the apostle in Romans x. 14, "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" This distinctly shows us that the preaching of the Gospel is the appointment of God. It is in reality a fulfilment of the gracious promise left on record, Jer. iii. 15, "And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." And, whenever you find a messenger that answers to that description, who makes it manifest by his work and life that his determination is to teach nothing but Jesus and Him crucified, take care how you treat him, take care how you despise him, because the Lord has said, "By so doing you treat me in the same manner." What a marvellous thing it is that in this land of Bibles, at this very moment, the language of the prophet is emphatically true, "He that contendeth for truth maketh himself a prey." Why, it is just this, the man that most simply and clearly unfolds the doctrines of eternal grace will be most shunned, most despised, most hated; whilst, on the other hand, the man that most beclouds the great message of the Gospel with that which is most flattering to men will be most applauded and upheld. You must remember that one of the judgments denounced by God is a famine of the word. And who can look abroad upon the signs of the times without being convinced that we are drifting into that? Are not the messengers dropping one after another off the walls of Zion? Sin is wrapped up in crafty and specious ways, and there are some who would silence the messenger, take away the word, and open the door for the wild boar of the wood to come in and trample down the vineyard. Herod the king was a monster of cruelty, but do you know what Herod's greatest sin was? We can find it, you know, in Luke iii. He silenced a

messenger of God. We are told that "he added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison."

John was not afraid to speak, neither will any man be who desires the honour of his Master and the salvation of immortal souls. Not that any messenger of the word of God is to be rude in connexion with his message; not that any messenger is purposely to insult the judgment of any of his hearers. "He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully." And he can speak the word of his God faithfully and do it affectionately. It does not follow, because the word of God is preached faithfully, that there is a spirit of bitterness and contention. Oh, no. There is such a thing as preaching the truth in love. Now let us remember that it is from the mighty One, even from Jesus, that the messengers receive their gifts and qualifications. Otherwise, nothing that a messenger can say can be profitable. While it is from the word of God that the messenger has to gather all his materials and all his message, it is from the great Shepherd Himself that that divine anointing must come which can make the word quick and powerful, and "sharper than a two-edged sword." It is well to come to the sanctuary; it is well to listen to the word of God, but it ought to be carefully and prayerfully listened to, to see whether it is in harmony with the word of God. Listening to the Gospel is not listening to anything. Our Saviour said, "Take heed what ye hear, and how ye hear," and that gives us to understand that going to the sanctuary is not to loiter away time, but to listen for eternity. The Gospel is not only to be heard; but to be believed. There are four classes of character that the Holy Spirit condemns in connexion with the Gospel and hearing thereof: those who reject and despise the word; those who stumble at the word; those who make the word of non-effect by their tradition; and those who wrest that word to their own destruction. If there be any of that stamp in this assembly, God give you power to ponder that remarkable question, "What shall be the end of those that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ?" May the Lord grant that the preaching of His Gospel to-night may be the fulfilment of that sublime passage of the prophet, "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

A HINT TO THE HELPLESS.—"I hope Edward has got the place you were speaking to me about?" "No, ma'am, I'm sorry he hasn't. I took it to heart very much at first, and when I came home I had a good cry about it; but I soon brightened up, for, since I learnt to speak to the Lord about everything, troubles have never seemed heavy long, and it came to my mind that very likely we had lost that because something better was awaiting us: so I took my trouble to the Lord, and He has kept it for me, for I haven't had it since. I can mind the time when these things used to fret me terrible, but they don't now, for I does all my work by prayer now, and ma'am," she added, stepping back into the room in very earnestness, "It is the blesseddest way in the world of doing work."—*From the "Missing Link."*

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—PSALM xxxvii. 37.

A YOUNG DISCIPLE: HER WALK IN LIFE AND HER VICTORY IN DEATH.

(Concluded from page 490.)

THE Lord, in answer to her prayer, brought her safely home again to the parents she loved so dearly. It was then my first acquaintance began with her, and a great privilege I esteemed it. Many were the walks we took in the beautiful neighbourhood by which we were surrounded. Nearly always she would talk to me of the best things, and many helps she gave me along the rugged path. How often she would talk about the joys of the kingdom! She was then in the midst of health and spirits; little did we think how short her pilgrimage would be. Sometimes I have been with her during her morning reading of the Scriptures, and most profitable I found them. She would compare Scripture with Scripture, her vigorous mind grasped an idea so clearly. Most beautifully would she work out what she called her Bible ladders. Her father gave her a very handsome polyglot Bible. It is most closely marked, and many little notes and comments interleaved, showing how deep a Bible student she was. It was about this time she was brought into great trouble. Two of her sisters were taken dangerously ill; one died, the other recovered; but it was only through the closest watching and nursing. Dear S. devoted herself to her sister to such a degree that she overtaxed her strength, and never from that time did she seem quite as strong as before.

I will now give some extracts from her diary, as it will show the workings of her mind, and may perhaps be an encouragement to others who suffer from like temptations.

Sunday, August 13, 1859.—Got up at ten minutes to seven. Thought of the text, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," whilst dressing. Had a delightful sense of God's presence, and great liberty in prayer before church-time. At church wandering thoughts and coldness of heart intruded, and felt rather drowsy in the afternoon. Oh, how need I to pray, "Create in me a clean heart," &c. Come, Holy Spirit, and shed abroad a Saviour's love in my cold heart, and that shall kindle mine. But our God never hides His face long together. I enjoyed this evening's service, and felt much "joy and peace in believing."

"Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me."

Morning text, Acts xii. 5; evening, 1 Kings xvii. 24.

Thursday, Sept. 1st.—It is some days since I wrote in my diary, during which time I have had strange conflicts. To-day is the first of another month; may it be devoted to God. I have found out how much discretion I want, and how weak I am, from several things which have occurred

lately. C—— is here; I admire that girl! I wish I were more like her; she has more principle than I have. I want such a lot of things; I wish I could pray more. I want to have access at all times to the throne of grace, where I know all my wants can be supplied out of the fulness of Christ. Lord, teach me to pray, and be merciful to me, for Christ's sake, and let Thy word be my guide.

"O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray."

Sunday, Sept. 11th, 1859.—To-day is my birthday. I am nineteen years old to-day, and it is with shame and sorrow I write, that until within the last twelve months I have spent my life without God and hope in the world. But blessed be the God and Father of our precious Redeemer, since my last birthday, He hath called me out of darkness into His marvellous light, and from the power of Satan unto God. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits? May my life be devoted to Him.

Sept. 12th.—The Lord is showing me how vile and sinful I am. This morning I have had conflict in my soul, and oh, what a mercy it is that we are not in our own keeping! "We are not our own; we are bought with a price." I think sometimes, for a few moments, God in His wisdom allows our sin to show itself, and Satan to severely try us, and then we feel our weakness, entire helplessness, and worthlessness; then we feel the meaning of the word "*Saviour*," one who died to save us, to save from sin, because He fulfilled the law for us; from Satan, because He has conquered him; from hell, for He hath purchased heaven for us; from death, because He rose from the grave, burst the bands of death, and took away sin, the sting of death. Oh, what a powerful precious Saviour we have to deal with! What or whom have we to fear? "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

"How oft has sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God;
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood."

Mine is, I know, a wicked sinful heart, and I am most unworthy of the least of all God's mercies, but I earnestly pray for a clean heart; and my Saviour's worth is all my plea. I feel certain that God will do what is right and best for me; that He will never leave nor forsake me, and at last, through our great Redeemer's might, more than conquerors we shall prove.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

Sept. 17th.—This week we have begun to take in *Old Jonathan*, and I like it very much. Miss B—— called this morning and asked me to take a Bible district. I have not yet quite made up my mind; yet I don't know why I should hesitate. I am afraid I am not equal to the work; but Christ has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Oh, for more faith! Why should I doubt that my day shall not be greater than my strength? God knows I would like to devote my life and time to Him, and I trust He

will show me His will in this case. I hope all I do will be to His glory. I have felt vexed lately, that as yet I have not obeyed my dear Redeemer's dying command, "Do this in remembrance of me." I have not been confirmed, and that is my obstacle. I must ask Mr. D—— about it. O Lord my God, give my Thy Holy Spirit, and show me Thy will, and let me never by profession or narrowness bring any reproach upon religion; for Christ's sake.

Sept. 22nd.—This morning I felt annoyed at something, dear mamma said, and was angry and put out. Oh, when shall my life and actions prove how I really love her? I would always obey, love, and honour her; but something hinders me, and so it is with regard to God. I hope and know that I do indeed love Him, and wish to serve Him faithfully; but I cannot do the things I would,

"Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee and adore.
Oh for grace to love Thee more."

I have made up my mind to take the Bible district, if nothing prevents. I trust not in my strength; for of myself I can do nothing. Lord, bless my feeble efforts to Thy glory, for Christ's sake. All I can do adds nothing to my merit, for it is God's grace that enables me to do all or anything; but I would devote my every talent to Him who died to save me. I cannot help doing so; He draws me, and I follow on. I am not my own. I should soon go back; no, I am God's; bought by the precious blood of God's dear and only Son.

"Sing, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends His grace.

"God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood,
And to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

"Sing, my soul, adore His name,
Let His glory be thy theme,
Praise Him till He calls thee home,
Trust His love for all to come."

[She did indeed devote all her spare time and talents to the Lord; in her district she was greatly blessed, to the comfort of some and leading others to the Saviour; in her Sunday-school class, too, she was much beloved, and is still spoken of with great affection. We doubt not the good seed was sown by her, and will bring forth fruit; the secrets of the last day will reveal it, when we trust both teacher and pupil will meet around the throne.]

Sept. 26th.—I am the most unworthy of God's creatures, and the most ungrateful, and I should think, by my actions, the weakest too; I am full of sin, there is no good in me. What a mercy it is that Christ died for sinners, not good persons. I am a vile sinner, but glory be to our covenant Father, He sent His Son to die for sinners. I sometimes wonder whatever those around me must think of me; I profess to be a follower of Christ (and so I endeavour to be), but sin and Satan are so strong, and I am so helpless, that sometimes I yield; then my heart is wrung with

grief at the thought of dishonouring my God and religion, and I know not what to do. I know God has said, "Sin shall not have dominion over you," and that at last "we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loveth us," and that Christ died for me; but for that very reason I would do all things to the glory of God. I am, indeed, ungrateful; at least, my actions prove me so; but I cannot do the things I would. Forgive me *all*, my Father, for our Saviour's sake.

The Protestant Beacon.

[Annexed is a second letter from the Rev. Charles Stirling, M.A., whose previous letter to the *Daily Telegraph* we published last month. We fully coincide with the views herein expressed, and are thankful that his sentiments are expressed through so wide a medium.—ED.]

THE DOOM OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR,—I thank you for inserting my letter of the 10th inst., and only regret that you prefixed the title "Vials of wrath," which was not in my manuscript. May I ask the favour of space in your columns for a reply to a numerous body of your readers who have thought proper to write to me, but have omitted their names and addresses? I will simply premise that the tone of most of the letters I have received and the spirit which they manifest are deplorable. They give evidence of a widely-spread infidelity, and show that England is ripening for judgment.

Now, Sir, I maintain that there is the most striking analogy between the history of the Jewish nation from the period of the Exodus to that of the Babylonish Captivity, and the history of our own country from the Reformation to the present day. If we trace the history of the Jewish people, we find that, just in proportion as they were faithful to God, so they were blessed and prospered; and whenever they lapsed into idolatry the scene instantly changed, and national disaster was the immediate result. This is most remarkably brought out in the chronicles of the Kings of Judah.

Let us turn to the case of England. She was at the Reformation brought out of the worse than Egyptian bondage of Popery, rescued from superstition and idolatry, and blessed with the knowledge of the pure word of God, and the full effulgence of Gospel light. This precious deposit of Divine truth was, by the most striking manifestation of God's good providence, confided in an especial manner to the custody of England. Our country and our National Church were made the bulwarks of the Reformation, and the champions of the Protestant religion. We have but to review "our rough Island's story" for the last three hundred years to be convinced of the fact, that fidelity to Protestant truth has brought with it national weal, and that truckling to idolatrous Rome has ever entailed national woe. This is admirably brought out by the late Rev. Dr. Croly, in a paper entitled "England the Fortress of Christianity," which is to be obtained from the Protestant Alliance, and which I earnestly entreat your readers to procure for themselves. But I will take an example

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from our recent history. In the year 1845 an attempt was made by the British Government to "conciliate" Ireland by permanently endowing the Romish College of Maynooth with £27,000 per annum from the Consolidated Fund! The Protestant feeling of the country revolted instinctively from so grievous a sacrifice of principle at the altar of expediency—from doing evil in the vain hope that good might come. Public meetings in opposition to the measure were everywhere held, petitions bearing one million two-hundred thousand signatures were presented, praying the Legislature to reject the bill; and solemn warnings were uttered of the certainty of Divine judgment descending upon Protestant England, should she faithlessly abandon the Protest, and lavish her wealth upon the diffusion of the worst form of idolatrous superstition. Those petitions were disregarded—those warnings were unheeded. But mark! On the very day that Her Majesty gave her assent to the Maynooth Bill, and closed the Parliament in person, the Royal standard at Windsor was blown down, and the crown of Queen Victoria was let fall, and its splendid jewels were scattered on the ground! I regard these remarkable incidents as ominous of the approaching break-up of the Empire.

But, further, scarcely had the autumn of 1845 passed away before doleful tidings reached us from Ireland. The potato crop was smitten, and there commenced that famine, with pestilence in its wake, which filled the land with lamentation, and mourning, and woe. All this was precisely what Protestants had expected and predicted; and, in 1847, so gloomy was the state of affairs, that a day of fasting and prayer was proclaimed, and the nation was called on to humble itself before God.

Well had it been for England had she then reversed her fatal policy, and ceased to foster Popery! However,

"Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus."

In 1854 we "drifted" into war with Russia, and sent forth idolatrous Romish priests with our soldiers—a thing unheard of since the Reformation. What was the consequence? I turn with shame and grief from the sad story of the Crimean war. We entered upon that struggle in alliance with our ancient rival, and that ancient rival—over whom we had gained such splendid triumphs in Protestant times—now become our "gallant ally," contrived not only to gather in all the laurels, but to wrest from us our position as a first-rate Power, which we have never since regained.

We hear much in these days of the "intelligent foreigner." Let us listen to one whose intelligence none will dispute. "Talk not to me," says Count Bismarck—"talk not to me of England; she is but a second-rate Power. Were I a Hindoo, or an Abyssinian, or possibly an American, I might care what England thinks; but, being a European, I do not. England, that once subsidised the half of Europe, and fought the other half, has now sunk to the second class. The nation that will not fight is not a Power." What said our own Sir H. Bulwer in his address to the electors of Tamworth? "I should be sorry to see John Bull sink into the lean and slippered pantaloons, cowering in a corner of Europe, and afraid lest anyone should slap him in the face." Evidently this distinguished diplomatist has some notion of the tendency of events. Poor England! Her glory is departed. She is no longer mistress of the seas.

She is conscious of weakness, and would fain hide it under the vain pretence of "non-intervention." She sacrificed Denmark, and incurred the derision of Europe. Apparently she is making ready to abandon Belgium, when Belgium's hour of trial shall arrive. The race of Englishmen that could tamely endure the recent public discussion of the cession of Gibraltar to Spain is indeed dwarfish and degenerate.

The youth of England is growing up accustomed to a painfully "humble" tone as regards our relations with foreign Powers, and unfamiliar with the magnificent exploits of their fathers under a staunchly Protestant King, surrounded by Protestant ministers, and supported by the enthusiasm of a Protestant people. "There were giants in the earth in those days." Now mark the contrast between the England of 1815 and the England of to-day! Alas! forty years of pro-Popish legislation have well-nigh eaten out the national heart. It is my very earnest and decided conviction that, unless God in His mercy grant us national repentance, our country's doom is sealed—"Actum est de Republicâ."

Symptoms of decadence abound on every side, and ere long we shall need a historian of "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire." I believe that the catastrophe can only, under God, be averted by the complete reversal of the policy of the last forty years—the recall of every concession to Popery from 1829 to the present time, and the re-establishment, at any cost and at all hazards, of our Protestant Constitution, under which England became the dread and envy of the world.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES STIRLING, M.A.,

Vicar of New Malden and Coombe.

Aug. 27.

Correspondence.

THE AGED PILGRIM'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I think most of your readers are acquainted with the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society, and to be acquainted with it is to feel interested in it. I therefore make no apology for telling them something more about it.

During my recent holiday visit to the south, I preached for this excellent Society first at St. Mark's, Tollington Park, where a large congregation had assembled. The collection amounted to nearly seventeen pounds, which was increased to upwards of twenty-one pounds by the kindness of a friend the next day. One of the London papers referred to the sermon, but ascribed it to a Dr. Aitken. The same week preached again for the Society in St. Matthew's Church, Essex Road, Islington, where the collection was above four pounds. On Monday, the 6th inst., I went to the hospitable mansion of John Deacon, Esq., Grantham House, Putney Heath, to meet some of these dear old Christians from the Asylum at Camberwell. Mr. D—— had them fetched in three private omnibuses. There were twenty-three from the Asylum, and five or six from the Hospital for Incurables, who, with the excellent warder and his wife, dined and took tea together. There were also Rev. Mr. Jay from Camberwell, Mr. Cannon, the Rev. F. Taynton, and the Rev. S. Sears.

After dinner all were gathered together in the dining-room, where

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(after prayer and singing) Mr. Sears gave a most instructive lecture on the encampment of Israel in the wilderness, and the worship of God in the tabernacle, all of which was illustrated by a model about 7 feet by 5. I should think every part of the camp was noticed; the *marchings* and the *restings* of the Israelites were spoken of, and the whole worship, and every article of furniture, without, within, and upon the tabernacle, and the building itself, in its material and in its structure, were shown to have their antitype in Christ and His Church while here below. A suitable hymn and prayer brought this interesting and instructive service to its close. About seven o'clock the vehicles came for the dear pilgrims, and with a half-crown each they were dismissed, after having by their warden expressed their gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, and their warm wishes for the best of blessings for them and their dear children. It was a delightful sight to see the happy smiling faces of these dear aged pilgrims, and to know that those who were prevented by infirmity from attending were to be remembered. These treats are most beneficial to all who take part in them, and have a great tendency to raise the mind from earth to heaven, to the Giver of "every good and perfect gift;" and I, for one, was thankful to have been present.

My engagement at the Chapel of Ease, Islington, having been extended to Thursday (9th), I asked the minister and wardens to allow the Society to have a collection on that evening; and, although the wardens had not previously known the Society, they most kindly consented, and the result was (besides four or five annual subscribers) the sum of £21 12s. 4d. collected at the doors, and many persons made acquainted with the Society and its operations.

I know you will rejoice to learn these few facts, which I have related with the greatest brevity.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
ALFRED HEWLETT.

A SENSE OF SIN.

Martock, August, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—The following extract from Sermon III., in "Sermons and Letters by the late Rev. G. D. Doudney," was "a word in season" to me the other day. My dear wife was reading it, and it entered into my soul with a comforting power, the savour of which was precious for some time. A word in season,—how good it is you know, dear sir. I have, therefore, sent it to you, thinking you may let it appear in our family Magazine when you have a spare corner. It may be a word in season also to some dear brother or sister who may be cast down with the like "difficulty," a difficulty which has often caused "heaviness in my heart," making it "to stoop," indeed.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours respectfully and affectionately,
G. HART.

"But I know Little-faith will say, 'This is my difficulty; I fear I have never been brought to feel my sinnership—that I have never been brought to feel as I ought the evil of sin.'

"Well, if the Lord has brought you to this point; if there is something

in you which responds to what I have said—that there is nothing upon which you can rest but *Jesus only*—if you are going out of self, saying,

‘Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling’—

if He is your only refuge, the Lord help you to disregard what Satan says about your not having suffered as deeply as you ought on account of sin; the Lord shows us, just according to His own purpose and grace what we are by nature; He shows us enough to kill us to all hope in self, and to make Christ all in all to us.”

LOVE AND ITS FRUITS.

“*The love of Christ constraineth us.*”—2 COR. v.

LOVE is the prevailing principle in the economy of God’s covenant of grace. The Saviour and the saved are alike swayed by its constraining power. We are told “love is the fulfilling of the law” and “the end,” or object aimed at, “of the commandment is charity,” or love. It may be profitable for a little season to consider what the Scripture saith concerning love. “The Father so loved the world that he gave His only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Jeremiah says, “The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, I have loved Thee with an everlasting love,” a love prior to creation, and durable as the dominion of Jehovah; this love is free, indissoluble and unchangeable; it is the fountain-head of all blessedness, and its streams issue forth in the election of the one, true Church in the person of her adorable Head. Again, of the Son of God, we read, “He loved us and gave Himself for us;” and we are exhorted to walk in love as or because He did so. Husbands are exhorted to love their wives, even as Christ loved the Church. The love of the Redeemer is proved in the act of redemption, “having loved His own He loved them unto the end,” purchasing them out of the hands of Divine justice with His own precious blood. “Herein is love that when He was rich, for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich.” Thus love destined the persons loved to be saved, and love saved them; for salvation was complete in the satisfaction of Divine justice and in obedience to the law for righteousness. Yet are we ignorant, not only of the remedy but of the disease, until the Holy Ghost, in love to our souls, opens the blind eye, softens the hard heart, works conviction of, and sorrow for, sin, and reveals the Lord Jesus in the beauty of His person, the glory of His righteousness, the efficacy of His blood-shedding, and the all-sufficiency of His grace. Then, being drawn by His sacred influence, we run after Him; thus convinced of His love for us we love Him in return. Henceforth the blessed sense of His love constrains us to listen to His voice—“My sheep hear my voice,”—to follow his leading—“they follow me,”—and the service of Christ is perfect freedom; a love which creates largeness of heart, to love all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ with sincerity, yea, and to love those who do not love Him, or His service, seeking to win souls, and to bring into the fold the sheep for whom He shed His precious blood to be *all things to all men* in order to win *some*.

Brethren, pray that we all may increase and abound in this grace more and more, for it is the very opposite of coldness, indifference, carelessness,

or deadness, and of the love of the world, which is such a strong and powerful feeling of the natural mind in every one of us as "naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam," and to this "so much the more as ye see the day approaching."

Believe me,

Your loving brother in the Lord,

ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.

GRATEFUL MEMORIES.

At an early hour C. and S. (two dear servants of God) and I started by train, to spend the day with four members of the family of the late Rev. WILLIAM NUNN, of Manchester, who for a short time were residing at Wickwar, some fifteen miles from this. We had much profitable conversation during the day: among other topics was that of the comparatively early date at which the Lord is pleased to remove His servants. At the time of speaking, I, for one, had overlooked the very early removal (in point of age) of one whose labours had, during the greater part of his ministry, been identified with the place we were then visiting. Of him I shall presently have more to say. There was, for example, Mr. NUNN himself, called away in his fifty-fourth year; more recently Mr. PARKS in his fifty-eighth year; and our beloved brother-in-law at the same age. These were men clear in doctrine, sound in the faith, and with their hearts thoroughly imbued with the weight and importance of the work to which they were called. In such days as these, we, in our little contracted minds, should have thought the continuance of such men, at a time when truth is so rare, was almost necessary; but the Lord sees otherwise. TOPLADY was another striking instance of early removal. He was called at thirty-seven. KRAUSE was fifty-seven when he died. The fact suggested by the taking home of these servants in the very prime of their days, proves that the Lord can do as well without as with them; and may well remind us of how little importance is man, at any time or in any sphere! A poor cypher, whom the Lord is pleased condescendingly and graciously to make use of where, and as, and just for so long time as He pleases.

The *faith* of dear Mr. NUNN was another subject which engrossed much of our conversation. I cannot enlarge upon it here for obvious reasons; but I may say that *his* simple, childlike trust in God has for many years been a most grateful consideration with me. In that faith, and in its after results, there is a most blessed confirmation of that precious Scripture—"Him that honoureth me I will honour, whilst he that despiseth me shall be lightly esteemed." Another example is present to my mind, of a totally different character. This was in reference to an equally sound servant of God, but who, in regard to worldly interests, lacked the simple childlike faith of Mr. NUNN. *He* wanted to make matters secure, when the incumbent of St. Clement's, Manchester, was content to leave himself and his family in the hands of the Lord, declaring, for example, with respect to life-assurance, that "he was not going to play a game of chance with God Almighty." We repeat that the Lord, in the most striking and conspicuous way, honoured that faith, whilst, in the other instance, where there was the exercise of worldly policy, human prudence, and a setting earthly claims before heavenly considerations, the directly contrary results have followed. These facts strengthen my conviction that our Lord's words have a much wider scope and more comprehensive bearing than we

are wont to give them :—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The poet never expressed a greater truth than when he said :—

"Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care."

I am thoroughly convinced of this. Again, there is another Scripture of equal importance, and well worthy our deepest consideration—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." The more the dealings of God in His all-wise and inscrutable Providence are contemplated, the more fully shall the truth of His blessed word be discovered: "The liberal desireth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

Inasmuch as the late Mr. PARKS was well known to Mr. NUNN's family, we naturally spoke much of him. His removal—a man so clear in doctrine, so outspoken, and of such indomitable courage—at such a juncture in the church's history as the present, is certainly among the mysteries of Providence, and ratifies the fact to which we just now adverted, of the Lord's being well able to do either with or without His servants.

The fact of some great crisis being at hand was another subject of conversation. The rapid developments of science of late years—the restless state of mankind in general—the wide-spread suspense and distrust among men—the infidelity and the rapid spread of Popery—the calling in question the clearly-revealed doctrines of God—and the despising of the ministration of that word,—all bespeak the significant marks laid down in that word as to the time of the end absolutely drawing nigh. All seemed to share in the belief that the six days during which the work of creation was going on, represented the six thousand years of time; the seventh day, or Sabbath, the Millennium (whatever that may be). If, therefore, the week of time be represented by the days during which Jehovah was creating all things, how rapidly must the great Saturday-night be approaching! We are living in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine; some great writers say, much time has been lost in our calculations. One author, whom our brother C. quoted, says that as many as 120 years have been omitted. If this be true, the 130 years added to 1869 bring us to within *eleven years* of the completion of the six thousand! All agreed in the opinion that the Lord had allowed this uncertainty to exist as to the actual date at which we live, in order that a spirit of prayerful watchfulness might be exercised. Our Lord said, with great significance to His inquisitive disciples,—“It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power.” Again, He said,—“Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.” We all, however, contemplated the blessedness and the satisfaction which the prophet Daniel must have experienced when the Lord said to him, in reference to the great events and the periods which had been spoken of to him,—“Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.”

The coming again of our dear Lord and Master was a theme which occupied much of our consideration; and, inasmuch as two of our party were suffering from debility and repeated attacks of faintness, with which is connected much depression, and of which the great enemy fails not to

take advantage, there was a mutual embracing the grateful idea of being saved the ordeal of dying. Doubtless to many it would appear cowardice. One of our party would have thought so once. Still, though "the spirit may (indeed) be willing, the flesh is weak." Our dear Master, with His entire freedom from personal sin and transgression, with respect to His death and His sufferings, exclaimed, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" How natural, then, that His poor, sinful, timid followers should shrink from an ordeal of which the great enemy of souls takes so much advantage, and with regard to which he is ever so ready with his dark and cruel suggestions! It is only by *faith* we can triumph over the contemplation of encountering the last enemy, and all the dismal associations of the grave. It is only by *faith* we can exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And, inasmuch as faith is a supernatural gift, it is only as the Lord is graciously pleased to bestow it, and, when bestowed, to nourish and cherish it, that we can live under its precious fear-subduing, world-vanquishing power.

But, apart from all that is connected with death and the grave,—sickness, decay, and the ultimate separation of soul and body, together with the mouldering in the dark and gloomy grave,—how sweet is the thought of Christ's second coming! How marvellous and how blessed that instantaneous transition, when, as the apostle says, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye!" There may be those among the Lord's children who, feeling their present deformity, sin, and utter unlikeness to Jesus, may shrink from this sudden and instantaneous contact with One so great, so glorious, so utterly void of all that is sinful and impure. Such may even feel as though they would sooner encounter the ordeal of dying and mouldering in the grave, in order that the severance from sin and infirmity and corruption should be the more marked and definite. Such fail to apprehend the completeness and perfection of "the change" of which the apostle speaks; for, sudden and instantaneous though it be, it shall at the same time be as effectual and as real, and as much fit and qualify the soul for the meeting of Jesus and all the glorious realities of eternity, as though death had been passed through in the ordinary way. Surely, if faith (in its occasional glimpses of Jesus) has a transforming effect, this sight—this unveiled beholding of Him, when He "cometh in the clouds of heaven, and all the holy angels with Him," shall have a much more abundant and a much more glorious influence. Assuredly, there shall, under such circumstances, be a wondrous realization of that precious truth, "We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." He who has been favoured with an occasional (however transient) glimpse of Jesus knows full well what a sin-subduing and world-despising effect such glimpse has. What, then, must be the influence of seeing Him "no more as through a glass darkly, but face to face?" Unquestionably that sight must be transforming, indeed—raising the soul "in the twinkling of an eye" from all the corruption and defilement of poor fallen humanity into the comeliness and purity of that nature and image into which it has been instantaneously and eternally transformed and assimilated. Such souls, therefore, as may be anticipating the second coming of Jesus need be under no dark doubts, or gloomy apprehensions, upon the ground of what they feel in themselves

as to their first-Adam nature. From all the depressing, corrupting influences of that nature (as the subjects of a new and Spiritual life by the quickening power and divine operation of the Holy Ghost), they shall be in one moment effectually and everlastingly delivered.

On our way to the station, when about to take the train for the return journey home, we were introduced to sundry members of a family who were deeply attached to the ministry of their late incumbent, to whom, in an early part of this paper, we alluded. Short but striking was his career. A man of no ordinary talent was the late Rev. O. E. OAKLEY. We remember, but a few years since, being much impressed with his power and ability when taking part in a discussion at Clifton. His removal from so retired and quiet a locality as Wickwar to all the responsibilities of a large and densely-populated London parish, was a remarkable movement in God's Providence. Without doubt it was Mr. OAKLEY's ardent desire for increased usefulness that prompted him to resign the one sphere of labour for the other. We can readily understand how a man of his large-heartedness loved to minister to the many, rather than to the comparatively few. However, very soon after his removal and entrance upon the duties of his new and responsible parish, he fell a victim to the fever which he took in his contact with some of his poor parishioners. He retired to the little watering-place of Rhyl, in North Wales, for the purpose of recruiting his strength, after his arduous labours. It would seem that there the disease (the seeds of which he had unconsciously carried with him) developed itself; and, at the early age of thirty-three years, he was called to his rest. His last Sunday morning's text at Rhyl was Matt. xxiv. 35 :—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." In the evening he preached from 1 John iv. 7 :—"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." His last public work on earth was the delivery of a lecture on the Holy Land, on the Tuesday following.

Beneath the sketch of the little cottage in which Mr. OAKLEY died are the following lines :—

"One lonely wild closes his life's brief day,
But bright hills dawn on everlasting light:
Heaven's morning breaks.
Earth's shadows flee away,
And faith is lost in sight."

We can scarcely conceive of anything more calculated to impress one with a sense of the vanity and uncertainty of all things here, than a visit to Wickwar, the graveyard of which contains either the ashes, or its pretty church the records, of the names of three incumbents who within a comparatively short period laboured there. The removal of Mr. OAKLEY was soon followed by that of his amiable and (in person) lovely wife. It would seem that she never recovered the loss of her loved husband, but soon after him passed away, leaving seven little orphans.

May the Lord, of his great mercy, adopt these little ones as His own, and grant that at last parents and children may meet one undivided family round the throne of God and the Lamb!

We learn in the history of David that the most eminent saints, on this side the grave, are not beyond the reach of the weakest temptation, and the commission of the foulest crimes.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Advance of Popery in this Country, viewed both in its religious and political aspect. By J. C. PHILPOT, M.A., formerly Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. London: J. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street.

WE announced this work on the cover of our last number. Its publication we conceive to be most opportune. Our regret is that it did not appear twelve months earlier. Humanly speaking, we believe it might have had a very salutary influence in connexion with the last general election; for we are persuaded that a vast amount of both ignorance and indifference pervades the general mind with respect to Popery, the which the work before us is, in the very highest degree, calculated to dispel.

MR. PHILPOT's talents as a man, together with his patience, perseverance, and ability, as a writer, eminently qualified him for a work of this sort. Moreover, the very fact of his being a seceder from the Church of England, and being so many years the well-known conductor of a periodical so widely circulated among a large body of Dissenters, will ensure him a hearing, where an author connected with the Establishment would be adjudged as prejudiced and partial.

No one, we presume, with a shade of honesty, and who reads this book impartially, can do otherwise than admit that it is written with special care, fair criticism, and as a fruit and effect of a patient, pains-taking research. As far as we can judge of Mr. PHILPOT, he is not the man either to speak or write in a hurry. He digs deeply beneath the surface, thoroughly investigates, and then calmly brings forth, from a well-balanced and highly-tutored mind, his own sober convictions. But, in addition to these most desirable qualifications for a writer, he adds the weight of a protracted editorial experience, and a sound heartfelt scriptural knowledge and personal teaching.

Considering the task Mr. PHILPOT has undertaken at such a juncture in the professing church's history as the present, we believe him to be entitled to the commendatory observations we have made, and they are offered not in a spirit of adulation, but as the sober conviction of our own mind, and with a deep sense that, under God, he has done good and essential service in writing the work from which we purpose in the present—but especially in future—numbers extensively to quote. We do at the same time most heartily commend the work itself to the serious attention of our readers, and rejoice that the very low price at which it is published will place it within the reach of a very large portion of the community. As we intimated in our last, we should rejoice to know that it was circulated not merely by scores but by hundreds of thousands.

In his preface, Mr. PHILPOT remarks: "I have seen and felt that a prevailing want, with very many persons, is some clear and correct information what Popery really is as a religious system, what doctrines it definitely holds, what are its fixed principles and modes of action, and by what steps it is now gradually advancing in power and influence. For want of this definite information their ideas both of what Popery is in itself, and how, as a dark cloud, it is gradually stealing over us, are vague and uncertain; and they know not, for the most part, what books to read,

or from what sources they may obtain clearer knowledge and more distinct information. It has been, then, my object to furnish this information, as far as I myself possessed it, and I have therefore aimed in the following pages chiefly at two points: 1, To show, from its own documents and recognized authorities, the doctrines which Popery holds, and the principles on which it acts; and, 2, To trace out the means whereby it is gradually advancing in power and influence."

He adds—and we heartily join him in his prayer—"In the hope that it may please the God of all grace, for His dear Son's sake, to bless what is thus sent forth for in His name, I commit them to His care and all-wise disposal, leaving the whole in His hands who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, and who will, in His own time, avenge the blood of His saints on their cruel oppressor, and double unto her double according to her works."

In page 2 Mr. PHILPOT says: "Be it never forgotten that papal Rome is essentially unchanging and unchangeable. We say essentially, since she may change her apparent form without changing her real character,—disguise her movements without abandoning her intentions,—for she is—and this is a most remarkable feature of her character—at one and the same time most rigid and most accommodating. In principle she is most rigid, and in practice, too, when she has the power to carry out her principles into action; but she has the peculiar art of adapting her policy to circumstances, without abating one iota of her absolute claims. Thus, amidst all her apparent concessions to the spirit of the times, she has never really relinquished any one of her lofty pretensions; for to do so would be to renounce her claim to be the only true Church, the alone spotless bride and spouse of the Lord Jesus Christ upon earth. She may waive her claims for the time, but she has never renounced one of them. They may be for the present in abeyance, but they lie ready to be resumed at the first opportunity, as being her divine and inalienable right. And this claim to supremacy so springs from, and is so connected with, her very constitution, that never at any one period of her history, however low she has sunk, has she manifested the least disposition to lower, much less to relinquish it; for to do so, she instinctively feels, would be to commit suicide. For observe the foundation of this claim. She says: 'I am the only true, visible church of Christ, and the Pope, my visible head, is the Vicar, that is, the Vicegerent and Representative of Christ on the earth. When Christ rose from the dead, all power was given Him in heaven and on earth; and this power He delegated to Peter when He gave him the keys, and to his successors for all subsequent time. As, then, both the church and the world owe unbounded allegiance to Christ, so they owe the same unbounded allegiance to the Pope as his Representative on earth.' Now, as to do anything wrong, or make any mistake in the exercise of this supreme and delegated authority, would taint with suspicion, if not vitiate, the whole of his proceedings, past, present, and to come—for if he could make one mistake he might make a hundred,—his words and acts, as Pope, though not as man—for here they make a distinction—must necessarily be infallible. By this claim of infallibility, therefore, for her supreme head, Rome has cut off all reformation of her doctrine, or all rescinding of papal decrees, and by necessary consequence, all repentance for acts performed in pursuance of those doctrines and decrees. Thus, though in the exercise of this authority she has committed thousands of atrocious crimes, waded, as it were, up to her knees in the

blood of the saints, put to death, in a most cruel way, myriads of the best men and women that ever walked upon the earth, and with unsparing hand swept out of her path every one, high or low, who would not bend to her pretensions, yet she has never, in any instance, by any one public act, or any one authentic document, acknowledged that in the execution of her authority she has committed any crime. The heretics whom she has put to death she declares she has lawfully executed as criminals of the deepest dye—murderers of men's souls, and, therefore, justly punished by death, as the law of every state punishes capitally the murderers of men's bodies.

"If in the execution of this needful punishment, if in her zeal to stay the pestilence, she has used severity, the necessity of the case and the claims of her holy religion justified it all. Of all crimes that of heresy is the greatest; and it has been from want of power on her part, not from want of will, that any live and breathe who are tainted with that worst of all sins, that most unpardonable of all transgressions. This, however for the moment disguised or suppressed, is the language of Rome's heart, the ruling spirit which animates her whole system."

We pray the reader most carefully to consider the following most truthful testimony: "No one, therefore, can foretell what Rome will do if she have the power. The spirit of the age, the principles of liberty which animate every true English heart, the diffusion of knowledge, and the spread of education, the power of the newspaper press, the advance of democratic principles, the force of public opinion, the overwhelming authority of the House of Commons, the facilities of intercommunication by the post, the rail, and the telegraph, fusing into one animated mass all ranks of society, the free discussion of every question in private and in public, the very rebelliousness of every class amongst us against the assumption of despotic authority of any description, and the stern determination of the masses not to be subject to any external control, none of which counter influences existed in the middle ages—these powerful, and, as it would seem at present, invincible obstacles to the success of Romish aggression may, if not fully and completely, at least to a great extent, prevent Popery assuming that arbitrary, tyrannical character, which is the very breath of its nostrils. But its power, influence, and authority may not be less noxious because it may reappear amongst us under an altered form. We have said that it is at the same time most rigid and most accommodating; rigid in principle, but accommodating, when needed in practice. The reason of this apparent inconsistency is, that Rome has but one object, as we shall by-and-by show—power; and to obtain what she can accommodate herself to all times, persons, places, and circumstances. Her eye is fixed upon one point—SUPREMACY;* and it matters little to her how she gets there, whether by a direct or a side-long movement, whether by a straightforward or circuitous route. If she recede, it is but more securely to advance; if she give way, it is that she may press more strongly forward; if she submit, it is but to reign; and if she stoop, it is but to conquer. We cannot judge, therefore, what Rome will do, until the time come when she will be fully prepared to act, and then she will strike out her own path and march on in it without hesitation or scruple.

Later down in this chapter Mr. PHILPOT proceeds to say—and remember,

* Reader, this has been our uniform testimony within these pages for the last eight-and-twenty years.—Ed.

reader, he says it as a Nonconformist Minister, and the experienced editor of a Dissenting journal:—

“We as Protestants, and in possession of the greatest amount of civil and religious liberty with which a nation was ever favoured, have not known or felt, by painful and bitter experience, the galling pressure of this yoke of Popery under which these Catholic countries so long have groaned, and from which they have in good measure now succeeded in emancipating themselves. This practical ignorance on our part of the tyranny of Rome, wherever she obtains supreme power, favours her advance in this country. The bird does not yet see the net which is being spread for it by the fowler. Enjoying among ourselves unlimited freedom of religious worship, yielding freely to all sects and denominations the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience, viewing religion as a personal matter between man and his Maker, and neither wishing to tyrannise over others nor suffering others to tyrannise over us, we have hitherto found the benefit of separating, as much as is possible, questions of religion from civil and political considerations. Secure in the enjoyment of those liberties from which we have derived so much national and individual benefit, and disposed rather to strengthen and enlarge the principles of civil and religious freedom than to weaken or curtail them, we are not prepared to witness the rise of a power in our midst which abhors and repudiates the very idea of free thought in religion, and the free exercise of outward worship connected with it, and which would, if opportunity were given, remorselessly crush both, and tolerate no creed or worship but her own.

“But assume that the English nation would never submit to such a despotic tyranny as Rome would establish if she had the full power; assume that she might not succeed in trampling upon our present religious liberties; still might she not rise to such a height of power among us as practically to invest her with a most pernicious and destructive influence? Would it be a little matter if her views and doctrines were so widely diffused, and her pompous ceremonial so generally admired and followed, as to gain for her large numbers of devoted adherents? The zeal of new converts is proverbial. Would it, then, be a small matter if hundreds of families were divided by the continual perversion of some of their members, all full of ardour to maintain their freshly-acquired views and worship, and to signalize their devotion by making unceasing attempts to win over the rest to the same creed and church? The misery which has been already thus caused in many families is but little known; for family sorrows, though some of the deepest to which we are liable, are of all trials most concealed. Would it be a small matter to have strife and contention in house after house, between husband and wife, mother and daughter, brother and sister, on a point so tender and so vital as religion and the salvation of the soul? For, bear in mind, that of all creeds and churches, that of Rome is most intolerant, and that these zealous devotees would carry out this intolerance to the utmost as a proof of their sincerity. How it would suspend or break up all religious union! Family worship must altogether cease, for the Catholic part would not hear the Protestant Bible read, or bend their knees at the same service with Protestant worshippers. The tongue must be tied on all points of religion, to avoid provoking warm and endless controversy. The husband must see his wife go off on the Lord’s day morning to the Catholic chapel, or, according to her temper or her influence over him, be worried

or soothed into attending there also with her, to avoid the risk of a breach in the tenderest relationship of life. But this is not all. Well would it be for him if neither his wife nor he saw any more of the priest than when robed in his vestments at the mass. But he well knows that his wife and daughters, at least as many as follow their mother's footsteps, will put themselves entirely under the counsel and influence of the priest to determine well-nigh every movement of their life, and practically set at nought all other authority. He may have to encounter the unwelcome presence of his wife's father confessor in his own home, or, what is worse, may be pretty well sure that he will take advantage of the absence of the master of the house to bestow the favour of his priestly visits on the mistress; and, as confession is an indispensable part of their religion, he will ever carry about with him the galling certainty that the wife of his bosom, and those daughters of their wedded love who have become perverts to Rome, will confess to a priest, a young man, probably in the prime of life, every secret of their heart, and look to his absolution alone as ensuring the pardon of all their sins. What a breaking-up of domestic happiness, what a violation of all family ties, what an intrusion into homes hitherto enjoying the sweetness of an almost sacred privacy, are all involved in the claim of a priestly confessor to guide the conscience of his female devotees, and rule them with an authority which they are fully persuaded it is a mortal sin in them to disobey."

Tears of the Pilgrims in the Sunlight of Heaven. By W. FRITH, Minister of Trinity Chapel, New Bexley, S.E. With recommendatory Preface, by the Rev. HUGH ALLEN, D.D., rector of St. George the Martyr, Southwark. London: Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill.—A very interesting book, as far as we can judge from the sheets which have been sent us. In its complete form we doubt not it will be a most acceptable volume to the sick and the sorrowful, and calculated to prove, indeed, "a word in season to them who are weary!"

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

The Ritualists are beginning to throw off their mask. Faithful Protestants have all along believed that they were Romanists at heart, or Romanists in disguise, and now no doubt remains upon the subject; they themselves openly confess it. See, *e. g.*, the following extract from an article recently published in one of their papers. The writer is giving advice to continental tourists, and he says, "It must not be forgotten by us English that we are members of the Catholic Church, and that, though the Pope be ignorant of us, and Rome acknowledge us not, we are members of the household of faith every whit as much as a foreign Catholic; also that the Church abroad, which is in communion with Rome, is *the* Church of God's appointment there, and that all Protestantism is simply heresy and schism. The only bishops and priests with valid jurisdiction in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, are in communion with Rome. . . . Fraternization with Protestantism is not of necessity, yet, in places out of number, the same chapel serves for the worship of Anglicans and Protestants, and English Churchmen are not ashamed to attend the ser-

vices of Lutheran, Zwinglian, or Calvinistic ministers, who stand to the Catholic priesthood in the same relation as did Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, to the ministry of Aaron. . . . We recommend Catholic tourists to avoid all chaplaincies where there are ministers appointed by the C. and C. S. Why a summer tourist who will be on the continent for a few Sundays should attend any Anglican ministrations whilst there we do not see. Where there is the least suspicion of identification with Protestantism, he should certainly avoid them. The Catholic Church of the place where he finds himself is the right and fitting temple in which he should worship. He will hear there the pure word of God preached; and, if occasionally he is obliged to listen to exaggerated doctrine, let him remember that in countless English churches rank heresy is taught. He will find there the Sacraments 'duly administered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same,' with infinitely more frequency and with greater decency than in most churches at home. If the traveller should assist at Protestant worship, he is aiding and abetting that false doctrine, heresy, and schism, from which he prays in the Litany to be delivered. If he does go to the Anglican chapel *he is nevertheless bound to be present at an early Mass in the Roman parish church.* Who can tell how differently Rome would have been disposed to regard us if our countrymen, residing or travelling abroad, had systematically attended Catholic churches, had shown ourselves prompt to contribute to the erection and decoration of Catholic altars, and to the maintenance of Catholic worship? If the Church on the continent classes Anglicans with Protestants, the blame lies with ourselves. We have been hand-and-glove with every pestiferous sect that poisons the faith of foreign Christians. By classing ourselves with Protestants we have come to be regarded as Protestants. Let us persistently assert our Catholicity, and in God's good time we may see the barrier which separates the churches of England and Rome broken down, and both unite to preach the faith of Christ to those who sit in the darkness of Lutheranism and Calvinism, and in the shadow of death of infidelity."

This is plain speaking. According to the Ritualists, then, the Church of Rome is "*the Church of God's appointment abroad,*" and "*all Protestantism is simply heresy and schism!*" If a Ritualist assists at Protestant worship abroad, he "*aids and abets false doctrine, heresy, and schism;*" and the Roman Catholic chapel is said to be the "*right temple in which he should worship.*" No doubt of it; for he is one with his Roman Catholic brother, therefore it is perfectly right that they should worship together. But, would that they had always thus spoken so plainly! How many unwary and unstable souls would then have escaped their beguilements! Henceforth let no one affirm that Ritualists are members of the Church of England, or of any other Protestant denomination. They are, according to their own confession, simply members of the Church of Rome, and as such, and as such alone, they ought to be treated. Oh, that a ray of Divine light and a supply of Divine grace might be granted unto them, to show them their error, and to lead them out of it!

Very different to this confession of the Ritualists was that of the eloquent Roman Catholic priest, P  re Hyacinthe, the other day. At a meeting held in Paris he declaimed against the boasted miracles of a Romish saint, and said that he hoped never to see them repeated. But the portion of his harangue which excited the greatest astonishment was his emphatic declaration—"There are three religions in this world, the

Jewish, the Catholic, and the Protestant, and all three are equal in the eyes of God." Thunders of applause rent the air as the eloquent priest thus boldly threw off the manacles of intolerant Rome; and when silence had somewhat subsided, a youth jumped up, and screamed out with a voice of intense hatred—"I say that you are a blasphemer. There is but one religion, and the Deity rejects all others as vile idolatries." But he seemed to excite no sympathy in the audience, and he had to endure the additional mortification of witnessing another burst of enthusiastic ovation to the Father Hyacinthe.

An interesting account has been published of Miss Whately's schools at Cairo. By dint of tact, patience, and energy, Miss Whately, who is the daughter of the late eminent Archbishop of Dublin, has conquered the ingrained prejudices of one of the most bigoted of Mahommedan communities, and has now, after eight years' labour, collected about 250 pupils, eighty of whom are girls; and the number is steadily increasing. About forty of the girls and sixty of the boys belong to the predominant faith. The former are taught by Miss Whately herself, and an efficient assistant. This is but a small plot won from the moral desert of the East, but no one can tell how far a better culture may radiate from it. The work in these Cairene schools appears to be done judiciously and well. "Both sexes," it is said, "are instructed in the Scriptures without any distinction of tenets. This is one of the most important secrets of success in the instruction of pupils belonging to several distinct and conflicting creeds; but the leading truths of Christianity are enforced both by precept and example, and the Mahommedans answer questions on Bible history just as readily and correctly as English Sunday-school children of the same age. Besides, the instruction comprises for both schools reading and writing in Arabic, with geography and arithmetic. The boys learn also the difficult and complicated grammar of their own language, along with history and English, and in the higher classes Turkish and French are taught. The visitor can scarcely restrain his surprise and admiration when he hears these little Orientals reading English fluently, and answering with great eagerness and rapidity questions in history and geography. Few are over twelve years of age; some are not more than four. It is needless to add that, when first brought to school, they are utterly ignorant of even the Arabic alphabet. The girls learn plain needlework as well as the elegant and elaborate embroidery of their own country, which is always an adequate means of support for a skilful workwoman. The indirect influence of the schools as a civilizing agency cannot be over-estimated. By degrees the children are emancipated from the degrading influence of Eastern habits, and are fitted to enter the domestic life with a clear notion of its duties and privileges. They have acquired, in part, at least, some of the pure and elevating feelings which in England are associated with the name of home, but which until now were never experienced in the East. They and their parents are beginning to perceive that women have their rights as well as their duties; and, sooner or later, mothers, and sisters, and wives will gain their proper place and influence amongst the numerous circle in which the results of Miss Whately's teaching are felt." In the early days of this mission it was carried on with the private means of its benevolent founder. When it grew too extensive for those, help was sought and obtained in England; but we regret to find that as usual the sum at present subscribed falls very far short of the requirements of the institution.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL"

No. 48, }
NEW SERIES. }

DECEMBER, 1869.

{ No. 1,248,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

SMILING IN DEATH; OR, SICK-BED AND DYING EXPERIENCES.*

In the last Number of this work two letters were quoted which had recently appeared in the *Gospel Standard*, in which I spoke of the deep exercises of mind through which I had of late been called to pass with respect to the article of death.

From sundry letters since received I have reason to believe that those simple epistles proved a word in season to others who had been troubled in a similar way. Thus we have a further illustration of that precious truth, "As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man;" and again, as ministers, we see another Scripture sweetly confirmed, "And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation." In consequence of a circumstance which has just occurred, it is now laid upon my heart to return to the subject. I feel the fact which I am about to mention to be a sacred trust committed to me. I have to speak of what has marvelously cheered and encouraged and animated my own soul. My inmost heart glows with gratitude to our dearest Lord for what He on the past day permitted and privileged me to witness. Consequently I am most anxious, in these last days of rebuke and blasphemy, to give heed to the godly admonition,

"Why should the wonders God has wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot?"

The day before yesterday towards evening a doctor called at my house, stating that a certain patient of his was lying ill, and that he entertained but faint hopes of her recovery; he thought a visit

* This article will be published separately, in 32mo form, neat enamelled cover, price one penny.

from me would be very acceptable. Being absent at the time the doctor called I did not see him; but, when on my way to the house of the sick lady yesterday forenoon, a messenger placed a note in my hand repeating the request which, without the knowledge of the family, had already been expressed by the doctor before named. Arrived at the house I found sundry members of the family in tears; the case of their loved invalid they considered hopeless. Upon entering the sick-chamber, however, I think I was never before more completely taken by surprise. There stood around the bed the weeping husband and sisters and friends; but, looking at me with a full bright beaming eye and the most animated smile I ever beheld from a poor dying creature, lay the patient herself. I was quite taken aback. I could not understand it. The first thought that occurred to me, when I witnessed that smile (it was more a laugh than a smile) was, "She recognizes me; she has heard my simple testimony for God and truth; she perhaps has known something about my many fears and misgivings in the prospect of the article of death; and she thus smiles upon me, as much as to say, 'Why, dear sir, it is nothing after all; you have nothing to fear.'" In that moment or so, these thoughts passed through my mind. I don't think I shall ever forget it as long as I live; and, as I said afterwards to the poor bereaved husband, "It had taught me a lesson, whatever influence it may have had on others." As soon as I could speak a few words of sympathy I said, "What is the state of your mind?" She said, "*I am very low-spirited.*" I at once endeavoured to direct her eye to the Lord; and she admitted that peace and safety were alone to be found in *Jesus*. I said, "I don't ask you if you can repeat the lines, but can you say that they are just what you feel,

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength, my righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all?"

She assented. There seemed the full recognition of the truth these precious lines embodied.

In speaking of sick-bed and dying scenes, I am always most careful to abide by the very words of the sufferer. On no account whatever would I add one word to their own simple utterances. Not, therefore, remembering the precise words which she used, I merely state that, in reply to another observation or two of mine, she said something to this effect: that she was afraid to state what she did not *feel*, that she wanted *more faith*. I then sought to show her that it was not the *amount* of faith, but the *object* of faith we were to look at. "Two things," I said, "prompted us to look to Jesus; those were *want* and *love*. The little babe," I continued, "as really looked to the parent as the full-grown child, and it was both *want* and *love* led to that looking." I then, in proof of our coming to Jesus poor and empty-handed, reminded her of those sweet lines,

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

I then asked her if I should read and pray with her. She wished me to do so. I read Psalm xxiii., and reminded her how the psalmist's eyes were up to the Lord; how it was the *Thee* and *Thy*. "*Thou art with me;*" "*Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.*" It was a looking away from self simply and entirely to the Lord.

Having upon the knee of prayer committed and commended her to the Lord, and, rising, once more sought to direct her heart and mind upward and Christward, I took my leave of her, promising soon to see her again. Leaving her room, I said to her sorrowing husband, "She is very ill, but I see no sign of death being near." He then told me how long she had been a sufferer, and how many years he had taken her from place to place with the hope of its benefiting her. Within a few minutes of leaving the sick-chamber, he was called up to it again; and shortly after, I returned to the bedside, to witness the greatest possible change in the patient. I could scarcely have imagined that so great an alteration could have taken place in so short a time. I now saw clearly that she was rapidly passing away; yea, that she was in the very article of death. Again she smiled as I looked upon her. Each breath became shorter and shorter, so that I expected every one would prove the last. As we once more rose from our knees, having again committed her departing spirit to the Lord, and besought for her "an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom and glory," I raised my hand, pointing it upwards, and said, "*Look to Jesus.*" Thus I left her, and, within a few minutes, she placidly passed away, without the semblance of pain or discomfort.

Dear reader, this scene reminded me of another which occurred within a few hundred yards of the same spot (in the year 1864) and particulars of which I have given in a little penny narrative, entitled, "*Happy John; or, The Dying Policeman.*" He had been an intense sufferer for some two years, during which I had frequently visited him. It was my privilege to be with him the last hour of his mortal life, when in the swellings of Jordan. "Are you happy?" said I. "Never so happy before," was his reply. Then, after a short pause, he exclaimed, "Finished! complete! blood!" His last audible words were "All well;" and then placing his hand across his breast, he sweetly, calmly, blessedly, drew his last breath—yea, so gently, that, watching intently as the bystanders did, we could not tell the precise moment when he really ceased to breathe. Oh, it was a glorious triumph over the last enemy; and, as I stood gazing with adoring wonder just a minute or two before "HAPPY JOHN" passed away, the words were brought home to my heart—the Lord at the time pointing as it were His finger to the departing one: "They shall hunger no

more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

There was another case, moreover, of which I was reminded by the scenes of yesterday. It was that of a dear young man who had been a long time an attendant upon my ministry. It had fallen to my lot some time before to officiate at his marriage. At the close of the ceremony, when signing the register in the vestry, he said, " You asked me, some three or four years ago, 'if I knew myself a sinner?' I did not *then*, but I have *since*." The Lord at length laid him upon the bed of affliction with a most painful malady, that of cancer. I visited him several times during his illness, and from his testimony, coupled with my previous knowledge of him, I could not entertain a doubt of his safety. At length, when apprized of the fact that he could not live, and that his malady would speedily terminate his life, he simply asked, how long it would probably be before he was taken ? He then admonished himself for wishing to know that which was only known to the Lord. When it was intimated to him that he was not likely to live but a few hours, he quite *laughed* (to use his widow's words) with delight ; and, looking up, he exclaimed :

" One word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away."

This was only an hour or two before he peacefully slept in Jesus.

As I walked away from the place of mourning yesterday, those well-known lines of Dr. Watts came to my mind :—

" Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

With regard to the case in question, I attempt not to give a decided opinion.

I have merely stated the simple facts as they were presented to me : as I have said, I had no previous knowledge whatever of the departed one. From the survivors, however, I heard that, through being such a sufferer, she could seldom go to the house of God, and when there, was hardly able to sit out the service ; yet she was wont to recommend others to come and hear, because of the *honesty* of the testimony—that the preacher would not *deceive*. This, in the absence of personal knowledge, I thought was a good feature in her case.

But what I want to lay stress upon is, the kind and gracious lesson which the Lord was thus pleased to set before me. It was rich in encouragement. I saw what the Lord was able to do, especially for His own dear children, when brought into that position wherein heart and flesh fail. I saw how he could raise them above every fear, and give them to triumph over the last enemy. I think it was either Mr. HUNTINGTON or Mr. ROMAINE who said, " He was no more afraid of death than he was of his nightcap."

And when we look at the dear child of God's real position, as in Christ,—“bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord his God,”—his “life hid with Christ in God,”—what precious grounds are there for this holy fearlessness and child-like confidence. Since the scenes of yesterday, dear reader, I have been thinking of those precious sayings of our dear Lord and Master: “I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction: repentance shall be hid from mine eyes.” Then again, there is that sweet declaration by the prophet Isaiah: “He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces, and the rebuke of His people will He take away from off all the earth, for the Lord hath spoken it.” Again there is that glorious answer at the close of Romans viii. to the challenge, “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” And there is that triumphant exultation in Corinthians xv., “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Believer, how glorious are these facts! May the Lord more and more comfort your heart by the Spirit's divine application of them. I doubt not that every affliction is, by the wise and well-ordering hand of our God, so working as to minister very specially to the profit of His dear people, and the glory of His great name. And, however at times, one's fears may rise to the contrary, yet, in the main, I doubt not, reader, you and I shall give an unqualified approval to His entire will and pleasure, declaring, “He hath done *all* things well.” You will justify and bless and praise Him for whatever He has laid upon you; and I, in reference to my many, many reasons for anxiety, and humility, and self-loathing, shall say, “He hath led me by the right way, that I may go to a city of habitation.” Time is on the wing. Our trials and temptations are all meted out, and measured by unerring wisdom, and by a fatherly hand. “Soon He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.” One glimpse of the King in His beauty, one moment in the better land, will make ample amends for all our sufferings and sorrows here.

That the Lord may increasingly cheer and comfort and abundantly bless His dear people, and that He may also cause peace and unanimity and brotherly love to prevail among us, is, dear readers, the hearty prayer of

Yours faithfully in Him,

Bedminster, Oct. 29, 1869.

THE EDITOR.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was written, a friend, commenting upon the foregoing case, says: “I can hardly understand how she could say, ‘I am very low-spirited,’ and acknowledge her want of more faith, and yet smile and almost laugh at death.” This objection upon the part of one in whose judgment we have great confidence, has led both to *reflection* and *inquiry*. 1. To reflection; and upon

reflection we can account for it; it is only deeply to scrutinize the Psalms of David, and there we continually see hope and fear alternated—praise and prayer blended—joys and sorrows intermingled. Numberless examples might be given. Let one suffice. In Psalm xxvii., having declared, "The Lord to be his light and salvation," he says, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." He then, in the fifth verse, declares, "In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me upon a rock." Then in the ninth verse, in the same breath, as it were, he cries, "Hide not Thy face far from me; put not Thy servant away in anger: Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation." But not only in the psalmist was this chequered experience observable, but likewise in both Peter and Paul are the same interchanges of holy confidence and extreme conflict to be seen. Peter, with his "needs be that we should be in heaviness through manifold afflictions," and Paul with his "being sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." And who that has been familiar with the sick and dying bed but has seen the like fluctuations of joy and sorrow?

But we have said likewise that the case in question has led to *inquiry*. The minister who committed her mortal remains to the silent grave (a native of Wales, with whom we have often had precious seasons of brotherly love and sweet communion) informs us that he was acquainted with the deceased from very infancy. Her grandparents were dear godly people, resident in Wales, where the grandfather preached the simple truth as it is in Jesus, and who had been chiefly instrumental in encouraging this now aged minister (then a very young man) to go forth and proclaim the Gospel. The truth, he said, was most clearly put before the now departed one. She understood the need and the way of salvation perfectly from her earliest years. Her parents had died when she was very young, and the providence of God had wonderfully followed her and her sisters. She had been an intense sufferer, but was of a most cheerful disposition. He had lost sight of her for years, until of late brought into this neighbourhood. Her husband being attached to the Church, she said one day to this dear old minister, our informant, "I am going to church." "Well, go to church," was his reply; "but go to *Jesus*," he added, as much as to say, "Don't stop short at the ordinances or the mode of worship; let nothing suffice but Him who is, or ought to be, the sum and substance of the ordinance—the alone lawful Object of worship. Our aged friend further informed us that he had seen the departed a day or two before her death; that she then expressed herself as not feeling so prepared to die as she hoped she should be. The patient so suddenly becoming worse took even the doctor by surprise. Our aged ministerial friend said he had not a doubt of her safety, and that the scene at her funeral was most sacred. Now, taking all the facts into consideration, we cannot but entertain

a lively hope that the departed has gone to be with Jesus. Recollecting that she was by birth, education, and during many years' after-association, Welsh, we can the more readily understand the terms in which she expressed herself to us at the interview to which we have previously referred, as a Welsh person may have felt it somewhat difficult clearly to express herself in English. We found this to be the case in the instances of two parishioners who died within a few hundred yards of where this departed one passed away. They, too, were Welsh, and expressed themselves in broken English; but there was a striking simplicity of character in each. Particulars of them were given in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for October, 1868, and in September, 1869, by the "OLD PILGRIM." Difficult as it was to understand the latter of the two, the dear old Welshwoman who for years sat just by the foot of our pulpit-stairs, yet her testimony was sweet and Christ-exalting, and her end most peaceful and precious. If the reader has the numbers to which we have referred by him, we would suggest his turning to them to reperuse the records we have named.

The subject of death-bed scenes having thus been brought before us has instrumentally reminded us of a case, particulars of which we noted down at the time, some ten years ago. With the hope that the Lord may make it profitable to some of His dear tried ones, we shall subjoin it. The little journal from which we extract it had been quite lost sight of by us for years, until very lately we happened to alight upon it. Its reperusal, as far as we are personally concerned, has proved to be most refreshing to our own soul. The simple and most truthful narrative, as here given, has served most vividly to bring up the case to our recollection; and again and again have we wept before the Lord, whilst thus led to recontemplate His great goodness and mercy towards this dear trophy of rich and free and sovereign grace.

The annexed is extracted from a private journal, entitled, "NOTES OF VISITS TO THE SICK AND POOR OF ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER."

The case No. 9 (Mrs. H——'s daughter) did, from the first, peculiarly interest me, and I was impressed from that visit with the belief that the Lord had mercy in store for her. I felt great liberty in putting the truth before her, and in submitting my usual test, the 51st Psalm. In it I find such ample materials for probing the heart of a poor sinner, so far as God the Holy Ghost may put energy and power into His word. I was struck in this case with the meekness and docility of the sufferer, but little did I conceive, until in the course of my visits I casually discovered, what she had gone through. Hers had been a trial of no common order. Painful had been her lot to the very last degree. Yea, at one time, she deliberately left her home for

the purpose of drowning herself. She reached the water's edge; she saw and heard its rippling. She paused. "If I do this," said she, "I shall plunge myself into everlasting ruin, and my children will be left motherless." She tarried a quarter of an hour, and then turned back; and most thankful did she feel, when she went to her bed, that the Lord had not allowed her to carry out her guilty purpose. How ready was she now to ascribe that rescue and that marvellous preservation to the Lord!

My visits to this case have been mostly each day for the last three weeks; and under the word I saw her mind gradually open. As far as I could ascertain, there was a total rejection of everything of self; a feeling sense of sin; and a simple and

entire resting upon Jesus only. Not a question did I put that was not satisfactorily answered. There was a clear, intelligent grasping and responding to the simple but all-important truths put before her. But the day before she died, upon leaving the room her mother burst into tears. "Why do you weep?" was the inquiry. "I am not quite satisfied," was the reply. "I fear whether she is resting entirely upon the Saviour." "As far as words are concerned," said I, "what can she say more? Of course I cannot see into the heart, and what takes place when my back is turned, I know not." "You can do no more," said she. I left the house with a heavy heart. I knew not what more to do. I had, as far as I could, in faithfulness and affection pressed home the truth, and shown from time to time what it was to stand before the Lord, as Joshua did, "clothed in filthy garments," and for the Lord alone to say, "Take away the filthy garments from him, and clothe him with change of raiment." I had endeavoured to show that that change of raiment was the righteousness of Jesus; that there was no other clothing for a poor sinner to appear in before God; that this was the wedding garment in which all must appear who go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. I had pressed home upon the conscience, as far as I, a poor creature, could do, that it was *blood*, and *blood alone*, could cleanse the sinner. Again and again and again had I repeated such verses as these:—

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Every argument I could think of for enforcing the simple truth of atoning, sin-pardoning blood, and imputed righteousness by and through the God-man Christ Jesus, I had brought before the sufferer, and invariably bowed the knee to implore the Holy Ghost to apply what had been spoken. I was at a loss what more to do, and the language of my soul was, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom

is the arm of the Lord revealed?" I asked myself, "Under such circumstances, of what service is sick-visiting at all? If no hope is to be encouraged under these circumstances, then what is one to do? Must one confine one's-self entirely and exclusively to preaching the word, and to endeavour in the pulpit—and there alone—to appeal to men's consciences, and to lay no stress whatever upon affliction, and the gradual decay of the poor frail tabernacle?"

I was resolved, however, as the result of these exercises of mind, to return to this case on the morrow, and (if possible) with increased energy to probe to the very heart's core. In the morning I found the patient evidently sinking. As with eternity at hand, again I brought before her such passages as bore upon the case. There was still the same intelligent and decided response, accompanied with the fervent cry to the Lord to take her to Himself. Her mind had wandered much since my last visit on the previous day, and consciousness very frequently left her for a few minutes together. Soon after I entered the room, and when she was scarcely, if at all, aware I was there, in the most fervent way she looked up—as she was commonly wont to do—and exclaimed, in the most ardent way, "O Lord, look down upon me!" It was evident that she was much in mental prayer. When she saw her mother in tears the day before she died, it disturbed her, and, turning to her, she said, "Mother, why do you cry? I'm not afraid to die." I said, "It is natural your dear mother should weep. It is hard for her to part with you. Even Jesus wept at the tomb of Lazarus." After one of these short seasons of absence of mind, I said, "Do you know me?" "Yes," she said, "and I trust I shall meet you in heaven." "Are you happy?" "Yes." "Is Jesus precious?" "He is." "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" "Yes; a great sinner." "Do you believe His blood has blotted out your sins?" "I do." "Shall I pray with you?" "If you please." Many passages were quoted during this interview. There was precisely the same intelligent reception of them, and responding to them.

Her mother, after this interview, expressed herself as much more satisfied.

As I thought this would in all probability be her last day on earth, I called again in the evening, and sat with her for upwards of an hour. Of this interview I will give as clear and full a detail as memory will afford. May the Lord the Spirit as the Remembrancer help me, and may what I write be not only according to truth, and in exact conformity with what actually took place; but may it please Him to make use of this humble instrumentality to the glory of a Triune God, and to the edification, and refreshing, and comfort, of any poor sinner into whose hands this simple record may fall.

When I entered the room on the above evening, I found the dear sufferer still lower. She was evidently fast sinking. Every few minutes only the white of the eye was to be seen, and it was clear that at each such interval consciousness was gone. Then she would as it were come back, and, opening her full eye upon the bystanders, would become perfectly sensible. "Do you know me?" "Yes." I then repeated, at different intervals, sundry passages, and spoke of Christ Himself having gone through the dark valley before her, and having snatched away the sting of death, which was sin; that now those who were "looking to Jesus" could say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Her weakness now became so great, that she looked to her kind and deeply-attentive mother to change her position a little; but she immediately added, "Never mind, mother." It was holiday time, and the railway trains hard by, together with the screeching of the engines, were making a sad noise. The boys, too, at her very door (her room being on the ground-floor) were at play in the street, and exceedingly troublesome: she heard all, but still remained unmoved. I could but think of the contrast of those pleasure-takers

without to the scene I was witnessing within. It led me to speak of the noisy, bustling world in contrast with that where there are

"No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues."

I forget the different Scriptures which at intervals I quoted, but among them was that from Isaiah xliii.: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." It was just about this time, and in direct answer to one of these Scriptures, that she made a remark which, together with its effects, I think I shall never forget. She was at the time in the most entire prostration. She had not the slightest power over her frame. If her leg was moved her mother must move it for her, she could not of herself. Her arm was simply all she could move. She had not taken so much as twopenny-worth of bread for six months, her mother said; she had been kept alive by liquids and little stimulants. She was the merest skeleton; the skin hardly covered her bones. For weeks before, as I had been informed, it had broken through, but withal there was not, as far as I heard, the slightest semblance of a murmur. But now, in these circumstances, and with the death-rattle in her throat, she suddenly said, upon the quoting of one of the Scriptures to which I have alluded, "It is gone." "What is gone?" said I. "My weak spirit." "What do you mean?" "I was weak," she replied, "but now the Lord has strengthened me." And it was evident in her countenance and from her whole bearing that He had done so. Oh, with what power that word from that dying one's lips came. It was such a reality. It afforded such a blessed proof of what the Lord was able to do in the very swellings of Jordan. There was such a triumphing over the extremest weakness, and such a perfect calm. I felt the power of that word, and it

melted my heart with joy and gladness before the Lord in this renewed proof before my eyes of what He was able to do in the very article of death. "Why," said I, "that is what the Lord did for Daniel. He was weak, and the Lord spoke to him, and then he said, 'Thou hast strengthened me;' and Paul said, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me;' 'When I am weak then am I strong.'"

Whatever doubts or fears about this case I may have had aforetime, they were now all removed. I felt this sweet word, and this blessed assurance, could be only from the Lord Himself. That was not the time, those not the circumstances, for deception, or the playing a part. It was evidently *reality*. Her poor anxious mother, standing by, felt the force of that sweet word, "The Lord has strengthened me."

I now unhesitatingly strove to pour in of the oil and the wine of Divine consolation. I had striven before to the utmost to probe and to try and to test. I had again and again quoted David's words, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: prove me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." "Can you say that?" again and again had I asked. "Yes," she would say.

"*Nothing* in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

"Is that *your* language?" "Yes," was the answer.

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

She responded in the same heartfelt way; and, though her words were few, they were evidently followed by the most fervent mental ejaculations. Continually was she to be seen looking up in simple earnest prayer. Once, on the last day she spent on earth, when I quoted the verse,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

she seemed, as it were, to grasp that word *blood*. "*Blood*," she whispered to herself, "*blood*." As much as to say, "That's it; there's my hope."

But to return. I now felt I dared not doubt; and I did my utmost to minister consolation.

"Your sufferings will soon be over. A little more faith, and a little more patience. The worst is over. I don't think you will suffer, but simply sleep or glide away." She said something about the death-struggle, but was cheered in a moment from the hope that it would be nothing. "One moment in heaven," said I, "and you would forget a thousand years' sufferings on earth. Oh, think of what awaits you—where you are going to—who you will see. Jesus, face to face; not as the Man of Sorrows now; not sweating great drops of blood falling down to the ground; not in His dying agonies; but on His throne! The Lamb on the throne! Shall I read a verse or two about it?" "Do." "And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." God Himself to wipe away all tears from their eyes! Don't you think that's worth waiting for, and suffering for?" "Yes."

"Yet a season, and we know
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven."

"Would you come back?" "Not for fifty worlds," she said. "Not for the crown of England?" "No," said

she; "that would bring trouble with it, and I should not know the future; but *I do know my future.*"

Once she spoke of the night she had before her, and seemed to dread it. "Oh," said I, "I don't think you will see to-morrow morning." "Don't you? oh, the Lord grant it, if it is His blessed will. I should be so glad not to open my eyes upon this world to-morrow morning."

When I repeated the lines,

"Jesus can make a dying-bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there,"

she exclaimed, "Beautiful;" and again when I quoted the verse,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast,"

she said again, "Beautiful."

"Shall I pray with you once more?" "Do, please." I did so, simply committing and commending her to the Lord, and, a little before nine o'clock, bidding her "look to Jesus," wished her good-bye, believing our next meeting would be in eternity. She thanked me heartily for visiting her, and shook my hand affectionately, saying, "Good-bye."

Next morning, the closed shutter told me the conflict had ceased, and that all was over. Upon reaching the house, I found she only tarried in this vale of tears a little more than two hours after I left her. "Mother," said she, "get your supper quickly, and I shall soon go after *that*;" and so it was, for about eleven o'clock, without a struggle, and scarcely a sigh, she fell asleep in Jesus. Blessed, blessed be His great and glorious name!

Wayside Notes.

SELF SUMMED UP AND CHRIST LIFTED UP.

"He must increase and I must decrease."—JOHN iii. 30.

THE Christian, as he advances in divine experience, will find out that one of the greatest enemies to his spiritual growth is "*self*." "O wretched man that I am!" said the apostle, "who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" But some will say, "Is there not something exceedingly good in self?" We, for one, have never found it, and must therefore bear testimony to the truth of the Scripture, which sums up self thus: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores."

Others will say, "Ah, depend upon it human nature is better than you take it to be!" We reply, facts that are coming to light daily certainly do not bear out the dogma of creature excellency. No, reader, human nature, if put in the balance, even though it be dressed in the highest morality, will be found wanting. For our own part, we have no confidence in the flesh, and we pray that the creature may decrease in our experience, and Christ become all and in all.

And satisfied we are that he who thinks highly of self, does not realize the fact of the fall and its results. Reader, feeling its effects personally, do we not cease to look for any good in the creature, and are we not learning that self assumes various and opposing influences to our comfort and growth in grace?

There is (1) *sinful self*—for we find out to our cost that the old Adam nature is within still, even after we have received a sense of pardoning love and mercy. The lusts of the flesh, and a large company of evils,

abide in the town of Mansoul, even after Emanuel has driven Diabolus out of the castle. Sin "*dwelleth in me*," is the acknowledgment of the beloved apostle, who yet could say, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Yes, it is on the one hand a glorious fact that if the Lord's, we have within us a sinless nature, that nothing can destroy, while at the same time it is a painful fact that the old nature is within still.

"Poor wretched, worthless worm!
In what sad plight I stand,
When good I would perform,
Then evil is at hand."

And this old nature shows itself often in the form of—

2. *Righteous Self*.—It is a difficult matter for human nature really to feel that there is not some good in the creature. There is sometimes the acknowledgment that there is none; but the actions prove that there is still a clinging to the old rags of creature righteousness.

And this supposed goodness is the root of the ten thousand errors that exist in the present day, which lead men under the name of religion into countless vagaries and follies. Let a man feel that he has no righteousness of his own, and he will be kept to the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, but not otherwise.

"Oh, to be found in Him," says the apostle, "not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ—the righteousness which is of God by faith!" It is a mercy for us, beloved, if we have been taught the lesson of man's nothingness, and that "Christ must be all and all."

And then another rearing up of the old nature will often be in the form of—

3. *Proud Self*.—"My soul shall weep in secret places for my pride," said the Prophet Jeremiah; and how painful it is to see those who profess to be Christians lifting up their heads in a proud and lofty spirit! But so, alas! it is.

If anything like success in connexion with one's business, oh, how pride is engendered; and what a creature greatness is often felt, while worldly-mindedness, creeping over us, estrangeth us from our God! Or again—

If anything like success in connection with the spreading of the truth, what a difficult thing it is to keep pride of heart down; although personally we can say that in a great measure grace has subdued pride in this matter, for, when we get a testimony that the Lord has been pleased to bless the poor instrument, the tear of gratitude starts to the eye, and the heart becomes melted and humbled before the Lord at the thought of His great condescension in bringing strength out of perfect weakness. Still pride clings so to poor human nature, and in some cases even to the last, as it was with Hezekiah, of whom it is said that after all his mercies he was lifted up with pride of heart. Oh, to be delivered from this noxious evil, and to walk humbly before the Lord. And, then, another form of evil we have to contend with is—

4. *Rebellious Self*.—If things do not go on just as we would have them, we think God is dealing hardly with us. We say His mercy is clean gone for ever, and thus utter an impossibility in the spirit of rebellion. Jonah carried things with a high hand indeed, when the Lord said unto him,

"Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd?" He replied, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." This is a wretched spirit to get into, and destructive of all peace and prosperity of soul. Well may the Psalmist say, "The rebellious dwell in a dry land." Yes, indeed they are brought into great barrenness of soul—absorbed with their miseries, they forget their mercies.

O Thou passive, meek, loving Lamb of God, who never rebelled against the Father's will, but became "obedient unto death," make us more like Thyself—

"O my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubts and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious worm is still."

And further, the uprisings of creature-will shows itself in—

5. *Worrying Self*.—Oh, how many Marthas there are in the Lord's family that are "cumbered about many things." How many there are of the Lord's children, that morning, noon, and night are always on the worry and fret. How sweet is the mild expostulation of our Lord to such, "And which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit? If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." And then lower down in that precious chapter, "Seek ye not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind." And again, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And yet, alas, with all these hallowed "seek nots" and "fear nots," we often worry as much as ever. Ah, and worry, too, about the veriest trifles of time, as if time was to last for ever. This state of self greatly impoverishes the soul, mars the comfort, and hinders growth in grace. Let us put up at the throne of grace such desires as these: "O Thou, who didst bid the winds and waves 'Peace, be still,' and they obeyed Thee, settle my discomposed mind, and quiet my troubled breast, and bring me to see the light of Thy countenance, and the joy of Thy salvation." Beloved, is it not the case, that worrying self cripples and cramps the Christian beyond measure, and prevents anything like liveliness or vigour in connexion with eternal things? We have need, then, to pray that grace may keep it under.

And then there is another form of temptation even worse than this, viz. :—

6. *Temper Self*.—Oh, how painful it is to see the Christian giving way to temper at the veriest trifles, and yet how common! We know that this may sometimes proceed from bodily disease and suffering; then it cannot be helped, and must be borne with,—but often it is otherwise. Oh, when temper-self is felt rising in unbecoming outbursts, we do well to check it with the cry, "Grace, Lord! grace, Lord!" How mild and meek was our blessed Redeemer throughout His earthly career; what an example for us! O thou precious One, save us from inbred sins; drive everything out, Thou stronger Man armed, that dishonours thee; curb our temper and make us child-like; subdue our wills and make them absorbed in Thine; check all uprising of self, and be Thou our all and in all.

Now these varied inward evils, which prove "sin dwelleth in us," bring the soul into prison, and wrap it in clouds and darkness. Our mercy

and consolation is that the Lord will not suffer them to prevail. But whatever form self appears in it must and will be subdued in the Christian. It may take very sharp and severe discipline to do it, but it must be done. "I must decrease;" so that sinful self must be kept under; righteous self be shown its folly; proud self crumbled in the dust; rebellious self curbed and charged; worrying self be calmed down; and temper self subdued and melted by grace divine. Beloved! must not such a summing up of self make us ashamed before God? and all we can do is to cry at the throne of grace,

"Dear Lord, accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns with much and frequent smarts
The evil it contains."

Views then of self and human nature must bring us to the "I must decrease." Let us turn to the more pleasing side of this portion,

"HE MUST INCREASE."

John doubtless in uttering this language prophesied how Jesus, the despised Nazarene, should increase, and His name and fame spread on the earth, through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel; but it is more in an experimental and personal point of view we want to think of this matter—the increase of His work of grace within the soul of the believer; for surely there shall be a growing up into Christ, which shall be accompanied by a growing out of self; as we cling closer to Jesus, so shall we uncoil our hold of self.

And that "*He must increase*" is,

1. *A matter of promise*—"I am come, that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." Ah, that is what we want, "*Life more abundantly*;" to this end: the unfolding of the Word, the quickening of the Spirit, the divine unction of the Holy One, grace drawing out the gifts of the Spirit, fresh discoveries of the person and work of Jesus. "*Life more abundantly*." It shall expand and increase—nothing shall destroy it; it may appear at times at a low ebb, but the tide of joy shall turn and rise again. It may appear as a tiny streamlet lost amidst the thick clay of worldly care, but it shall bubble up again; it may appear at times as only a spark left in the dying embers, but the breeze of the Holy Spirit shall fan into a flame again. It may be as a plant that under the scorching heat of the day droops its head, but the shower of divine grace shall revive it again and cause it to stand erect. "*He must increase*"—ye shall have life more abundantly—and then,

2. *It is a matter of performance*. The grain of mustard seed shall grow to a goodly tree, the corn shall spring up, first the blade, then the ear, and then the ripened grain, fit for the sickle. The life within shall expand, and be given more abundantly; the tree of the Lord's right-hand planting shall bring forth fruit unto God. The work of grace shall go on till it finds its fruition in glory. He that hath begun the good work will perform it until the day of the Lord. Jesus sent the Comforter for this express purpose, that He should guide us into all truth; and, as He is the Truth, such guidance must be to bring us to a deeper knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus cause Him to increase in our experience. Yes, beloved, as years roll on such views of the work, person, and salvation of Jesus shall be revealed as shall endear Him more and more.

Oh, then, never despair! Ye shall grow and live to prove those words blessedly true, "*The righteous shall hold on His way.*" Again,

3. *It is a matter of prayer.*—It becomes the uppermost desire of the child of God that he may know more of Christ; that He may be to him the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. He pants and prays for the living God. He laments his coldness and barrenness, and sighs for communion and fellowship with Jesus. "Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise and with Thy honour all the day," is the language of his heart; and often does the prayer go up, "Oh for some fresh communication of His love and favour! I want to be absorbed in Him. I want to have my soul drawn out in holy fervour and love for Him. I want to feel Him constantly near and increasingly dear. I want to live more as an heir of glory who is being prepared for his exalted position. Dear Saviour, I cling to Thee." Is it not so, dear reader? Are not these desires thine? Furthermore,

4. *It is a matter of preparation.*—He must increase as we get nearer eternal glory. And this will be the case; as years roll on we get lower views of the creature, and more exalted views of Christ. But this preparation work will often be accompanied with sharp but wholesome discipline. The divine training will be attended with much that is far from pleasant to flesh and blood. Moses had to stand in his lot for forty years at the backside of the desert to prepare him to be the leader of God's people through the wilderness. Jeremiah had to be put into the stocks to bring down his pride of heart, and prepare him for future prophesying. Poor Job had to be afflicted beyond measure before he received the Lord's twice as much. Paul had his thorn in the flesh, lest he should be exalted above measure. And so, beloved, must you and I have just the discipline that our covenant God appoints, to fit and prepare us for eternal glory. The children of Israel were "led about," but were not "left without" the promised land. The leadings of the Lord, however intricate, will always lead to Christ, and terminate in living with Him for ever. By such means shall we grow in grace and in the knowledge of a precious Christ, and thereby we shall decrease and He increase in our experience; and this growth in grace is described as *a following hard after Christ*; and verily it is hard work following Him sometimes; and nothing makes it more so than the hindrances of this body of sin and death.

Eshcol's grapes are pleasant enough, but, when they are fermented into the "wine of astonishment," it becomes a different matter. It is easy work following Christ when it is a stepping into foot-prints of joy and peace in believing, but it is hard work when the following Him becomes "a being partaker with Him of His sufferings." And this brings us to the means that shall be employed to cause Christ to increase in our experience, the secret of which is laid in those memorable words of the apostle, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Here is one of the mysteries of godliness; the two natures, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Then there is the warfare, which is an inevitable consequence: "I am crucified with Christ." Then there is the victory: "Nevertheless I live." Ah, and shall live for ever; and there is the secret of it all: "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." What a wonderful life is this! and how it brings out the fact, "He must increase, but I must decrease." And then, beloved, if we turn from looking

within, and cast our gaze around at the position of the Church of Christ ; if we look abroad and contemplate the state of true religion in our land, what do we see? We see profession running high, truth fallen in our streets, and vital godliness discarded as a thing of the past. We see our highly-favoured land playing the harlot with Antichrist, and we hear of yieldings to her treachery and power, of which, a few years ago, we should not have thought it possible she could be guilty of. What shall we say to these things? Oh, we can but look up, and, in a strip of blue sky, amidst the threatening clouds that are gathering around, we see written the fact, "Thy God reigneth! He must increase." This is our consolation. To know that He is looking on, and permitting His enemies to go only as far as He pleases and no further, and that, although His people are hidden ones and despised, and His Church seems trodden under foot by the multitude of professors, yet the promise holds good, "He shall increase;" and the time is not far distant, we believe, when this assertion shall be fulfilled, although it may be, that before it is accomplished, the struggle shall be sharp and severe.

One thought more, beloved. Christ must increase in the kingdom of glory, not personally, for He is all perfect, but with regard to His Church. The long trail of spiritual Israel are passing through the wilderness; one and another is crossing Jordan and arriving home, others are following in their wake; the numbers of the redeemed are increasing, and heaven is gaining its appointed number. As we write, tidings have been received that another eminent servant of the most High has passed through the pearly gates—viz., the late beloved Bishop of Carlisle. It was once our privilege to walk with that dear saint from Barford Church to the rectory; never was it our happiness to meet with one who so carried out to our mind the expression Christ-like. Though living in such high life, his meekness and condescension were remarkable, and never shall I forget his sanctified conversation and gracious expression of a parting wish, that I would at any time call upon him. And then the eye rests upon other saints here and there that are ripening for glory; and that shall soon swell the number of glorified ones, that Christ's kingdom above may increase. And we too, dear reader, are pressing onwards, and drawing fast to the end. Oh, what an end that will be! the flesh and its fightings all over, and perpetual peace realized,—

"Where saints are free from every load
Of passions or of pains;
God dwells in them and they in God,
And love for ever reigns."

Beloved, our prayer to God for you is that you may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, that you may walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God, so learning the secret of our portion, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Ilford.

G. C.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 34). The original is, "Who shall deliver me from this dead body?" and no doubt has reference to the practice among the Romans of tying a dead body to a criminal, which he was compelled to carry about with him wherever he went.

Pilgrim Papers.

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. R. ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 580.)

"He that hath the Son hath life: and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."—1 JOHN v. 12.

God had no way to save a sinner but by giving him life; it is neither made life nor created life, but life given. Satan tells men that they may save themselves; some he tells them that they may do something for God that He may save them. The one is to rob God of His honour, the other to make God a soul-trader, and to sell a soul at a poor price. There is none know Christ but by life, and this life is Himself; eternal life cannot be divided, it must be Christ Himself, and "Christ in you the hope of glory."

"And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—

REV. xxi. 5.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath laid up for them that love Him." "It is not of works, lest any man should boast." Sin was laid upon Christ, but He made an end of that by the sacrifice of Himself. Jesus Christ is the storehouse for His saints, for He knew all their wants before they had them. When the woman cried unto the king for help, he rent his mantle, and said, "If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? out of the barn-floor or out of the winepress?" The throne of grace, love, and mercy was never approached unto by a workmonger, and nothing short of a spiritual subject is ever known to have admittance there. That throne that admits of creature-works must admit of creature-merit, and he that fancies such a throne will not find Jesus upon it, but a creature of deception like himself, and vain delusion and vexation must be the troop of robbers setting their snares for their destructive prey.

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair."—2 COR. iv. 8.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee; and I will deliver thee." Here, dear tried child of God, is a pair of turtles for thee, when thou comest with thy offering before the Lord; when their wings tabor upon the altar of thy heart, the sacrifice is a broken spirit; sanctified trouble takes away the leprosy, and oil and wine always follow the plough-share, and the pruning-hook has healing upon its royal blade. Yet not distressed, the supplies exceed the wants, and joy drinks up the briny tear. Perplexed, but not in despair—hope spreads her evergreen, and thou shalt sit down under the loaded fig-tree, none daring to make thee afraid.

"This is the Stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the Head of the corner."—ACTS iv. 11.

Spiritual stones are not fitted for a spiritual building, but by spiritual builders. The Tower of Babel had none of these spiritual stones in all its massive heap. These precious stones are not at the disposal of foolish builders, nor to be taken for any service. The leprosy can never touch

these jasper walls, neither shall any fleshly tool demolish its living stones in the new-covenant quarry, cut out without hands. "This stone that was set at nought, whosoever falls upon it shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind them to powder."

"And they were not able to resist the wisdom and spirit by which He spake."—
ACTS vi. 10.

The spiritual experience of a child of God can neither die with age, nor faint in famine, nor fall in battle, nor be overcome by Satan, nor charmed away by the flesh, nor bought away by the gaudy paints of a theatrical world. Fleshly resistance against God's truth is like a frantic shooting up in the air; the arrow turns its point down the beaten track, to wound the shooter's head. And the snares of death of him that shoot at the head of another shall, like the serpent hid in the grass, lay mortally upon the bitten heel. Experimental life in Christ is experimental over death, experimental glory. The heavens are opened over our head; there is no resistance in this treasure; 'tis more triumphant over death than death can triumph over the body; grace shall reign and triumph through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth."—ROM. viii. 33.

A God without foreknowledge could not be infinite; a God that is not infinite would be no better than a brute, and would be as liable to be imposed upon as the veriest creature is beset by his fellow. The beginning and the end must be one; every beginning has an end to be answered; foreknowledge sees them both, and predestination brings them together, and only can be read in an infinite God. Paul may plant if sent to do so, and Apollos may water. Predestination puts them together; "so then he that planteth is not anything, nor he that watereth anything, but God that giveth the increase." Without predestination there could be no promise; all the prophets were sent by predestination with a "Thus saith the Lord." The promises made to Adam were made in predestination, and from the rising sun to the glowworm have a standing order. The promise in predestination was given after the flood; "I will drown the earth no more;" the bow was fixed in the clouds, and the promise stood firm in predestination: "I will drown the world no more: day and night, summer and winter, cold and heat, seedtime and harvest, shall not cease till time shall be no more." It is God that justifieth; justification is a full discharge from past, present, and to come. There is neither condemnation, nor a second charge can ever be made. Here, thou tried saint, look upon thy tribulated path, chequered and dark as it may be, and every step taken in mysterious deeps. Sorrow oftentimes has sat upon thy countenance, and fears have laid thee low, while the silver cord of thy nerve has melted in the furnace, just as the song of triumph was put into thy mouth, "More than conqueror through Him that hath loved us."

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—
ROM. viii. 14.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." The Spirit teaches all things that are of God aright, and the fruits of the Spirit are clusters found on the green Tree, Christ Jesus, in His unfading beauties of the covenant of eternal grace. It is by the Spirit of divine faith we go to

Jesus in all our afflicted circumstances; the Spirit gives moans, sighs, and groans. O wondrous deep, to give that which might be construed to be from affliction. It is neither from it nor of it; but it is the Spirit speaking in it. It is the Spirit that helps our infirmities with groans and cries that cannot be uttered. Just suited to half the family of Jesus, who cannot express themselves. They are so tried, so poor, so helpless, so shut up. All languages have been understood by men of classical order; but there have been difficulties in the way of the Hebrew and the Greek students that have been surmounted; but no natural science can attain this art; and, when it is put to a song, there is a hundred and forty-four thousand can raise the tune, and sing the chorus clear. And some of these have been pulled out of pits or ditches as wandering sheep: all have been pulled out of sin's snares of one kind or another, and from all strongholds. The song is put into the mouth, "Salvation to our God for ever and ever." No thieves here to steal, the hypocrite is dumb in this business; his false lamp and fleshly trumpet must both fail together; and, though he had some of Zion's notes, he stole them; and no thieves are allowed to enter into the royal concert. "I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

"I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop."—PSALM cii. 7.

The Lord sometimes places His people as His watchman in circumstances that they oftentimes would dispute whether it was of the Lord, when unthought-of events transpired, which seemed as though they would bring a charge of inconsistency against them. "I will lead you in a way thou knowest not; I will make darkness light, and crooked things straight." "I watch." O dear child, this is a favour that the Lord hath conferred upon thee. Objection: "But it is so solemn and so weighty, that I am forced to creep alone into my closet." Poor child, it is an elevated spot, higher than the kings of the earth, and you see as much as angels, and feel much more. Fear not, dear child, the Lord will appear for thee; these are thy lessons of holy divinity; thou shalt both see, hear, and learn much that shall be instructive.

"Then said He unto him, A certain man made a supper, and bade many."—LUKE xiv. 16.

O Jesus God, Man in Adam's room and stead, made under the law for divine fulfilment, spreading the supper-table in the wilderness; the oxen and the fatlings are killed; come, ye seed of Abraham, for all things are ready. Go, call them that are bidden. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." Corah to his farm, Dathan to his oxen, Abiram to his wife. O my soul, here is a nobler question! the marriage-feast of redemption, for the heirs of salvation, held by the King of kings. Art thou a bidden guest, and hast thou with sweet delight been a royal partaker at the heavenly banquet, where divine satisfaction hath filled thy cup, and thy soul has been cheered with the heavenly draughts? O my soul, thou canst never forget that heavenly arrest. Love stronger than death seated me with holy rapture, surprise, and delight, as an heir of grace, and clothed, and in my right mind, and a new song was put into my mouth, and questions never before uttered by me. Why was I brought here? Why, to sit at redemption's table; why, to feast upon endless love. "Where sin abounded, grace much more abounds." Amen.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT PROPITIATION.

(Continued from page 530.)

WE would notice now the persons for whom Christ is an Advocate, even those to whom He is revealed; and who are they? Poor guilt-stricken sinners who need an Advocate. Self-condemned and law-condemned sinners who have found out by Divine teaching their state before God; ill and hell-deserving sinners. Ah, we may talk to such of an Advocate, and we may tell such He is their Advocate, but it will bring no comfort till God speaks—till He says, "O Ephraim, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help found." How sweet will those tidings be to such a soul! Perhaps some one says, "Oh, I would give all the world, if I had it, to be able to say 'Christ is my Advocate.'" Now, when do we stand in need of an Advocate? When we have a difficult cause on hand. There is a judgment-seat in this world, and witnesses are called, and the case proved, and sentence pronounced, and the soul condemned; and, when the soul is made sensible that it is lost, the Advocate stands up and pleads the case, and the plea is, "I died; I have made atonement, reparation, satisfaction for all; I paid the penalty; I stand as the sinner's Surety; I am in his law-place; I fulfilled and suffered all for him." This is Jesus' advocacy; and, when we come to realize Him as our Advocate by the power of the Spirit, then we have a precious experience of the matter. Now it is very remarkable that this same word "Advocate" might be rendered "Comforter." This advocacy is the comfort of the saints, for they shall all have the comfort of knowing they have such an Advocate; and this advocacy extends to all sin, past, present, and future. "Oh, what a licentious doctrine!" some would say. Well, the unrenewed may make a wrong use of it, but the believer will not, for the Bible tells us the Scriptural way to strike at the root of sin is the declaration of pardon. Thus the fear of God is spoken of in this way:—"There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared;" and in Ezek. xvi. we have the true source of godly shame and sorrow for sin. "When I am *pacified* towards thee." Ah, there is nothing like the love of God applied, experienced, and enjoyed to bring men off from their sin—to draw them out of the world, and to separate them from their follies. And how blessed to think Jesus is exalted for this very purpose "to give repentance and remission" to His Israel; and a blessed thought is it that these both go together, just as John tells us "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive;" and, if it be a true, an evangelical repentance, He would be unjust if He did not: and why? Because He hath bound Himself, if I may so say, in His word; and our "God is not a man, that He should lie." And now take one word more (Rom. viii. 34). Here we have the blessedness of Christ's advocacy. You may commit all your causes to Him, seeing that He makes intercession as your Advocate, and remember it is said, "He will thoroughly plead their cause." His word is pledged for it, and He hath put to it the seal of His blood. We must now come to *propitiation*, its nature, source, extent, and enjoyment. First, as to its nature. Christ is this propitiatory, which arises out of His advocacy, because He has brought in a proper plea to support the cause, and therefore brings in a propitiation, with which God is satisfied, justice is satisfied, the saints are satisfied, and the devil has not a word to say; his mouth is shut. Christ has brought in such a plea that it is unanswerable. Not is He only an Advocate but a propitiation also, so that all is on your side, more for you

than can be against you, for "the Lord of Hosts is with us." Now let us regard the word propitiatory, and so look into the type; the mercy-seat, for these words are the same, propitiatory being the word used in the Greek for the Hebrew word mercy-seat (see Exod. xxv.). Christ was shadowed forth by that mercy-seat (ver. 10). "Thou shalt make an ark of shittim wood." Here we see the Church of God in Christ before the foundation of the world; and this ark was to be covered with gold, shadowing forth the divinity of Christ, which may also signify the glory put on His people, and also denoting their royalty, being made kings and priests to God and the Father. Oh, what grace is here! The worm Jacob picked off a dunghill and made a son and an heir of the Lord Almighty, and crowned as a king with that crown which they must one day cast at the Lord's feet! But you will see there were to be two rings in the side of the ark, and the staves were to be put through them; by these it was to be moved—signifying the removal of that dispensation to a Gospel day; also it might signify the removing of the candlestick from one place to another during this Gospel dispensation, so that when all the elect are called which are gathered in one place, the candlestick is removed. But one thing more it may mean, the final removal of God's Israel, when the Church militant shall become the Church triumphant. Until then they see that "they have no continuing city here, but seek one to come." Soon the staves will be put into the rings, and you shall be carried home. Are you ready for this event? are you anticipating it? are you longing for it? But is it only to get out of the trials of time, or are you desiring it in order to be with Jesus, the only One who can make you happy in time or eternity? Now one very precious thought more is this, that the ark never moved without the Lord's direction, and so all the removals of the Church are appointed by the Lord. At ver. 16 we see the testimony or law was to be put into the ark, and so it is called sometimes the "ark of the testimony." This signified that the law was fulfilled in Christ: there was no flaw in His obedience, thence called the Lord our Righteousness, and His people are counted holy in Him; and "this is the name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." He says also, "I will write my laws in their heart." There is the place He puts His law; He draws out the affections of His children, so that they long to be in His presence, makes them hate their sins, hunger and thirst after righteousness, and long for the time when they shall be satisfied with His likeness. But furthermore it says, at ver. 17, "and thou shalt make a mercy-seat of pure gold," &c. As the gold signified His divinity, thence He was the God Man of Jehovah and the God Man of the Church; and justice is satisfied because the greatest satisfaction possible was made by the active and passive obedience of Christ, and His death in the room of the sinner. It is the law, you know, that when an injury is inflicted satisfaction must be made. The murderer takes away life; satisfaction must be made, so his life was demanded. The sinner sins, justice must be appeased. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Christ takes the sin, makes a propitiation by His blood, suffers in the room of the sinner, so that justice is appeased, the law magnified, and God satisfied. Why this is the very marrow of the Gospel. But look again at the type: "Two cubits and a half thou shalt make it." The mercy seat or cover was to be of the same width and length as the ark. Yes, not an inch more or less. It covered the ark, and no more. This is God's mercy. It extends to the elect, and no more. All that are in the ark of God's love shall be covered

by His mercy, and no more—all for whom it is intended shall be brought within the ark. This is very important, for I ask has it reached *you*? has it enclosed *you*? has it covered *you*? If it has not, what evidence have you that you are interested in that ark? Why, none at all. But ver. 18 tells us there were to be two cherubim beaten and made out of the same piece of gold that covered the mercy-seat, which may represent the Father and the Spirit regarding the work of Christ's propitiation, and their faces were to be towards each other; that is, not looking outwards but inwards; and then He says (ver. 22), "*there will I meet with thee.*" Aye, there must be a *place* where God and His people can meet and commune together; and here it is—on the mercy-seat; Christ the mercy-seat for His Church and God to meet. And there must be a *time*, too, when the God of the Hebrews shall meet with all His children. He must meet with that poor adulteress, the woman of Samaria. He must meet with Zacchæus. Aye, there must be a meeting with this God of the Hebrews, and so you come to find out that you are a Hebrew, a true Jew, and realize Christ as the "mercy promised." But one more thought. The ark was set up before any blood was sprinkled upon it. No blood was seen upon it till the day of atonement. So in the fulness of time Christ came, but the mercy existed before the blood was shed. Nay, out of the mercy sprang the propitiation, and so this mercy is communicated and infused into the soul at the foot of the cross. But this word Advocate means also Comforter, because of the comfort and peace a competent Advocate brings. "If any man sin." Now, if you are lying under a sense of sin and dread of condemnation, what do you want? An Advocate; one to plead for you—one that will prevail for you. And when you have found such an one what follows? Comfort. Then the Advocate is also a Comforter, because he pleads the cause, and answers all charges. Is your cause in His hands? Can you leave it there? All His people's cause is in His hands, and quite safe. Now some of you cannot take the comfort of that, but, if you are a convinced sinner, and humbled by the Spirit, your cause is the Lord's. Whether you can leave it with Him or not, He pleads your cause as His own cause, for His glory is engaged in your salvation. And herein is the preciousness of faith, which comes in for the rescue of the soul. When shut up in doubt and uncertainty as to the issue, faith eyes the Advocate, receives the comfort, defies every obstacle, and says, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." So thy cause must be safe in His hands. "Oh," say you, "these are very blessed truths if they bring such peace and comfort with them." They are, indeed, precious truths to live upon and die upon; and, as the Lord gives you the sweet experience of them, you will be enabled to cast your care upon Him, and leave your matter in His hand, "who careth for you." We have considered but two points—suretyship and advocacy—and may the Lord open them up and reveal them to the hearts of His tried people, and drop them with such efficacy there that the life they live in the flesh may be by the faith of the Son of God, and so that they shall be enabled to say, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

J. A. W.

Newton says, "I have many books that I cannot sit down to read; they are indeed good and sound, but, like halfpence, there goes a great quantity to a small amount: there are silver books, and a few golden books, but I have one book worth them all, called THE BIBLE."

SITTING DOWN IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."
—LUKE xiii. 28, 29.

To rightly estimate the sayings of our Lord, we must remember the circumstances under which they were spoken, and note the characters to whom they were addressed. On the occasion recorded in our text, Jesus, the promised Messiah, was reproving the Pharisees in a parable. First, then, the "Pharisees." These were a supercilious, proud, self-righteous section of the Jewish people, who pretended to greater sanctity than others, by reason of their holding more strictly the tradition of their fathers, and observing more rigidly the precepts of the law of Moses. But of all their peculiar tenets, none was so dear to them as that of their boasted lineal descent from the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Hence, John the Baptist began his public ministry by laying the axe of truth to the root of this very evil (Matt iii. 9), and Jesus followed up his testimony by one undeviating witness against such a fallacious pretension. Second. The words of our text are a parable. These are of two kinds: the ordinary instructive parables by which Jesus spake to the multitude, and taught His disciples: and the stern judgmental parables by which He reproved the scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites.

We then come to the words themselves—"There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye [Pharisees] shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and ye yourselves thrust out. And they shall come from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

First. The kingdom of God: what is it? The "kingdom of God" and the "kingdom of heaven" are synonymous terms (see Matt. xix. 23, 24) and refer not to heaven itself, called the "heavenly kingdom" (2 Tim. iv. 18) but to that state of the Church of God *upon earth*,* anciently revealed to the patriarchs, then to the prophets, and which Christ came more fully to establish, in the heart. "The kingdom of God is within you." John the Baptist was the first who now openly preached this kingdom, or reign of grace under the Gospel dispensation, but Christ Himself who described the characters that should possess it (Matt. v. 10): "the saints shall take the kingdom." Thus, a man must be "born again" (which, without doubt, Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob were) or he cannot spiritually see this kingdom of God: and he must be "renewed in the spirit of his mind" (as doubtless were all the holy prophets) or he cannot enter into it. It is not in "meat" and in "drink," as in Mosaic days, but in "righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost," as in Abrahamic, prophetic, and Christian times. It cometh not "in word"—the word of the law; but in power—the power of God. And Daniel, speaking of this kingdom, says, it is "from generation to generation."

Now it was the *preaching* of this kingdom of God to the palpable changing the customs of the law of Moses, that not only so offended the Scribes, but subverted also the peculiar tradition of the elders, to which these Pharisees more especially adhered. Both sects were blind to the fact that

* Hence, our Lord's prayer to the Father, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done *on earth*," &c.

"Moses wrote of Christ," and that the "promises" concerning Christ were made to their fathers; also, that it was in the "Spirit of Christ" that the prophets testified beforehand of His sufferings, and of the glory that should follow. Consequently when this same Jesus went further back into the arena of time and spake of the *patriarchs* believing in Him, and the very heads of their Hebraic house "sitting down" in token of their finding rest, in the "kingdom of God," they were the more offended still. For these haughty disdainful Jews, who claimed honour and distinction among men because they had Abraham to their father, were more incensed at Jesus when He denied and so weakened the validity of their high pre-tentious standing than anything else. Hence, when Jesus said unto them—"Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me," they answered Him nothing; but, when He disputed the worth of their patriarchal descent, saying, "If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham," then they called Him a "devil," and "took up stones to stone Him."

Secondly. "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye [Pharisees] shall see," &c. This "weeping" does not necessarily mean lamenting, as with the godly sorrow of a disciple (John xvi. 20), nor does this "gnashing of teeth" (a time-state act) refer to the torments of hell; but the "weeping" here mentioned is like unto that in Rev. xviii. 15, 19; whilst the "gnashing of teeth" is to be understood in the same sense as, "And they gnawed their tongues for pain" (Rev. xvi. 10). It is the act of anguish, remorse, and revenge. And was not this very "gnashing of teeth" both foretold (Psalm cxii. 10) and partially fulfilled at the day of Pentecost, when the multitude came from the north, south, east, and west, and sat down under the sweet influence of the Holy Ghost? Yea, the very recital of the fact by Stephen caused these Pharisees to be "cut to the heart," and to "gnash" on *him* with their teeth (Acts vii. 54). Such is the power of truth when spoken in the name and strength of the God of truth; it convicts the conscience in a moment: "how forcible are right words." And this was just the object of Jesus in His parable, when He sought thereby to reverse the reckoning of these proud imperious Pharisees, and to show the hollowness of their fleshly conceits. And as it was prophesied of Him, "He shall stir up jealousy like a man of war," He did so stir it up in the hearts of these haughty enemies of the despised Nazarene when He said unto them, "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God, and ye yourselves thrust out." For what so bitter and galling to the Jew who claims Abraham to his father *and at the same time rejects the Messiah*, as to be told that that very Abraham "rejoiced to see His day; he saw it, and was glad:" or, in the words of our text, that he, with Isaac and Jacob, sat down in the kingdom of God; a fit place only, as they thought, for the Gentile dogs? But our Lord knew that He Himself, in Himself, and of Himself, had been the "dwelling-place," and "hiding-place," and "resting-place" of His people in all generations; and therefore He took up this parable against the Pharisees, to stir up their enmity and to slay their pride.

Thirdly. "And all the prophets." Our Lord brought all the prophets also into "the kingdom of God," as well as the Patriarchs, because He knew that "To Him gave all the prophets witness;" and that it was true, as David before declared, "Our fathers trusted in Thee; they trusted in Thee and were not confounded." To the writer it is a sweet thought that

all the prophets of God by believing in the promised Messiah found an entrance into the spiritual kingdom of God, through the reign of grace in their hearts. Yes,

They all sat down at Jesus' feet,
And at His hands received their meat;
Sustained alike by heavenly food,
The promised Shiloh was their God.

Or, as John Kent more ably writes,

"Prophets in strains exalted high,
From Enoch down to Malachi,
Sung of His righteousness and blood,
The good old way cast up by God."

Fourthly. "And they shall come and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." The expression "sit down" simply means *the taking of rest*; and where else have the saints of God in every age found rest and peace unto their souls but in the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ? And that salvation was a finished work *from* the foundation of the world is plain from Scripture testimony; though its accomplishment took place at Calvary. Indeed, the Lamb was slain "from *before* the foundation of the world;" that ere ever man was formed, there should be the remedy provided against his "fall" took place. Be it therefore remembered beloved reader, that the "covenant of grace" made known by the preaching of the Gospel unto Abraham, and which was afterwards confirmed unto Isaac, and established with Jacob, was 430 years before the giving of the Law unto Moses; and that the "God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob," was only their God as they stood in covenant-relationship to Christ. Moreover, Jesus Himself declared unto these Pharisees that as touching the resurrection of the dead, which is a fundamental doctrine in the kingdom of God (then more fully to "come" on the earth), that God was not the God of the dead Abraham, of the dead Isaac, and of the dead Jacob, but of the "living;" that is, though they were dead in the flesh, they were "*alive for evermore*" in Christ, by the power of His resurrection from the dead. But the recital of these things only added irritation to these already-incensed Jews, it being the object of Jesus to show that all these holy men of old who both lived and died in faith, were, in their day and generation, the *righteous before God*, unto whom pertained the kingdom of heaven; and, therefore, when our Lord said to these vaunting puffed-up Pharisees,

Fifthly. "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God and ye yourselves thrust out," His meaning (all these things spoken in parables considered) would seem to be that they should be pricked to the heart, or pierced to the very soul, when they who rejected the Christ of God should see those very venerated fathers in whom they trusted, believing and trusting in Him! But they themselves, rejecting the Messiah, should be "*thrust out*," having "neither part nor lot in the matter."

Sixthly. "When ye shall see," &c. This word "*when*" evidently refers to some particular ulterior period of time. Indeed, it was customary with our Lord to defer the sight and proof of many of the things that He both said and did, until the days after His resurrection from the dead (Mark ix. 9), when all that He had so spoken concerning

Himself, and done in their sight, as afore prophesied of Him, should be made manifest and fulfilled (Luke xxii. 37); and this confirmation of all things, in testimony of the divine person, holy mission, and faithful witness of our Lord Jesus Christ was specially reserved for the after-development of the kingdom of God (Luke ix. 27). For then it was that the Holy Ghost brought all things to the remembrance of the disciples whatsoever Jesus had said unto them; at the same time convincing or reproving the world, especially the pharisaic world, "of sin;" "thereby declaring Jesus to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead" (Romans i. 4).

Seventhly. "Shall see." What shall they see? The careful Scripture-reader will observe that our Lord does not say these Pharisees shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob *sitting down* in the "kingdom of God!" No; they were not to be allowed to see so far as this. The Queen of Sheba, if she had not been a queen, would not have been privileged to have seen the "*sitting*" of Solomon's servants, and the attendance of his ministers. These pharisees were to "see" their forefathers in the kingdom of God, but "not to perceive" how they got there or what was their spiritual employment. These "*despisers*" of our Lord were to "*behold*" their progenitors as believers in Christ, in the grace-kingdom of God; to "*wonder*" and "weep or gnash with their teeth" at the sight, and then to "*perish*" in their sins.

This, to the writer's mind, is somewhat the meaning of the text: and who that has seeing eyes, perceiving judgments, and spiritual minds cannot but see that Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the holy prophets were *firm believers in the Lord Jesus Christ*—were righteous inhabitants of that kingdom which is the Lord's; where they each and all sat down in rest and peace, preparatory to their full enjoyment of all salvation-blessings in the kingdom of glory above?

But no pharisee shall be indulged with such a vision of faith; for, as our Lord said of them so is it still to this day, "By hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive."

Therefore to suppose that Jesus meant by this parable that these pharisees should see into the glories of the eternal kingdom on high, and behold the redeemed patriarchs and prophets enjoying their everlasting rest and peace *in heaven*, is contrary to the testimony of all living experience and the general tenor of Christ's uniform teaching. For not even a sign *from heaven* was to be given unto *them* (Mark viii. 11, 12).

Therefore, beloved, in reading the word of God, let us seek for the mind of God in His word. It is not so much the *letter of Scripture truth*, as the *meaning of the Lord therein*, to which the sanctified mind must look; not to the *sound of the words*, but the *signification of the Spirit*. And our Lord's parables especially are veils that cover the mysteries of God, only known unto us as they are revealed by the Holy Ghost.

Chelmsford.

"JOSIAH."

When his friends asked the great physician Boerhaave how he could possibly go through so much work from day to day, and pass tranquil through so many fretting scenes, he told them that his plan was to devote the first hour of every morning to prayer and meditation on the word of God.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

GLEANINGS FROM MY DISTRICT.

Miss R. has been some sixteen or eighteen years confined to bed, only just able to walk across her room, holding by tables and chairs—disease of the spine being her malady. Acute pain in her head forms one and a very frequent phase of her disease. One day when I called, she was sadly distressed from her head. “Do you not find,” I asked, “that head-ache is a sad hinderer to prayer? When my head aches prayer seems to me an impossibility.” “So is it with me, too,” she meekly replied; “there are days when, except a broken ejaculation from time to time, I do not even attempt it.” “But,” I added, “that distresses you very much, does it not?” “Oh, no,” she said, “not at all; for I find Jesus is quite as near when I am *resting* on Him, as when I am *speaking* to Him.”

Another *aged* pilgrim, of some four-score years, living alone on a parochial allowance of 2s. 6d. a week, wonderfully illustrates the cheerfulness and peace of one who can truly say, “The Lord is my portion.” Two shillings of her half-crown are paid monthly for house rent; she showed us her book, kept with the greatest neatness and exactness. “How do you live on sixpence a week?” we asked. “Oh, I never am in want,” she said, “the Lord is very kind to me, and sometimes I get scraps from kind ladies’ houses, sometimes a little tea is brought me, or a sack of coals. Oh, I am quite happy and comfortable, and very soon (for I am up in years now) I shall be in glory. *I am not afraid to die, for I shall go to Jesus.* Do you know I just happened to say *that* to Mr. —, the other day when he called, and what do you think he said? ‘Not afraid to die, Mrs. W—, that’s a high confidence.’ ‘But it is a high Saviour,’ I said, ‘who gave me such a high confidence.’” We explained to her that, as Mr. — was a Christian, his remark was probably intended to draw from her a reply that would strengthen his own faith as well as hers. Well may David say, “Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait I say on the Lord,” and again—“They that wait on the Lord shall not want any good thing.” M. C. C.

THE WONDERS OF PROVIDENCE; OR, A VOICE FROM THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

[We feel assured that our readers will read with deep interest the annexed account. Knowing personally the writer, we can vouch for the accuracy of his statements. Some months since he gave us the substance of the narrative from his own lips; and we then begged him to write it, in order that our readers might have the benefit. We do not scruple to say, that we are among those who love to hear the kind and gracious acts of the Lord set forth, for

“Why should the wonders God has wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?”

Often and often have we been grieved at heart when an embargo has been laid upon us, with regard to publishing some merciful interposition or some gracious deliverance of our most loving Lord. Why should it be so? Why should we be ashamed of our Master and His mercies? What

said the Holy Ghost by the apostle Peter? "Be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." Upon this principle we contend that it does behove the Lord's children, as opportunity offers, to testify of the Lord's acts. "Come, all ye that fear God," said the psalmist, "and I will declare to you what He hath done for my soul." How comforting and encouraging have such testimonies been in all ages. How has the Lord been glorified and His dear people strengthened and established thereby! Moreover, what a thoroughly practical protest have such testimonies proved against Romanism, Ritualism, and Rationalism; for what witness can any adherents to any such systems bear to the loving-kindness and faithfulness and power of Him who numbereth the very hairs of the heads of His children, and without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground? There is, moreover, another argument, which ought to have much weight with those who hesitate to declare the righteous acts of the Lord, and that is, the deep regrets of those who, in their last illness and upon their death-beds, feel and mourn over their previous silence with regard to the Lord's leadings and dealings. Ah, how have we heard these deep and bitter acknowledgments fall from the lips of the sick and dying. Reader, consider this, we pray you; and let it serve as a preventive from keeping back from others what the Lord has been and what the Lord has done, whensoever and wheresoever He, in His Providence, gives you an opportunity to speak for Him. And then, with respect to the narrative about to be placed before you, when considering the very great unlikelihood of certain things therein mentioned coming to pass, be it yours and ours to learn the great and glorious fact, that "there is nothing too hard for the Lord." The same truth stands out most conspicuously and encouragingly with respect to the conversion of children. Oh, who knows what may be in the mind of God, and what that those means and methods He may see fit to employ for answering the cries He has awakened in the hearts of His people on behalf of their children? Sure we are that "praying breath was never spent in vain;" for all real prayer is enkindled and drawn from the heart by the Holy Ghost: consequently He must recognize and honour His own work.—ED.]

DEAR SIR,—Amidst continual interruptions I have at last written out an account of that remarkable incident in my dear mother's history. It was related to me the last time I went to see her, a short time before her death. She was then in a very solemn state of mind, daily looking for her departure; and it may therefore be relied on as the simple truth. Mr. M'Cheyne was very fond of visiting my mother whenever he was in that locality. Well do I remember that solemn service at the Meadow. It was the first time I was pricked under the preaching of the word. My distress was intense for a short time, but on that occasion, it soon proved like the morning cloud and the early dew; still I can only look back on Mr. M'Cheyne with the deepest veneration and love. If you think the article sent worth insertion in the Magazine you are quite welcome to use it. I have it on my mind to write, in my imperfect way, a short article which may be entitled, "A Word of Encouragement to Praying Parents;" being the answer to a praying mother, in the conversion of her son, as exemplified in my own case. My wife and self were much pleased to hear the sweet account of Mrs. Inskip's last days on Sunday evening. What a drawing of heart there is to such cases, as well as a spirit of thankfulness to their delivering Lord. What a reality there is in vital religion! It

was rather remarkable that my dear wife, after she went into the Church, was encouraged in musing on the very verse which you gave out as your text. When you read the identical words she had been feeding on, she could not but feel astonished as well as encouraged. God does indeed "move in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." With humble regards,

I am, Sir, yours in Christian love, D. M. P.

Having been placed, in the providence of God, at an early age, several hundred miles from my mother, it was my pleasant privilege to be able to pay her an annual visit, which generally extended over two or three weeks. On the last occasion, when I was thus favoured to visit the parental home, she was looking forward with calm and holy expectation to the time when her loved Lord should send the sweet summons for which by grace He had been for many years preparing her. Hers had been a life of trial, such as falls to the lot of few; but she could now look back over the tear-bedewed and chequered path, and say, in the fulness of a broken but loving heart, "He has done all things well." She was at this time full with the blessing of the Lord, and, with a heart glowing with holy joy and gratitude and love and praise, she would at times recount some incident of her painful life, illustrating the goodness and faithfulness of the Lord to His then wayward and rebellious child. One of these incidents struck me at the time she related it as very remarkable, and I have often since thought it might be worth recording for the edification of such as desire to honour the Lord, by tracing the wonders of His providence in His sovereign dealings towards the children of men.

My mother was the daughter of a sheep farmer in the Highlands of Scotland; he was a protestant, but his wife (my grandmother) was a rigid Roman Catholic. At a very early age, my mother lost her father by death, and very shortly after, his widow married a second husband; and from that time my beloved mother's troubles began. Scantily clothed, and coarsely fed, she was sent to assist in tending the sheep on the mountain-sides; and many a time (she has told me) has the blood trickled down her poor legs, lacerated by the stunted heather and jagged rocks, amongst which she had to follow her charge. Keenly she felt the hardness of her lot, but it was of no use to complain; and doubtless at this period of her life, those habits of fortitude and endurance were formed and fostered which were so frequently displayed in after-days.

On attaining the age of womanhood, she left the cheerless home of her childhood and youth, and, after taking several situations, she settled in the family of Mr. F——, Sheriff of Invernesshire, who was a relation of her parents. There she filled the situation of nursery-maid, and was treated with the greatest kindness. And there she became acquainted with my father, a private soldier of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, or Black Watch, as the regiment was originally named. He had been sent home from the seat of war with others, in charge of a party of French prisoners, and was then stationed at Fort William, awaiting orders to rejoin his regiment abroad. In his rambles near the Fort he met my mother; they became acquainted, and in a very short time were married, in spite of the opposition of her mother, stepfather, and friends. Sheriff F—— kindly presented her with a sum of money, which she found very useful in launching out into a cold unfriendless world. From the moment of her marriage, her unfeeling mother turned her back upon her, and, though she lived upwards of forty years after, she would never again see nor speak to her offending daughter.

Shortly after my mother's marriage, an order was given for the party at Fort William to march to Aberdeen, to join the dépôt there. This was a bitter trial; to leave her native home without being reconciled to her mother, and without even being allowed the mournful pleasure of saying farewell to her young stepbrother Archibald. They were deeply attached to each other; but, although she begged with tears to be permitted to see him before departing, she was not allowed.* It was a beautiful day when, with an aching heart, she took her place on the baggage waggon and proceeded with the detachment on their weary march. On a Saturday evening they reached the little town of Huntly, in the district of Strathbogie, on the border of Aberdeenshire. Here they were furnished with a most uncomfortable billet for the Saturday night and Sunday. On the afternoon of that memorable Sabbath, my beloved mother, with her soldier husband, left their comfortless lodging, and in a strange place strolled out they knew not where; but soon found themselves on the bank of the river Deveron, where they sat down in a secluded and romantic spot, and began to talk of their future prospects. Everything was lovely around, and the birds sang sweetly amongst the thick foliage; but my poor mother's heart was like to burst as she sat musing on her wayward disobedience, the first-fruits of which she was now beginning bitterly to taste. In vain did her partner try to cheer her. Her grief was too deep to be slightly healed. But there was One watching over her whom she knew not; and He was about to lead her through a toilsome path to a peaceable habitation. On moving to depart, her eye rested on a pretty cottage snugly nestling amidst the wild scenery on the steep bank of the noisy stream. Struck with the beauty and peacefulness of its situation, she said to her husband, "Oh, my dear D——, would that we were going to settle in that lovely cottage, instead of having, as we soon shall have, to encounter the horrors and hardships of war in a foreign land." Little did she think whither the Lord was leading her, though the path to it was to be through tears and blood. On the Monday morning the march was resumed, and on Tuesday evening the barracks at Aberdeen were reached. After remaining a short time here, the detachment embarked to join the forces under the Duke of Wellington, on the Peninsula of Europe. It would be needless here to enter on a detail of the harrowing experience she had to pass through whilst she remained a follower of the camp; suffice it to say, that when that crisis arrived which so affected the destinies of Europe (I mean the Battle of Waterloo), she was still found following her husband with a devotedness which neither toil nor danger could shake. During the three days of that decisive conflict, she remained, with her child in her arms, within view of the fatal field. It was now (she told me) that she began to recognise God as a God of providence; and, though she had no right views of divine truth; no true anxiety for the soul's best interest, she was led to commit herself, her husband and child, to the protection of God, and prayed earnestly, amid the din of battle, that her partner might be wounded, but not fatally, in order that he might be sent home, and that they might find some peaceful though humble retreat, with occupation in her own loved land; and her prayer was answered. In the beginning of the action my father was wounded severely, but it was not till the battle was over that my mother knew it; when, after a long and anxious search, she found him in a place temporarily provided for the wounded, in the city of Brussels. Her stricken heart was melted in gratitude that she

* She never saw him after.

found him alive, although her fond desires with respect to their return home were not immediately to be realized. The wound was so severe that it was found necessary to detain him in foreign hospitals for several months; and, when sufficiently recovered to be removed, he was sent to England, where he remained in hospital for a considerable time, and at length was discharged on a pension of ninepence per day, in a strange place and without friends. This pittance being insufficient for their maintenance, and my father still an invalid, my mother resolved to take in washing or needle-work, in order that she might earn sufficient to pay their way, and get those little comforts which her sick husband required. But mark the wonder-working hand of God! Whilst she was struggling in this humble position, often from early dawn till the midnight hour, that kind Providence which had watched over her in all her wanderings interposed in her behalf in a most signal and unexpected way. The Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Gordon) had returned from a series of continental tours, and settled in their mansion of Huntly lodge, and had applied to their friend Colonel Dick,* to select a respectable 42nd man with his wife, to keep the porter's lodge near their mansion. Colonel Dick had, in common with many of the other officers, noticed the superiority of my mother's manner and conduct over that of most of the other women in the regiment, and had in consequence shown her many little marks of sympathy and kindness; and, when applied to, it was immediately suggested to him, that my father and mother were just such persons as the Marquis required. He wrote to that effect, and in answer was requested to send them off without delay. My dear parents' little matters were soon arranged, and, with bright hopes for the future, they set out on their long journey from the south of England to the north of Scotland, travelling by easy stages, which was necessary on account of the state of my father's health. They suffered much on the way, my father from extreme prostration, and my mother from fatigue and anxiety in attending to him. At length their future home was reached; the conveyance which their kind and considerate master had sent to meet them stopped before their cottage-door. On alighting, my father leaned upon his crutches, whilst my mother looked around. Could it be a dream? the scene seemed familiar. In an instant the surprising fact was realized, that her future home was to be that self-same lovely cottage which she had seen and admired when on her weary march, as I have before described.

Little did she think on that sad Sabbath-day, when seated with a bursting heart by the river-side, that in a few short years her wish should so signally be realized. Little did she think, when looking as a broken-hearted stranger on that quiet dwelling, that it would be the birth-place of most of her children; and little did she think that near this very spot would prove the scene of her own spiritual birth! Many years after, being settled in this peaceable home, though morally exact and upright, she lived a stranger to that God who had led her in such a marked and merciful way, training up her family in honesty and industry. She thought she was doing well, but the day of mercy dawned—a day memorable to many in that region of spiritual death. It was announced that the late Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne† was to preach in the open air at the

* This distinguished officer fell in India.

† See "Memoirs and Remains of the Rev. R. Murray M'Cheyne," page 144.

Meadow Well, in a spot consecrated by the labours of Dr. Chalmers and other godly men. Amongst the multitude who went to hear that Sabbath evening was my dear mother. Mr. M'Cheyne's address was deeply solemn and searching; many were alarmed, and some were pricked to the heart. A wound was made by the sovereign work of the Spirit's power, which none but the Saviour's hand could heal. Amongst the latter was my mother. The arrow of conviction had pierced her soul; all that night she never came home, but stayed in an old building near at hand, with other anxious ones, crying to God for mercy. The writer of this was a boy at the time, but well remembers his deep anxiety and distress on account of his mother's absence from home on that eventful night. Many days she had to walk in the bitterness of her soul, the cry of her heart being, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." And He did extend mercy. Jesus was revealed in all His fulness and suitability to her weary soul, and she was enabled to rest and rejoice in Him as her Saviour-God. She was a woman of prayer, and enjoyed much of the light of her Lord's countenance, although at times she had to walk through darkness, and feelingly had to experience that the path to glory is through much tribulation. Now, in the lonely graveyard of Dunbennan, near the banks of the Deveron, her honoured dust reposes, with two of her children, till that day when she shall joyfully obey the summons of her loved Lord, when He shall say, "Daughter, come up higher."

D. M. P.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS ABOUT A RECENT REVIEW IN THIS MAGAZINE.

It is not often we take notice of attacks upon us. We are as conscious of the frailty and infirmity connected with our labours as, probably, any of our readers. We have continually to beg of God to pardon, not merely our manifold shortcomings, but especially the sins of our holy things. As, however, *principle* is involved in certain printed statements with respect to the review above referred to, we shall depart from our usual practice, and make a few observations upon the subject generally.

First, we would remark, that although nominally responsible for all that appears in the works with which they are connected, editors are, at the same time, compelled to allow a certain latitude to their correspondents. As long as essentials and fundamentals are tenaciously regarded, points of secondary importance must be conceded. Our motto from the first has been "Differ, and agree to differ," where non-essentials are concerned.

Secondly, editors stand in need of help; hence the contributions of their correspondents are most welcome, especially to a *Gospel Magazine*, where depth and power and soundness, in point of doctrine, are manifest, and richness and unction and savour, in regard to experience, are exhibited.

Thirdly, the review department being one that entails much labour, aid in that department is especially grateful, where the judgment of the reviewer can be relied upon, more particularly (as in our own case) a failing of health prevents, for the time being, the reading necessary for the well-digested review.

Having, therefore, confidence in the ability and the judgment of a gentleman of extensive experience in editorship, and one whose standing necessitates his being well up in ecclesiastical matters, we beg to say, we

neither wrote the review for which we have been so censured, nor have we read even as much as a page of the pamphlet therein condemned.

At the risk, therefore, of being judged as *partial* and *prejudiced*, we candidly state, that we were not predisposed in favour of the pamphlet in question. It was to us an unseemly thing for a young man—a mere stripling in divine things—to have the presumption to arraign at the bar of his unmatured judgment and inexperienced mind a system which, with all its acknowledged faults, had been supported by such giants in the faith, and such advocates for God and truth, as TOPLADY, ROMAINE, HERVEY, HAWKER, NEWTON, WILKINSON, KRAUSE, PARKS, and (though last not least) a WALDEGRAVE.

Knowing as we did that the sympathies of this young aspirant to authorship were with those rulers who are now seeking to uproot all establishments; and feeling, as we long have felt, that the destruction of the Church of England (with all her imperfections) would be fatal to our national Protestantism, and destructive to our social and religious privileges; recognizing, moreover, the great and undeniable fact, that God has singularly owned and blessed the labours of multitudes which for so many generations have laboured within her pale; we were neither gratified with the announcement of “Episcopal Ordination” from such a pen, nor did we regret the condemnatory terms in which it was reviewed.

SWEET MEMORIES.*

How often is the inquiry made, Can you recommend me a nice book? The answer is given according to the views of the individual to whom the inquiry is addressed; and with not a few, who exercise no judgment in the matter, the volume is bought, read, and endorsed as a *very nice book*, lent, it may be, to others, or presented as a gift to some. In this day of extensive literature, the importance of a book is worth consideration. It is not the verbal remembrance of what is read, but the impression it leaves upon the mind, which is the true criterion of the character of a book. If it leaves no impression, the time it occupied in reading is wasted. If it leaves a bad influence it is pernicious. If information be conveyed, and a healthy direction given to the mind; if spiritual affections and desires are excited, humbling thoughts produced, or enlightenment into truth vouchsafed, we may pronounce it good so far, though, like all that is human, there may be something to reject. The stamp of humanity is affixed to all man's doings, and books share the common lot of imperfection. Few compilers of religious memoirs do justly by the dead. Ignorance or prejudice plays its active part in concealing the truth, or explaining it away. The prominent points in Gospel experience, regeneration, liberty, and soul-conflict, are passed over in silence by many, and, if noticed by some, the source of these blessings is hinted at but by few. The book is but the pedestal whereon the creature is placed that his good doings may be exalted and admired by his fellow-mortals.

But where the doctrines of grace are not stated, yet a faithful biographer gives the experience of a child of God, and with it the scope of his daily life, we can trace with profit the grace of the doctrines, and the blessedness of the Spirit's teaching, which leave healthful impressions upon the mind. Such memoirs often lead to prayer, and draw forth

* By Grey Hazelerigg. London: John Gadsby. Price 9d.

the desires of the new man after righteousness of life in Christ Jesus, and the Spirit gives the enjoyment of God's truth, though systematically little may be known of the doctrines of grace, and less said. An unpretending book, recently published, entitled "Sweet Memories," belongs to this class. It is simply a collection of letters written by Lady Hazelerigg to her son, who was her father in the Gospel of Christ, and this last and enduring tie gives the point to the mother's communications. The world would read in them only strong creature-affections and maternal devotedness, but the children of God, who know by experience the sweetness of spiritual ties in awakening the soul to see its danger, imparting clearer views of truth, or admitting it into Gospel liberty, will feel union of spirit in the affections displayed, and trace something higher, holier, and stronger than a mother's love in these pages. These letters display sincerity and simplicity, a humble mind and an honest heart; we have no statements of truth, but we have the doctrines in experience stated; we have no great enjoyments set forth, but we have the spirit of life and liberty made manifest. Here we have the simple utterances of a living soul, devoid of all that is conventional and studied. She expresses her fears and her desires without legality, her hopes and joys with simplicity. There is not a shade of any trust in the new creature, nor any expectation that the old nature will improve. Sound in experience these letters are sound in doctrine, and place the crown of salvation upon Jesus' brow. She thus writes of herself: "We are all well in body, in spirit I can only speak for myself, that, amidst the thorns and briars of this wilderness, I have to bless God for His goodness that He permits me sometimes to have a softening glimpse of His mercy, which takes me in sincerity to a throne of grace." Again she says, "Thank you very much for your letter; reading it again this morning seems to give my heart to love and cleave to Jesus. My own precious Redeemer, what has He not done for sinful me? and yet I have always to groan, being burdened with this half-hearted feeling. I would entirely love Thee, blessed Jesus, but Thou must give the power. I had some precious glimpses this morning in reading Matt. xvi. I always feel to have an entrance into verse 17. I never could have known my dear Jesus, had not my Father revealed His precious Son to my soul." Again she writes thus: "If I could always stop in the place God's grace has now put me in—at the feet of my Jesus—how different would be my life here! But alas! alas! for poor human nature, my spirit was so cast down on the Lord's-day I could not have written to you. You will ask me why? I can only say as ever, "My sin! my sin! vile wretch that I am." Blest at the present time with (for my age) perfect health, allowed so many blessings, and even in my chastenings so gently and mercifully dealt with, how can I ever mourn or murmur at the providences I do not understand? But oh for ever blessed be the name of my precious God and Father in Jesus, my Redeemer. I have learnt experimentally, "It is not life to live, if His presence He deny," and, O dear and holy Jesus, smile upon me when called to die, and then it will not be death." Lady Hazelerigg's son has given only too brief an outline of his mother's call by grace. From the peculiarity of her position in uniting herself with a body of believers who avowed their attachment to, and personal interest in, the doctrines of free grace, she no doubt shared the common lot of all who stand by God's truth, whatever be their denomination as a body, or their station in life; and the

higher, the more trying to flesh and blood. But she had grace given her for her day; and she witnessed a good confession for Christ. Graciously God honoured the faith and love He gave His aged servant. Shortly before her last conflict she quoted these lines—

“Yes, I to the end shall endure
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven,”

and her testimony at last was, “All is light within.” In these pages we discern regeneration—liberty—and conflict—all-important features that distinguish the family of God from the children of the world, the living in Jerusalem from the dead in trespasses and sin. We commend this little publication to the notice of the lovers of experimental truth, who will find in these few pages reality and simplicity.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.”—PSALM xxxvii. 37.

A YOUNG DISCIPLE: HER WALK IN LIFE AND HER VICTORY IN DEATH.

(Continued from page 545.)

Oct. 2nd.—I have had a very happy day to-day, and have experienced much liberty in prayer. All glory be to our good and faithful God! What am I that I should be one of God's own children? This evening I partook of the Lord's Supper for the first time; by so doing I consider I have openly professed before God and man my determination to follow Christ, and to give up the world, and to live to God, and God alone. Now I make not this determination in my own strength, for of myself I can do nothing, but I humbly and earnestly pray our heavenly Father for our Saviour's sake to fill me with His Holy Spirit, to subdue and mortify sin in me, to enlighten me, to sanctify me, to purify me, to testify of Jesus, and to bear witness with my spirit that I am God's child, indeed born again. I pray for grace and strength to fight manfully against sin, and the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. I felt much comfort in being permitted by the grace of God to partake of the Lord's Supper to-day. Oh, my blessed Saviour, may I ever remember with love and gratitude all Thou didst do and suffer for me, Thine unworthy child, and may my whole life be devoted to Thee; may I ever remember that I am not my own, I am bought with a price, and with no less a price than Thine own precious blood, and may I glorify Thee by my body and spirit, which are Thine, and may I be enabled through grace “to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things.” To Thee, O God, be all the glory, honour, praise, and power, as it was, and is, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Oct. 4th.—“I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles, and from all my fears.” I testify to His great faithfulness; He is nigh unto them that call upon Him, that call upon Him in truth. “The Lord preserveth the simple; I was brought low and

He helped me." Sin and that arch-fiend, Satan, try very hard to rend my soul from God, and often, through the weakness and infirmity of the flesh, I fall, but not entirely, not past mercy; and what saith God's word?—"The Lord upholdeth all that fall" (Psalm cxlv. 14). "When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him," and so it is; we are not in our own keeping, and so we cannot possibly be lost. Christ's blessed apostle, Peter, who actually denied his Master, says, in his first epistle, "that the trial of our faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." "Whom having not seen we love, in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Oh, that we could always believe "He is faithful that promised;" He saith, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." How need we pray, "Lord, increase our faith." Every day I wonder more and more at the mercy and condescension of our God. This morning my soul is filled with love and adoration; I love to record the faithfulness of the great God—our God—and, if I did not tell (or write), the stones may well cry out, "I will extol Thee, my Lord, my King, and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever." "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy." He is still the God of Bethel, His ears are open to our cries. Lord, let my life show forth Thy praise; let each action show it; for our precious Redeemer's sake.

"That man can't fall that never stood,
He still lies in the fall;
And those who never felt their sins,
They never stood at all."

October 9th, Sunday.—This morning I was in heaviness through manifold temptations. Sin and Satan are so strong, but "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation," and to my comfort, our minister's (Mr. D——'s) text was Luke xxii. 31, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." And I know that my Redeemer lives and ever prays for me, and Satan may try and he does try, yet, "the God is faithful that promised." Jesus knows His own, they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hand. Oh, what a good and faithful God we have to deal with!

This evening the text was Luke ii. 25, and five following verses, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," &c. God bless our minister; I sincerely thank Him for sending him here.

October 11th, 1859.—Yesterday I began to go round my Bible-district for the first time in my life. Lord! my trust is in Thee, I can do nothing in my own strength, but oh, do Thou bless and prosper me, and to Thee be all the glory! To-day I finish my rounds; God has blessed my humble efforts. I have to-day altogether nineteen subscribers, ten for Bibles, and nine free. Lord, give Thy child perseverance and strength, and may she ever trust in Thee; for such are blessed.

October 13th, 1859.—To-day J—— and I began to collect for Mr. D——'s new church, and were very fortunate, thank God; to Him be all the praise! He put it in my head to do it, and then went with me and blessed my humble endeavours. Lord God Almighty, our Heavenly Father, ever

be with Thy child, and may Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness ; for Christ's sake.

October 16th, Sunday.—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. He hath regarded the low estate of me, His handmaid." I have felt very happy to-day, and have (glory to God) felt a little of that "peace which passeth all understanding." How I do love that dear man of God, Mr. D——! I love him because he is one of God's own ; one of His own elect ; yes, and I believe in God's eternal election too. I have been talking to dear papa about it, I cannot quite convince him, but I take God's own word as my authority. What mean those words, Rom. viii. 29, 30 ; Eph. i. 4, 5 ; 2 Tim. i. 9 ; Titus i. 1, 2 ; 1 Peter i. 2 ; John xvii. 9, if God's people are not elected before the foundation of the world ? The Church, Christ's Bride, is composed of the elect, and in the fulness of time all those elect are brought to know *Christ as their only Saviour* ; they are kept by the power of God through faith, unto salvation, and not one of them is lost. They are not their own, they are kept by a higher power (or they would fall away) and cannot be eternally lost ; and, if our blessed Saviour died to save *all*, and *all* are not saved (and we know *all are not*) then Christ died for those who are not saved *in vain*, His glorious conquest was then *not complete*, and sin and Satan *have* got the victory (in that case) over some ! I believe *all who Christ died to save are saved* ; if I am wrong in my belief, I pray God to give me His Holy Spirit, and to show me the truth. I thank my God and Father who always causeth His children to triumph in Christ Jesus, for all His goodness and lovingkindness to me, His most unworthy creature, and I am only too ashamed and vexed with myself, that I so ill requite His mercy, and behave so little like a Christian. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

November 3rd, 1859.—For months I have been looking forward to last Sunday (the 30th October) ; it pleased God on that day *twelvemonths ago* to make me feel anxious about my never-dying soul for the first time ; and for a long time I had looked forward to that day and hoped to thank Him for His great love to such a sinner as myself, in His courts ; but it pleased "Him who doeth all things well" to order differently, for last Sunday I had a cold and inflammation in my eyes and eyelids, and dear mamma did not consider it prudent for me to go out ; so, to my extreme vexation, on my birthday (my spiritual natal day, and I am one year old), I could not go to God's house. Of course I could thank our heavenly Father at home, for He is not confined to places, nor contained in ordinances ; but to bless and thank Him in His house on that day, of all days, was a cherished scheme of mine which the Sovereign Disposer of all events saw proper to frustrate. In mercy and love I am sure it was done, for "all things work together for our good ;" and, although I cannot exactly understand it, I bless my God it was so, and pray Him always to direct my ways, for I acknowledge Him in all. Oh, what a day is October 30th to me ! it pleased the King of all the earth on that day, to take knowledge of me, the meanest and most unworthy of all His children, and to cause to fall in my way a piece of poetry which was the means, in God's hands, of causing me in real earnest, to cry for mercy and to look to Him for salvation and safety. For some weeks I cried and prayed, and saw only judgment before me ; but the God of Bethel, who heard prayer then, in Jacob's days, and who hears now, turned not a deaf ear to me. One day (and I shall never forget the sight) I saw my Saviour on the cross in agonies and

blood, and He looked at me and then I felt, what I had never felt before, that *my sins* had helped to nail Him there! Then I knew not what to do, for I the Lord had killed; but another look He gave which said,

"I freely all forgive,
This blood was for thy ransom shed,
I *died*, that thou may'st *live*!"

"Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto our God for ever;
Jesus Christ is *my Redeemer*,
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!"

Was ever any one such a debtor to grace as myself? How shall I praise my God enough! Oh that all my powers were engaged henceforth to do my Master's will, and yet for all that (no one would hardly believe it, but) instead of my thinking, speaking, and acting as a child of God ought to; instead of doing all to the glory of God, and to the honour of religion, I am continually doing the opposite, and offending in thought, word, and deed. I do what I ought not to do, and leave undone what I ought to do. "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." But it is my daily prayer that I may grow in grace, that I may love God more, and serve Him better every day, and that people may take knowledge of me, "that I have been with Jesus." I would give all I have, and that I ever may have, to be certain of living only to God, and only doing His will, and never sinning against Him; but He knows what is best for me, and what my wicked heart will do, and has provided against all, and will never allow sin to get the dominion over me.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE MUCH-LAMENTED BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ONE by one
 Even as the gard'ner
 In glad summer hours,
 For his master's pleasure
 Gathers fragrant flow'rs;
 One by one inspecting—
 One by one selecting—
 For their varied graces
 In the posy places
 One by one.
 Never working blindly,
 Takes He gently, kindly
 One by one.

 Even so Death gathers
 In the earthly bowers,
 For his own Great Master,
 Precious human flowers.
 One by one He taketh,
 One by one He maketh
 Enter where there reigneth

Joy that never paineth;
 One by one—
 Never makes He blunder
 Taking;—tho' we wonder
 At THIS ONE
 In our human grieving
 Not the joy perceiving
 FOR this one.

Even now, when tearful
 Round the grave we gather
 Of a loved and honoured
 Spiritual father;—
 One by one, *we sadly*
 One by one, *HEAV'N gladly*
 See from earth upsoaring
 While Heav'n's hosts adoring,
 One by one
 Are with glad welcomes greeting
 The happy song repeating
 For each one.

000.

For the soul to desire heavenly-mindedness is grace in its activity, and speaks the truth and reality of it.

THE LATE MR. ELIAS WHITBY, OF YEOVIL.

IN our September number we spoke of the decease of the above venerable servant of God, and promised (if possible) to give some particulars of his removal. We have since been furnished with the annexed account, which was listened to with deep interest by our own loved congregation at St. Luke's, Bedminster. The remembrance of this now sainted veteran in the faith is most dear to our heart, as intimated in previous numbers. We shall never forget the sweet seasons of communion and fellowship we had with him; and (as stated in the September number) we never hear or think of that verse of the immortal WARTS, without its recalling to the mind the sacred energy with which dear Mr. WHITBY repeated it:

"There shall I see His face,
 AND NEVER, NEVER SIN;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in."

From the very pathos with which he repeated that second line, it was clear that sin was his burden, and that he sympathized with the sentiment of dear DAVID DENHAM, as expressed in his memorable hymn, "THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME:"

"I long from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home."

Dear servants of the most high God! Ye have your desires now fully and eternally gratified.

"Happy songsters! when shall we
 Your blissful chorus join?"

"My soul anticipates the day,
 Would stretch her wings, and soar away,
 The song to join, a palm to bear,
 And bow (the chief of sinners) there." Ed.

SKETCH READ AT SOUTH STREET CHAPEL, YEOVIL, SUNDAY,
 SEPTEMBER 19, 1869.

Our beloved and venerable friend died at the advanced age of eighty-six years. He was baptized and joined this church, June 30th, 1805, sixty-four years ago. He was chosen deacon three years afterwards, January 24th, 1808. This is a proof of the high estimation in which he was held at this period of his life, and we can now say respecting him, that he has filled this office with unblemished reputation for the long space of sixty-one years, till the hour of his death.

In 1816, fifty-three years ago, he was set apart by the church to the work of the ministry, for which he was well qualified, and preached with great acceptance and usefulness in this place and in other churches in the neighbourhood. It was chiefly through his instrumentality and one or two others, that the Baptist cause at Crewkerne was established, and in this church he always felt a kind of paternal interest. He also took an active part in the erection of the different chapels on this spot, and others which were built at Halstock, Crewkerne, and Montacute, and we all know how deeply interested he was in our recent alterations, and how he exerted himself to obtain the requisite funds, and how

fervently he desired to see the debt entirely cleared before his death—a wish which was expressed only a few days before his departure. It will be seen from these facts that our beloved friend was an earnest worker for his Saviour from the beginning to the end of his Christian course. It will be admitted by all who knew him that he was enriched with various and most important gifts. His gift in prayer was very remarkable; richness of thought, unction of spirit, and variety of matter generally marked his addresses at the throne of grace.

He had an excellent gift in speaking, and could express himself with ease, clearance, and propriety of language.

He was thoroughly evangelical in his religious sentiments, holding the great doctrines with a firm and unswerving faith; and these great principles supported him in life and death. He was distinguished by a sound practical judgment, which made him invaluable as a deacon, a guide to the Church, and a help to his pastor. He was always deeply interested in the cause of Christ in this place, and was never absent, except through unavoidable circumstances, from the means of grace.

His mind was rich in the recollections of the past, and he would often dwell with peculiar pleasure on his meetings with the fathers and brethren who have long since passed away to their eternal rest. Though firm in his attachment to Nonconformist principles, and especially to those which distinguished the denomination to which he belonged, he was Catholic in his feelings, wishing prosperity to every section of the Christian Church. His last illness was short, but he was ready to go. He felt that the time of his departure had arrived, and the Saviour whom he had so long and faithfully served supported him in the prospect of death.

He repeated to a friend, who called upon him the day before his death, the whole of the beautiful hymn beginning,—

“A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I'll sing,
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.
“The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.”

A few hours before his death he seemed to make one final effort to pray, and in the most remarkable and affecting manner prayed for his family, the Church, his pastor, his brother deacons, the superintendent and teachers of the Sabbath-schools, and for the Sabbath-schools throughout the town by name, and finished by repeating the benediction as far as “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Here his voice and breath both failed. A beautiful and affecting close to so long and useful a life!

Seldom has a Church lost so valuable a member, officer, and friend. His influence in this place during the sixty-four years cannot be described. The day of the Lord will alone reveal it. But his prayers and tears, and labours and offerings, are all held in remembrance before God, and great will be his reward at the resurrection of the just.

Let none think, however, that in presenting this sketch of the life and character of our beloved and departed friend, we would speak of him as faultless; he would have been one of the first to have repudiated such a

thought. His humble confession often proved how profoundly he felt the need of the Saviour's merits to atone for his sins. His hope of acceptance was built *on what Christ had done for him, and not on what he had done for Christ*. Often has he quoted to me with deep emotion the following lines,—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.”

Let us thank God, my friends, for such a precious gift to the Church, let us thank God for having spared him to us so long, and making him so useful in his works. Let us magnify the grace of God which was in him, and pray that others may be raised up in his stead, and live for Christ as he did. May all his prayers and best wishes for his family, the Church, and the congregation, be answered and fulfilled, and may his heavenly joy be increased by our meeting him before the throne of God and the Lamb.

“When the Lord for us shall send,
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we reach *thy* tranquil end,
And abundant entrance find.

“Each like thee depart in peace,
To be there, a glorious guest,
Where all earthly troubles cease,
And the weary are at rest.”

Correspondence.

PAUL'S VOW.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I have no wish to enter into any controversy, but perhaps a word in reply may be necessary to the Christian brother who noticed my few remarks respecting “Paul's vow.” Now while I would not for a moment consent to the least paring down of the distinctive doctrines of God's word, yet I sometimes think that we high Calvinists, as it is termed (for I claim to be one), are apt to be a little too uncharitable towards those who differ from us in non-essential points, forgetting that it is not the belief in election and predestination that can save a man, glorious as those doctrines are; but “the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth from all sin.” This, together with many other truths in the word of God, is common ground on which all the Lord's people can agree; may we not then sometimes meet on this ground and unite in heart and hand in endeavouring to put down the errors which are so rife in our day? This would be true catholicity of spirit, and would not, I think, be in the least detrimental to our own peculiar views, or our soul's enjoyment of them.

Thanking the dear brother most heartily for the additional light he has been enabled to throw upon the passage,

I remain, dear Sir, yours in our precious Christ, W.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Advance of Popery in this Country, viewed both in its religious and political aspect. By J. C. PHILPOT, M.A., formerly Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. London: J. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street.

IN our previous notice of this important work we intimated that its talented author, being a seceder from the Establishment, would naturally be considered as entitled to a more patient hearing than the testimony of one labouring within her pale might secure, by those who, with himself, differ from her in point of Church government. Hence we would earnestly crave the devout attention of Nonconformists to the following statement:

"But now take a view of the subject on public grounds. Would it be a small thing for every political measure to be more or less dictated by Catholic influence in Parliament, and for the whole current of legislation to flow in a channel marked out for it by a party which owns allegiance to a foreign Head, and to each individual of which to be a Catholic is the first point of consideration, and to be an Englishman only the second? We have already seen the effect of this Catholic influence, sometimes in promoting Bills which were favourable, at others in defeating Bills which were unfavourable to its pretensions; but we little know the secret influences even now at work in high places through wives and daughters of Cabinet Ministers or Protestant Members of Parliament, who are tutored and urged on by a wily priesthood in possession of their consciences. Public opinion is at present so hostile to all priestly and especially Romish priestly power, that these secret springs of action are as much as possible kept out of sight; but as Popery gains strength, they will come more and more openly into play, and will influence or divide the Cabinet, as they even now influence or divide Parliament itself. As this point, however, will come more fully under our notice at another stage of our argument, we shall content ourselves with this passing allusion to it.

"But see also the noxious effect which would be produced upon society generally by a large infusion into it of so disturbing an element as Catholic intrusion. In our Protestant community, those who are truly religious, and as such desire to live and walk in the fear of God, abstain as much as possible from all mixed society from motives of conscience, as they find they cannot otherwise maintain their peace with God; but no such scruples trouble the most devout Catholic. He may freely mix with general society, and may indeed be counselled to do so by his confessor for the good of the Church, if it do not interfere with fast days and similar observances. But he is all the while no less a stern and rigid Catholic, and carries with him Catholic eyes and Catholic ears, and both at the service of his priest as the keeper of his conscience, and who, having the key as well as the keys—the key of confession to unlock his heart and lips, and the keys of absolution to bind or loose his sins, can extract what secrets he pleases from his kneeling penitent. It is but little known, for it is to their interest to conceal as much as possible such a circumstance, but it is an undoubted fact that many Catholics amongst us, and especially foreign Catholics, are Jesuits in disguise, who, not being priests, but simply members of the order, wear no distinctive dress, and not being confined to one class of society, fill every rank and station, from the lowest

servant to the highest master. Many foreign waiters at clubs and hotels, French and German servants in high families, tutors and governesses, music masters, public singers, and teachers of languages, who, from their peculiar occupation, have ready and continual access to the wealthy classes of society, clerks and attachés in diplomatic embassies, &c., are Jesuits in disguise; that is, they are affiliated to the order by vows of obedience, pursuing all the while their ordinary employments, but secretly conveying information of all that comes under their notice, which may affect Catholic interests, to head-quarters, where they are carefully registered. With the advance of Popery this secret element of strength would, of course, advance also, and spread itself more and more through our mixed society; and, as the Jesuits have been banished from Spain, and are looked upon with great suspicion in France, we may expect to find them concentrating their operations more and more in this country."

Mr. Philpot proceeds to say: "Shall we, then, in this free isle, take upon our neck the yoke which these nations could no longer bear? Shall we, without a struggle, tamely allow such a foe to freedom, civil and religious, to entrench herself in our midst, and quietly wait whilst she advances every day in power and influence?"

Farther, the author says: "Who that compares the present with the past, and calls to mind the storm of almost universal indignation which burst forth when, nearly twenty years ago, the Pope parcelled out England into dioceses, can but contrast the present general apathy with the state of public feeling manifested at that period? But perhaps it may be thought that this apathy arises because Popery then received such a check that it has since made little or no progress, and that, having won the victory, we are now resting at ease. On the contrary, it has advanced since then with more rapid strides than ever. Oath after oath, and barrier after barrier, devised to check or prevent its progress, have been removed; offices in the State then closed against Catholics have been thrown open to them; and now has come the crowning step in the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, which has always, whether rightly or wrongly, been viewed as the great bulwark against Popery in the sister island. The Ritualists have also vastly increased, both in numbers and boldness, and assimilated their worship more and more closely to the Romish pattern; and we seem to have both a Ministry and a Parliament more and more favourable to measures which, if they cannot be strictly called Catholic, yet recognize more fully the claims of that body to be a leading, influential party in the State. Meanwhile, a deep sleep seems to have fallen upon us; so that, if we except a small party who are trying to awake the nation to a sense of danger, little opposition is made either in or out of Parliament to the progress of a power whose supremacy would seriously endanger, if not entirely overthrow, our liberties, both civil and religious. But, if we have slept, Rome has not. If we have been divided in our opinions, or hesitating in our movements, she has not changed her views or relaxed her energies. Nor does she conceal her intentions. The time for that is almost gone by. She has long fixed her eyes on this country, the grand seat and centre of the commerce of the world; the great leader of civilization and progress, the land of liberty of speech and action, whose thoughts and words, by means of her free press, spread themselves over every country of the globe where men think and act; the teeming mother of populous and wealthy colonies; the mistress of the seas, and the native home of a language spoken and read by millions of

the most active, enterprising, and energetic race on the face of the globe. The amazing moral power of England can scarcely be conceived. In mere physical power, though even that point may be doubtful, other countries may equal or exceed her; but in the influence that she carries as fixing and determining public opinion, which in the end is almost sure to carry the day, no continental nation can approach her. The opinions and actions of a free people must always possess a strength before which despotism grows pale. Now, to crush this moral power, to stamp out this liberty of thought and action, and reduce our free England to slavery and serfdom, is the grand aim of Rome. That this is no visionary dream of ours, but the deliberate intention of Rome and her agents, the following extracts from the words of Dr. Manning, the Romish Archbishop and successor of Cardinal Wiseman, will plainly show:—

“If ever there was a land in which work is to be done, and perhaps much to suffer, it is here. I shall not say too much if I say that we have to subjugate and subdue, to conquer and rule an imperial race; we have to do with a will which reigns throughout the world, as the will of old Rome reigned once; we have to bend or break that will which nations and kingdoms have found invincible and inflexible. . . . Were heresy (*i.e.*, Protestantism) conquered in England, it would be conquered throughout the world. All its lines meet here, and therefore in England the Church of God must be gathered in its strength.”—*Tablet* (a Roman Catholic paper), August, 1859.

“Now, the question is, whether we, as Englishmen, as Protestants, as Christians, should fold our hands and let Rome thus have her will? Is it our duty to lay our necks humbly under her feet, and tamely let her advance onward till she has thoroughly ‘subjugated and subdued’ us? We well know, from the whole of her history, what subjugation and subjection to her mean—that it signifies trampling on all our civil and religious liberties, shutting up our chapels, burning our Bibles and our bodies too, if she can get the power.”

The learned writer then proceeds to combat a subject of the very gravest importance; and we pray our readers to consider well what he says:—

“But it may be said, ‘Should religious people, those who profess above all things to make vital godliness their chief aim, the end and object of their life, interfere with these political matters? Should they not abstain from meddling with politics altogether?’ Unhappily, it is not a political matter. It is a mighty struggle whether truth or error, liberty or slavery, light or darkness, the worship of God or of idols, the Bible, or the mass-book, conscience or the priest, Christ or Antichrist, shall reign and rule in this land. The calamity which such men as Mede, Fleming, Bunyan, Gill, and Huntington have declared would come to pass now seems to be rapidly accomplishing.

“It may be God’s will to give us up into the hands of our enemies. For our sins as a nation, for our abuse of the greatest privileges that any land was ever favoured with, it may be the will of God to bring upon us the whole weight of the most crushing slavery that, as an organised system, has ever appeared. But that is no reason why, whilst time permits, we should not avail ourselves of all lawful means to stave off the greatest calamity that could befall us.

“Amongst these lawful means, one is to spread information, and show from the Scriptures the awful errors and doctrines which Rome holds; to

point out the progress that she is making ; to unmask the nature and tendency of those practices whereby, under the subtle robe of what is called generally 'Ritualism,' she is gaining over whole congregations. You may call all this politics. But, if you had a daughter entangled in, and, we may say, seduced by witnessing such practices, or attending such places till she was led on, step by step, to turn Roman Catholic, and become a nun, you would soon feel that it was something more than politics ; or, if the wife of your bosom should, by the arts of some crafty priest, be in a similar way perverted ; should she worry you night and day to turn, too, and be determined to bring up your children in the same creed, you might learn there was something more in Popery than, 'It is all a question of religious liberty. Let them have their way as we have ours. We never interfere with politics.' And were you ever to see what sort of questions the priest is authorised to put, in confession, to your maiden daughter, you would think there is something besides politics in such a mystery of iniquity. If your chapel were closed, your minister carried to prison, and yourself heavily fined, would you call that 'Politics?' If your house were searched, and every Bible and good book taken away and burnt, would you call that 'Politics?' And, if you were not allowed to buy or sell, exercise any business, trade, or profession, unless you received the mark of the Beast, would you call that 'Politics?' Now, this is what Rome has done again and again in other countries, and what she would most certainly do here were she to regain full power. Let us not, then, be blinded to our real danger by so foolish a plea as that we must have nothing to do with opposing Popery, because to do so would be Politics, but look at the impending danger in the face, and take what precautions we can against it."

We purpose again to return to this most important and truth-telling volume.

Table Talk and other Poems. By WILLIAM COWPER. London : Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row.—This is an exquisitely-got-up edition of the standard work. At this season of the year it will form an admirable gift-book, and be a rich and useful ornament for the drawing-room table.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

IRELAND continues to be in a most unsatisfactory condition. So far from the Church Bill having pacified the people, it has made them more dissatisfied than ever. Agrarian outrages are repeatedly committed, and no person's life or property seems to be safe. Twenty-three magistrates of Meath have forwarded a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant on the state of that county. Within twelve months, they say, one farmer has been murdered, three magistrates shot at, one in open day, in attempts to murder them ; two ladies have been wounded, one seriously, and the coachman of one magistrate had been killed. They ask that Government should grant them protection, even should it entail an autumn session. Mr. Fortescue, in reply, asks to be favoured with any suggestion as to remedies. The county of Westmeath was once remarkable for the peaceful character of its inhabitants, and the friendly relations which existed between the land-owners and their tenantry. Now, however, things are very different. It is said that a regular "war" is being waged there between the landlords

and their tenants, and the following instance is mentioned by a correspondent of the *Daily Express*: "A few days ago the agent of a gentleman possessed of considerable property in the centre of this county proceeded to the estate to collect his employer's rents, but was met by the several tenants with the stern assurance that no more rent would be paid until the next Parliament should have settled the land question. On mildly expostulating, and asking what Mr. — was to do—that he was a good employer, and how could he continue to be such without being paid his rents? the answer was, 'Let him live now on what he has wrung from us; he had his turn, and now it is ours.' This gentleman is a Roman Catholic, and his agent, a kind-hearted man, had to return to him without one shilling." Even the election of a dispensary medical officer was made the occasion of a riot at Munroe. There were two candidates, a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, and, strange to say, the Roman Catholic had considerable support from the Protestant parishioners, and the Protestant from the Roman Catholic. Some days, however, before the election, the Roman Catholic priests began to bestir themselves on behalf of their co-religionist, and they delivered, it is said, an harangue from the altar. The consequence was that, on the day of the election, a fearful scene of riot occurred, and the election had to be postponed. Mr. Gladstone himself made a remarkable admission at the recent public banquet in the Guildhall; he said, "Painful as it is to confess it, we are bound to confess that even this very year has been marked in Ireland by a sad augmentation of those agrarian outrages which, occurring as they do in a country singularly free from a general tendency to crime, acquire a painful notoriety, and strike at the heart of Englishmen a deadly chill."

The reorganization of the Protestant Church of Ireland is proceeding slowly, but we trust satisfactorily. A considerable sum has been contributed for its re-endowment, and delegates are being elected in every parish to form a General Assembly, or Synod, in which the new rules of the Church will be arranged.

A great benefactor of England has passed away, the generous American merchant, Mr. Peabody. The sum which he gave and bequeathed to the poor of London amounts to £500,000. What an incalculable amount of good that sum, if it be judiciously expended, ought to accomplish. It is stated that Her Majesty the Queen had expressed a wish to see Mr. Peabody again, and to have some conversation with him. Mr. Peabody's remains have been temporarily deposited in Westminster Abbey, previous to their being removed to America, where he had constructed (or ordered to be constructed) a mausoleum for their reception.

We also notice with deep regret the death of Mrs. Bowen Thompson, the foundress of the British Syrian Schools. Her end was peace. Her last words were, "Rest, rest, arise. Amen!" Her works remain, to bless the thousands of the Lebanon and other parts of the Holy Land, for which she laboured so well. Those who surrounded her dying-bed state that she was enabled to exercise assured faith as to the continuance of this great work. Under God, she committed it to the hands of her excellent sisters, Mrs. Mentor Mott and Miss Sophia Lloyd, supported by her attached brother-in-law, Mr. Mott.

A letter from Rome asserts that General Dumont has offered to the Pope, on the part of the French Government, five thousand men, who are to stay in Rome during the Council. It is said this proposal has

been accepted. The Papal Government fears some Garibaldian movement, and does not trust implicitly to the fidelity of its troops. The deficit caused by the great number of deserters is to be filled up by recruits from different parts of the Catholic world. Two thousand men are said to be on their way to Rome. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Orleans has had the courage to address a letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which he declares himself adverse to a definition of the personal infallibility of the Pope, as inopportune. He says that a declaration of it would be inopportune at the present time, because it would be useless and dangerous; would drive schismatics and heretics still further from the Church, their restoration to which ought not to be despaired of; that it would provoke the mistrust even of Catholic Governments, and would revive the hatred of the Pontifical power. One of the most celebrated German Roman Catholic scholars, J. Frohschammer, has lately published a pamphlet on the infallibility of the Pope and the Church, in which he expresses opinions far more liberal than those of even his advanced co-religionists. The eloquent Carmelite monk, Père Hyacinthe, has taken refuge in America, and seems to have thrown off altogether the Papal yoke. He affirms that the present hour is a solemn one for the Roman Catholic Church, and says that the approaching Council will be an instrument for giving the stamp of authority to the dogmas of Ultramontanism, which dogmas are "called Roman but are not Christian." He declares that these dogmas are "a sacrilegious perversion of the Gospel," and he charges upon them "the anarchy—social, moral, and religious," which pervades the Latin race. He appeals desparingly to the Council to remedy these evils, adding, that if his fears as to the result should be justified, he will "appeal to God and to man for the summoning of another council, truly united in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of parties, really representing the universal Church, not the silence of some and the oppression of others." "And finally," he writes, "I appeal to your tribunal, O Lord Jesus. It is in your presence that I write these lines; it is at your feet, after much prayer, much reflection, much suffering, much waiting—it is at your feet I sign them. I feel that if men condemn them upon the earth, you will approve them in heaven. To live or die, that is sufficient for me." Where, we may ask, is the boasted unity of the Romish Church, and where is the peace, where is the calm, where is the rest which are said to be enjoyed universally in her communion?

A letter has been received from the great explorer, Dr. Livingstone, which shows that he was alive and well sixteen months ago. He states that the sources of the Nile must be placed much farther south than they have usually been, not far from a thousand miles south of the Equator; and that the region in which the Father of Waters rises, unlike the northern and southern extremities of the most ancient of continents, is a land of mountain and flood, permeated by countless and copious streams, studded with lakes, and likely, when more minutely examined, to prove as prolific in new forms of vegetation as the valleys of the great rivers of South America.

Some interesting information reaches us respecting the circulation of the Scriptures in Spain. Through the exertions of two or three brethren at the fairs of Toledo, Alcalade, Henares, and Salamanca, and of visits to Saragossa, and Pampeluna, nearly 700 Bibles, 400 Testaments, and 6,000 Gospels were sold, and 15,000 tracts were distributed. The following is an account of the work at the great annual fair at Toledo: "Dis-

cussions were held at every moment with priests, young and old, with Neos, and even with infidels; all the elements of the world seemed to be unanimous in warring against God and against His word. While on the one hand, brother Lawrence discussed with some; on the other, the Frenchman was selling; and I was occupied reading some passages, to which the people attended quietly, and afterwards I addressed them a few words explanatory of what had been read. During our stay at this fair the people were addressed in the open air on six different occasions, not without effect. But this was not all. The chief men came to see what stuff we were made of. For instance, the Director of the Institute approached our table, and, taking a Bible in his hand, said, "It has no notes." He was immediately answered, by telling him that the Word of God was sufficiently clear for men's comprehension; and that there was no need of putting a note to the second commandment to say that God does not mean what He says, and, when teaching the people their catechisms, to suppress that commandment in order to support the idolatrous practices established among the Roman Catholics. He argued a long while on the subject, and at last confessed that if we were to adhere to the Bible only, and reject the authority of both the Church and tradition, the image worship practised by them would be diametrically opposed to the teaching of the Word of God. Thanks to the Almighty for this public confession, which must have helped to remove many of the prejudices existing in the minds of the people, and put them thinking on the subject. The next day he came and shook hands with us, inquiring about the prosperity of the work, &c. Thursday, the 19th, was a day of great joy to us. We had some books burnt by three ladies in the public square; the banner of good tidings received several shots, and attempts were made to conquer it, but they were vain attempts, and we continued to sell the Gospels with more joy than before. Towards four in the afternoon the Rector of the Seminary passed by, and, hearing the indefatigable Frenchman cry the complete Bible for four reals, he asked him, 'How is it complete if the books of Maccabees and others, called by you apocryphal, are wanting?' He would not, however, wait to be answered, and went to walk up and down the square with two other gentlemen. The Rector was afterwards joined by the writer of the letter and a fellow-labourer, who argued the point as to the inspiration of the apocryphal books with him. He tried to smooth matters, but, failing, he held Lawrence and myself by the arm, and, taking us aside from those that listened, said, 'If you come to the truth, neither our Bible nor yours is true. It is all a tissue of lies.' On our last day of sale, all those who had kept back till the last moment came forward and bought. In the evening the musicians of the Regiments de Arragon were playing in the Plaza, as they had done on the two previous nights, and during the intervals they came to listen, and some to buy. Next day, in the afternoon, the whole band of musicians were waiting to bid us good-bye in the Plaza de Zocodover. It was a deeply-touching scene to see them clasping our hands, while their bedewed eyes manifested that it was a heart-felt farewell they were wishing those, as they said, who had come to do good to them and to their country."



